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THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XIX.

One morning, before he was dressed, Leisler was told that a lady in much distress waited below to speak with him. This every-day incident failed to awaken any interest in the commander, who finished his toilet with deliberation.

On his way down-stairs, as it chanced, he met a slave going up with a dish of fresh olykoecken. A circumstance so very unusual directly excited his curiosity, and he stopped to question the woman, who explained that it was a gift to Hester from Vrouw Van Dorn, just left at the door by Rip with his basket of garden stuff.

Content with this plausible explanation, the fasting official, without thinking of his action, helped himself to one of the cakes from the heaped-up dish, and munched it as he went his way.

Hester greeted her gift with a look of joy, — with the look of a gourmand at sight of his favorite tidbit. In her eagerness she even proceeded to count the cakes. Suddenly her face fell. She counted them again; she overturned the dish upon the table, and carefully replaced them one by one. The tale was always the same. Her face settled into deeper disappointment.

"Ye-es — 't is very kind in Vrouw Van Dorn to remember me — I like olykoecken so much — and these seem very good. Go take them to the kitchen."

The puzzled slave withdrew, leaving her distraught young mistress to finish dressing. Called presently to breakfast, Hester went moodily down-stairs, where she found her father still occupied with his visitor. She caught a glimpse of the petitioner's face as she passed through the hall: a pale woman, with a look of faded beauty and an air of suffering. Her father was talking in a voice even louder and rougher than usual. She heard the tag-end of the conversation; she had no choice. It was for anybody's benefit within stone's-throw of the house.

"So! he has found out, then, who is master here, — and so will the rest of his damned crew, every traitor of them. They will hatch Papist plots, they will stir up the French and Indians, will they?"

"Whatever my husband did, he thought it his duty" —

"Bah-h-h-h!"

"If he has done wrong, he has paid a bitter penalty. He has been punished enough; he is sick, he is suffering. 'T is cruel to keep him in that dreadful prison!"

"So! he finds it not a bower, then? I 'm glad of that."

"'T is a deadly place: the damp stands in drops on the wall; 't is not fit for a beast, much less a Christian. His health fails, he is wasting away — he cannot live there."

"Hah! better men have lived all their lives in a dungeon."

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"He will pledge himself to meddle in public affairs no more."

"He is late with his pledges," with a scoffing laugh. "I take care myself now of all that."

A gleam of spirit leaped up for a moment in the woman's eyes, and it was with great difficulty she kept her voice pitched to the petitioner's key.

"If you could but see him now," she began, after making sure of the conquest over herself; "he has not strength left to do you any harm. If you will but let him come back to his family" —

"No, I say; you have my answer. Get you gone! Let the dog humble himself! Let him do his own begging!"

Bolting his breakfast after the agitation of this scene, the commander went away to the fort without another thought of the olykoecken.

Near the dock, as it chanced, two ox-carts, passing, obstructed the narrow street and brought him to a stand-still. As he stood waiting, a man and a woman, turning into the street from the direction of the Heeren-Gracht, came full upon him. Whirling about with a suppressed exclamation, the woman gazed fixedly at the bay. The man stopped to speak.

"Well, Staats?"

"I have been to see the prisoners, as you desired, and 't is fit I should call your attention to their condition."

Leisler scowled.

"Bayard is in a bad state. If he be not presently brought forth from that place and well cared for, I will not answer for his life."

"Let him die and rot, and go to hell, then! Look to your own affairs, and keep your hands from meddling in matters of state."

Roaring out this answer as he brushed past them, the commander held his way to the fort.

There was an interval of silence; then the begum, slowly turning, laid her claw-like hand on her husband's arm. He looked down at her sullenly. Raising herself upon her toes, she peered into his face.

"This is the great, good man God sends to save the people!"

Regardless of the effect of his words, Leisler strove, by a fierce application to other matters, to forget the unwelcome subject which had been forced upon his attention twice in the course of the morning.

Arrived at the fort, notwithstanding the early hour, an expectant crowd was already waiting to get speech with him. Silent and scowling, he stalked through the midst of them, roughly thrusting off one or two who were bold enough to pluck him by the sleeve, in the hope thereby of getting an earlier hearing.

The large, low-studded room which he had made his headquarters was a scene of confusion: arms, ammunition, provisions, harnesses, broken furniture, parts of uniforms, were scattered about on benches or on the floor, while a large table near the windows was piled high with papers in hopeless disorder.

At this table he took his seat, and one by one the petitioners filed in.

A stout farmer from Hempstead, sent up by his neighbors, came to warn the commander that if he persisted in enforcing the last tax levy there would be an uprising; that the people had borne all they could bear; and that certain outspoken folks boldly said his assembly, called together from here, there, and everywhere, had no right to lay taxes on folks not represented in it.

The man stopped to take breath and observe the effect of his words. Despite his hulking form, his heavy sunburnt features framed in long matted locks of tow-colored hair, his coarse homespun, which added to the general clumsiness of his appearance, there was an earnestness in his manner, a significant look of resolution about his coarse mouth, which should have inspired respect.

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Leisler, however, gazing sternly at the wall before him, said only, —

"Is that all?"

"Ei? Is it not enough?"

"Bring in the next," to the sentinel.

As the discomfited farmer withdrew, two deacons from the Vlacktebos church came to beg for the release of their pastor, Dominie Varick, who had been shut up in prison for too plain speaking in the pulpit. The big furrows between the listener's eyebrows deepened, as the worthy pair went on to urge that worse talk than the dominie's could be heard on every corner; that folks could not be hindered from speaking their minds; that on account of this and other like acts of severity people were getting daily more outspoken, and it would be well for them in power to take warning.

"The next!" bawled the commander for answer.

A tradesman in the dock came to complain that some of the soldiers from the fort helped themselves to his wine and brandy, and when they could drink no more destroyed and made waste of it.

"And what better use could it be put to? Get along with ye!"

"Captain Ludowyck!"

Notwithstanding the scowl with which he was greeted, the new-comer walked boldly forward and delivered himself of his errand in a firm voice.

"I come here to ask ye no favor, Jacob Leisler. I come to tell ye the truth whether ye like it or no. The whole town is stirred up over this story of Bayard; 't is said he is in a bad state and growing worse. 'T is said ye know it well, and will not let him forth. Heed me or not, as ye choose; but I warn ye, if harm comes to him, 't is not these walls nor yonder handful of men will save ye from the wrath of the people."

Clutching the heavy table before him with his big hairy hands, the listener had much ado to control the paroxysm of rage which convulsed his whole person, as his former fellow-captain of the trainbands turned on his heel and walked calmly away. Doubtless he was amazed that there still lived in the community a man bold enough to make such a speech to his face.

"Dr. Gerardus Beekman!" called the sentinel, opening the door again.

At sight of his next visitor, a tall, spare, dignified figure in clerical dress, the commander's face somewhat relaxed.

"What now, doctor?" he asked, extending his hand.

"Heigho! little that's cheering, I grieve to say."

"So?"

"We are losing ground, I fear; there is much discontent" —

"Bah-h!"

"Worse than that, there is daily defection" —

Leisler gave a scornful nod.

"The people are ready to believe anything, and where there are eager ears, as you know, there is never dearth of wherewithal to fill them."

"What is said? Out with it!"

"The worst is that you are sending every week ship-loads of things to the Indies to be sold, — household stuff you have stripped from these aristocrats, — and" —

"Lies! lies, — damned infernal lies!" cried Leisler hoarsely, while his thick skin flushed crimson.

— "and that you line your own purse with the proceeds," continued the doctor calmly. "'T is said and believed you have a rabid thirst for money, and that you are prepared to go any length to get it."

"Can I fight the Indians, can I build fortifications, can I carry on the government, without money?" asked the commander hotly.

"No, but it must be raised by lawful methods. The pocket is the sore place. Let it be once believed that you will empty it without scruple, and your power is gone."

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The listener moved uneasily in his seat, and swallowed an execration that rose to his lips. He knew this man was his friend, that he came with a friendly purpose to tell him the truth, — the truth at once so interesting and exasperating to hear.

"Go on! Go on! What other lies, what worse slanders, are ye keeping back?"

"There is great indignation that you meddle with the preachers."

"And think ye I 'll have 'em preaching treason in the pulpit? No!" striking the table with his clenched fist. "I 'll nail up every church door and thrust every parson into a dungeon first!"

"Have a care," said the doctor, shaking his head. "I speak for your good, as you well know. You are lost, if you go on after this fashion. The whole island is stirred up over Dominie Varick's case, and this morning comes news from Albany that Dominie Dellius has been hunted out of town by Milborne for a slip of the tongue in his morning prayer, and this upon your order and procurement."

The angry outburst which awaited the conclusion of this protest was cut short by an altercation at the door. The sentinel was denying entrance to somebody, who, rudely shoving that official aside, strode boldly into the room.

"Joost!" The speaker's face beamed with unmistakable delight, as he stepped forward, with both hands outstretched, to meet the sun-browned ensign just arrived from his long sea-voyage.

Dr. Beekman turned to go; his leave-taking was unheeded. The two were left alone.

"Well?" cried the commander, compressing into one short, sharp word all his unbounded curiosity and interest.

Honest Joost drew up a chair, and entered upon his story at once. He did not mince matters; he blurted out the bald, ugly truth. His journey had been in vain. He had been snubbed at court; he had been kicked, and cuffed, and knocked about, thrust into corners, neglected, contemned, ignored.

"But the king — his Majesty — ye saw him?"

"That did I, and often!"

"Ye spoke of me — ye told him how I saved the city — the province — from the Papists?"

"All — everything — I tried to tell it."

"What said he to that?"

"Said! He heard nothing. He looked at me sideways — thus!" imitating with his fat neck and clown's head the royal manner — "with just one look downward from my poll to my shoe-buckles — like this, see!" — another illustration — "and then ye would think I was there no more, for he turns to talk to some popinjay of a fine lord."

"And ye were put down by a look? Why called ye not out, 'I come from your Majesty's humble servant Jacob Leisler, to set forth how he suppressed a damnable plot of the Papists to seize upon your rich province of New York'?"

"All that I said, — all that and more; but when I would go on, his Majesty turns him about, and waving his hand, — as it might be in this way, — 'Go,' says he, 'tell your story to the lord secretary!'"

Leisler started to his feet, nearly overturning the chair in his violence.

"Why did I ever send such an ass on this business? I know ye well: ye went in to his Majesty in a greasy doublet, I 'll be bound, with dung on your shoes and your locks in a snarl."

"That did I not! There was never a man in the chamber finer than I, — nor so fine: a grand new velvet doublet, which took every stuyver in my purse to pay for, with yellow hose, knots of green ribbon at my garters, new pinchbeck buckles in my shoes, my hair reeking

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with bear's fat and a goodly sprinkling of civet. Ye 'd have sworn I was born to it, to see me ducking and kneeling down with my hat under my arm, like the best of 'em! I watched them close, never fear, to get the trick of it."

"But the lord secretary, — what said *he?*"

"Nothing but a 'Humph' and a 'Ha' and 'I 'll think upon it,' and never looked fairly at me all the time I was there, but got upon his legs in the midst of my story, yawned in my face as he would swallow me, and went mincing and ambling out of the closet."

"Fool! And ye were content with this! Ye took this for answer, and went no more!" broke in the listener fiercely, as if resolved to find his henchman at fault.

"That did I not. I went every day, once, twice, and again, to his Majesty, to his Lordship, to the Plantation Committee, to everybody who had voice or vote in the matter, and I soon smelt out the rat."

"Ei?"

"The reason of all the neglect and the insults."

"What?"

"I found it all out."

"Will ye speak, fool?"

"That damned Nicholson!"

Leisler snorted with rage.

"I find him everywhere: creeping, — creeping like a snake out of the king's closet, creeping into the lord's waiting-room; whispering, — whispering till he has turned all to poison."

"'T is true, then, that tale?"

"He is sent to Virginia."

"And New York?"

"One Sloughter is appointed."

Again the commander clutched the table, while his breath sucked in between his clenched teeth sounded like escaping steam.

"And that is not the worst," continued the inexorable Joost.

"Ei?"

"Those dogs yonder are made councilors to the new governor."

"Who?"

"Philipse, Van Cortlandt, and" —

"And" —

"This one below," pointing downward.

"God Almighty!"

Seizing a heavy glass containing the lees of a stale dram, which stood near him upon the table, the incensed official dashed it into a thousand pieces on the floor.

"And not a word of Jacob Leisler."

"Ei?"

"Your name not mentioned in it all."

"Go! Go! Get along! Leave me alone, will ye?" roared the agonized man, as he raged about the room like a wild beast.

Shocked and overawed at sight of the wrestlings of that strong spirit, the faithful ensign withdrew at last and left him alone.

Overwhelmed with a flood of curses at his attempt to usher in the next suitor in waiting, the wondering sentinel held the door against all comers, and the commander had it out with himself.

An hour passed. The sentinel ventured at length to open the door and take in a paper. There, white and haggard, sat his master glaring at the table, upon which lay a significant result of his meditation in the shape of a freshly written letter to Milborne, summoning him home from Albany. Leisler took the paper, opened it, and perfunctorily read the first few lines. His look of indifference quickly gave way in turn to one of surprise, to one of eagerness, to one of triumph, and finally, as he studied the signature at the bottom of the page, to a passing contortion of the muscles which fulfilled the functions of a smile.

That extraordinary signature the commander glared at so eagerly still merits study after the lapse of two centuries. It has become historic. With its elaborate flourish it looks like nothing so

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much as a skein of black silk hopelessly snarled, yet among the tangled lines stands out boldly enough the name *Nicholas Bayard.*

It was pathetic, that signature, in its feeble execution of a dashing intent; for it was the only bold touch in the paper. All the rest was meek enough. Grievous indeed must have been the case of the writer when he brought himself to address Leisler as "lieutenant-governor," when he promised respect and deference for the future, and humbly begged for pardon and release.

Straightway all the vexations of the morning are forgotten. The commander lifts again his head, the fire returns to his eye, and as the bell in the steeple close at hand rings forth the noontide hour he sets out, with a deep-heaved sigh, for his dinner in the Strand.

He walks along deeply absorbed in thought; he takes no heed of what goes on about him. Neighbors and townsmen pass and repass, like the figures in a dream. He sees them through a mist; their voices come like a distant murmur; he is blind to their angry glances shot at him askance, deaf to their mutterings, not always low, as he passes.

High above their heads, grappling with great odds, he strides along. Something happens, — a common street incident. A hulking fellow is rolling a cask into a shop. His passage barred by this necessary business, the dreamer stops patiently. Through his abstraction the thought gradually penetrates to his mind that the fellow is purposely and impudently blocking his way; directly he flames forth: —

"Get along with ye, idle dog! D' ye think to hold me here all day?"

The man, as if waiting for this remonstrance as a cue, makes a loud and saucy answer. Straightway a crowd of his fellows begin to gather from the neighboring shop-doors. The commander, nothing daunted, raises his halberd, whereupon, like the sudden bursting of a thunder-cloud, the whole pack set upon him.

"Dog-driver!"

"Down with him!"

"General Hog!"

"Butcher!"

"Tread him in the mire!"

"We have him now!"

"Give him no quarter!"

"Deacon Jailer!"

"Blockhead!"

"Little Cromwell!"

Pressing upon him, thrusting him into the mud, knocking off his hat, pelting him with offal, they were every moment advancing to greater indignities, when in a trice he turned upon them. Without a word of parley or threat, without deigning to draw his sword, he fell upon them as upon a pack of dogs, with buffets and kicks, routing them utterly. Then pausing only to catch his breath and cast about him one wide-flashing look of triumph, he went his way.

Doubtless he little realized what a potent ally in the fray was the terror of his name. One man does not rout a multitude by the strength of his arms alone. But though he had come forth a victor, he had also learned a lesson. He took it to heart, and next morning a guard was appointed to wait upon the commander-in-chief wherever he went.

It is a proof otherwise how little weight the matter had with him that he made no mention of it at home.

"Where is Rhynders?" he asked of Cobus, on reaching the house. "Go find him, and bid him make ready to go at once to Albany on a pressing matter!"

"Barent? He is gone!"

"Where? And who gave him leave?"

"Oh, little he cared for anybody's leave; he was ready to jump into the dock but for me."

"What ailed the lad?"

"He bade me not tell."

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"Out with it, I say!"

"'T is Hester, then," went on Cobus, only too glad to unbosom himself.

"What had Hester to do with him?"

"He wanted to court her, and she turned him a cold shoulder, and when he pressed the matter let him know that never would she have anything to say to him."

"Will she not? So! What, she sends packing a lad like that, and just at the minute I have need of him? Go call the hussy to me!"

Quite unsuspiciously Hester came at her father's bidding.

"Ei, ei! A fine trick ye have played with your airs and graces! Ye send away Barent — *now* — now when I want him? Ye with your damned nonsense will have nothing to say to him, ei?"

Mary's wedding was not forgotten. Hester turned ghastly white.

"Ye will have nothing to say to the best junker in the province, — one that can keep his mouth shut, that has an old head on his shoulders? Ye will have nothing to say to him?"

"I — did he — who has said this?" stammered the dismayed culprit.

"Ask me no questions! No matter who said it. 'T is the truth. I know ye. Ye think still of that sneaking cur of a Papist. Listen to me! Mark ye, I say: I will have no child's play. I send this very day for that junker to come back. I bring ye face to face with him, and let me hear ye say *no* to him then!"

Even the lips of the poor girl blanched, and her eyes had the look of one in a swoon. But though sorely tried, her nerves bore the strain. Leaning against the wall to steady herself, she directed a look at her father and tried to speak. Once — twice — thrice, but her voice stuck in her throat. In desperation she shook her head.

"Ye will not!" he ejaculated in hoarse amazement.

Uttered with shaking limbs, but with a look as resolute as his own, at last the faltering answer came: "An' ye kill me for it, I will never marry him!"

XX.

This scene with her father proved to Hester a veritable moral crisis; that is to say, a dividing point between all that had gone before and all that was to come. Like an electric storm, it had cleared the air. She could now look about her to better purpose, and, whatever else might come of it, her own position, at least, was sharply defined.

Despite her courage at the moment, however, directly it was all over she was seized with a feeling of panic. She well knew her father's strength, she had little confidence in her own, and then there was the experience of Mary.

Pacing back and forth in her fireless little chamber all the next morning, careless of the biting cold, she scratched peep-holes in the thick hoar-frost covering the window-panes to catch glimpses of the outer world, as if in hopes thereby to find suggestion or relief.

At last the constraint of the four walls became intolerable. She must get out under the sky, away from the oppressing sense of human nearness. Putting on her quilted hood and long cloak, she left the house, turning, as it seemed, at random, but in reality in obedience to the sub-conscious tension of a guiding rein which directed her thought always to one spot, her mount of promise, her outlook of hope and expectation.

Slipping and floundering up and down over the snow hummocks, worn to stony hardness by foot-passengers and ox-carts, which covered all the city streets, she made her way, in the teeth of a whistling wind, around to the bridge, and climbed the icy slope of the Verlettenberg.

There, with eyes turned wistfully northward, she studied long and anx-

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iously every detail of the landscape. It lay in winter desolation, cold and still. Above the jumble of chimneys, gables, and snow-covered roofs in the near foreground there bristled the jagged line of the palisades. Beyond, as the island widened towards the mainland, the ground rose into high wooded hills, the leafless forests relieved here and there by rich masses of evergreens, while the interlying valleys were marked by white stretches where the thick, untrodden snow covered the frozen bouweries.

Again and again Hester intently scanned this whole region from river to river. A hawk soaring high in air, the pines and hemlocks of the distant forest billowing like ocean waves in the wind, the shadows of the clouds sweeping over the hills, the smoke curling up from a far-off farm-house, — these were the only signs of life and movement in the wide and varied scene.

What did Tryntie mean?

The bleak wind, the hard, bright sun, the whity-gray sky, the outer solitude, — were these the comforting influences she sought? Plainly Nature had no message for her. Thereupon, by a swift revulsion neither strange nor rare, she straightway yearned for the closer touch of her human kind. She bethought her of Catalina. Indeed, Catalina was intimately connected with this crisis. It was she who, however unconsciously, had brought it all about; who, whether by instinct or insight, had instantly detected the truth. Moreover, notwithstanding her caprices and fits of passion, Catalina's loyalty was as steadfast as the sunshine. To Catalina she would go.

Down at the bottom of her father's garden, where a miniature pond formed by the melting snow had frozen over, Catalina was found skating with her sisters. Hester stopped a moment to look on. The busy skater was reveling in her sport. With her fair hair blowing about, her eyes glowing, her cheeks well-nigh as bright as her scarlet hood, she was at the moment a sight to gaze upon. Despite the grotesque clumsiness of her dress, with its multitudinous petticoats and quiltings, despite the thick, shapeless shoes and clumsy Dutch skates which encumbered her feet, her figure asserted itself through all its uncouth wrappings in lines of grace and beauty.

Uttering a cry of joy at sight of Hester, she came plunging and staggering up through the drifts to welcome her. Filled with the abounding life, with the sense of power, with the madcap rollicking spirits, produced by vigorous exercise in the clear, cold air, she seized upon her friend with affectionate violence, hugged and kissed her, whirled her about, and dragged her breathless and protesting to the pond, where she fitted her, would she or no, to a pair of skates.

Although pleased with so cordial a reception, Hester was by no means in accord with this romping mood. It jarred upon her nerves; it seemed, too, very silly and childish after her own late experiences. None of this internal discord, however, appeared upon her placid face, as she glided mechanically about after Catalina, who, like a young bacchante, whirled and swayed and circled around her with gay tauntings, with teasing gestures, with mocking, mischievous eyes, and all with the wild freedom of a swallow in its flight.

Now and then, as if to goad her dumpish visitor to some retaliation, the merry hoiden came down upon her with a tremendous bump, which brought them both, amid shouts of laughter, in a swirl of petticoats, to the icy floor.

Sitting still a moment to catch her breath after one of these downfalls, Catalina noted her friend's preoccupation.

"Something is the matter?"

The visitor looked in doubt whether to confess or deny.

"Come, now, you need not shake your head. Out with it. I must hear. I love secrets, as you know. Will you tell?"

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Still confidence hung fire.

"You shall not budge from this place till you do. See, I will hold you fast! You cannot stir! Come, I say!" with an imperative little shake. "What is it?"

Seeing the growing seriousness in the pleading face, Hester, who seemed only waiting for a sympathetic mood, at last yielded.

"Do you remember, when you were last at our house, what you said?"

Catalina shook her head, with a puzzled look.

"You were very peevish and rude. You got into a passion and went home before your time, and I thought you a silly little fool, as sometimes — pardon me — you are. Nay, you need not redden, for this time you were in the right."

"So?"

"About the junker," continued Hester, reddening in her turn.

"The new junker? You *are* in love with him?"

"No — yet" —

"You made him think so?"

"Yes, but I was innocent. It came about I know not how. He was always there; he was like the air, the sunshine, comfortable like, but one took no note of him."

Catalina drew closer, with increasing interest.

"You came; you opened my eyes. I was affrighted and drew back."

"And he?"

"He thought me fickle."

"Yes."

"That I was sporting with him."

"And then?"

"He would take no hints, no warnings; he must needs make me speak, and I had no course but to speak truth."

"What said he then?"

"He must needs be pleading."

"To be sure."

"Whereupon I thought it right and honest to have done with the matter then and there, and so made him understand there could be nothing betwixt us."

"How did he look at that?"

"Woful he looked, poor junker, and wofully he took it all to heart; for he straightway left his work and everything, and stole away home to Albany."

Catalina drew a long breath of tragic interest.

"But mark you now what befalls. Just then my father has need of him upon some public business. He is not to be found. The truth comes out. Father sends for me in terrible rage. He has heard an idle rumor somewhere that I had to do with it."

"What then?" demanded the listener, almost beside herself with impatience.

"He makes me speak. I tell the truth, whereupon he swears an awful oath that he will send and hale the junker back, and that I shall marry him, yea or nay."

"He is a devil!" cried Catalina, with clenched fists. "My mother says so."

Hester stared, even in the excitement of her confession, at this outspoken opinion of her father.

"But you — you will not do it? What did you then?"

"I was affrighted almost beyond speech, but I mustered strength to say I never would do it."

"He was worse at that?"

"I thought he would kill me upon the spot, for sure I am he suspected the truth" —

"'Suspected'? But just now you said you had told him."

"Nay, but the cause of my refusal."

"You did not love the junker. That is enough."

"You grow a dullard."

"Ei?"

"Can you think of no other reason?"

An odd quick movement disturbed the listener's face, a hot flush mingled with the cool glow in her cheeks.

"You see at last, little dunce?"

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Without answering, Catalina turned and gazed a long minute, as it seemed, upon the ice-bound harbor.

"Ei?"

"You mean the other junker?" The tone was too elaborate in its indifference.

"Who else?"

"There is hope, then, he may come back?"

"I don't know," faltered Hester, choking with tears at the unexpected question.

"He is in danger?" cried her friend, all indifference gone.

"No-o, I hope not — perhaps. Tryntie has sent me a message. 'T is not the one I thought to get. I know not what it means. I only know he is near, — but sh-h!" looking timorously about. "Never breathe a word of this. It might bring harm to him."

"Have no fear." The speaker drew herself up stiffly.

"I must needs have fear. I am filled with fear. I breakfast and sup on nothing else. What will become of him? What will become of me?" She quite broke down, and sobbed aloud.

Catalina was greatly shocked, for Hester was not of the weeping sort. Never before in all their childish troubles had she seen that steadfast face so convulsed. She stood for a moment in doubt. The struggle was short and sharp; the victory not unworthy the pen of the recording angel. Throwing her arms about her weeping friend, she cried: —

"Sh-h, Hester! You shall not — you must not — I will not let you weep. All will come right. You will be happy. I will pray God for you. He will let no harm come to you."

"But — but when that junker is fetched back from Albany, as surely he will be, to take me to wife, what then?"

"I will tell you."

"Eh?"

"Run away" —

"Catalina!"

— "and — go — to — *him!*"

Four breathless little words, and every letter of them heroic. The listener saw nothing of that. She was thinking only that she had received the same advice from another source.

As usual, that night a squad of men kept watch and ward over the city walls. For many months this careful precaution had been taken against any surprise from the mysterious foe, who had never yet shown his head. As, however, night after night set for the dreaded onslaught wore peacefully away, the cry of Wolf began to lose its terrors, and the doughty sentinels, having spent the earlier hours of their watch in smoking, singing, and cracking stupid jokes, passed the later in impudently napping at their posts.

By good or ill chance, as it may be judged, Rip Van Dorn had been stationed at the Waterpoort. It will not be forgotten in what comfortable proximity this was to Vrouw Litschoe's taproom, and justifiable doubts may arise as to the vigilance of the guard. But strange as it may appear, it was due to this very proximity that when the distant fort bell rang out its midnight peal there was one trusty sentinel awake to count the strokes.

His voice might have been a trifle thick and his step somewhat uncertain, but he was unmistakably awake, else had he never seen and clutched a dark figure which came leaping stealthily over the wall, in his very face, as he staggered back to his post from a visit to Vrouw Annetje.

"Hola there!" muttered the stranger, struggling to his feet. "Let go your hold! Let go, I say!"

"We — th-think about that by and by, my fr-friend."

"Let go! I come here on business."

"Zoo? Ye come — hic — on business? Good! I — I come on b-business too."

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"Let go, my good man. 'T is a most pressing matter I have on hand."

"'T is always p-pressing when one climbs o-over the wall."

"I had no choice but to climb the wall, when I could make nobody hear at the gate."

"Ei?" gasped the startled sergeant.

"I might have pounded till doomsday for all of you, — a set of lazy rascals that sleep at their posts. Wait till the commander hears of it."

"We open not ga-gates to night-haw-awks," hiccoughed the sergeant defensively.

"You must open to him who gives the countersign, night or day."

"But we wait first till — hic — till he comes, that man with the count-countersign."

"He is here: I have the countersign!"

"Truly!" with drunken irony. "Out — out with it, then!"

"William of Orange!"

"'T is true, as I live!" muttered the astonished sergeant.

"Come! Come, then, let go your hold! I must be on my way."

"Zoo?"

"Beware how you detain me!"

"Who — who does bus-business at this — hic — this hour?"

"Quit your trifling! 'T is with the commander himself."

Far from being taken aback by this bold announcement, the worthy sentinel answered: —

"Zoo? Then I go with ye."

"Eh?"

"I go — go — hic — with ye: I too have bus-business with the com-commander."

"What? Desert your post? Have a care! What I did others may do," pointing to the wall.

"I — I go with ye to the com-commander," persisted the sergeant, with tipsy concentration.

"Very good, then," coincided the junker, as if seized with a happy thought. "Come along, so you make haste!"

"Oh, we 'll make ha — hic — haste enough."

Stumbling and plunging along the snow-blocked Strand, the staggering officer, however unsteady in his gait, kept ever a tight clutch on his prisoner. Presently they came to a low, squat house in which a feeble light was still burning.

"'T is very cold," said the stranger, with a suggestive shiver.

"Humph — 't is — 't is — hic — that!"

"A glass of brandewyn might warm the blood."

"That would it, like — hic — nothing else in the world."

"What say you, then, to waking up old Annetje? Think you she could be coaxed to give us a dram?"

"One knows n-nothing till he tries — Mynheer," chuckled the sergeant, turning with his prisoner into the well-known haunt. "Here, Annetje — where are ye, An-netje, I say?"

The wakeful vrouw came promptly forth from her flock-bed in a neighboring closet, lighted more candles, mended the fire, and made them welcome.

The stranger, meantime, seated himself in the dark corner of the chimney, and kept his broad-brimmed hat pulled forward over his face; and as he spoke as little as possible he was clearly somewhat startled when the sergeant, warmed up by his first dram, hiccoughed slyly: —

"'T is the way to — tr-treat an old fr-friend, this — 'n' we — we 're no strangers, ye — ye 'n' I 're no strangers, Mynheer."

"So?"

"No-o; we 're old fr-friends, ye 'n' I!"

"You are mistaken, my good man."

"Zoo? There 's a look — look about ye — one might th-think 't was Mynheer Van" —

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"Ahem-hem!" coughed the prisoner, suddenly choking over his dram.

—"Mynheer Van Co-Cort—" persisted the sergeant.

"So? Another dram there, vrouw!"

It was only by repeated drams that the inquiring sergeant could be deterred from the question of identification.

At last they rose to go. The stranger beheld with satisfaction the increased unsteadiness of his captor's gait. None the less, on coming to the highway, he found it no such easy matter to shake loose from him.

"Come, now, my good fellow, 't is time you were back at your post. Let us part. I thank you for your civility, and wish you good-night."

"Not so f-fast," hiccoughed the other, with drunken cunning. "I — I go with ye to — hic — the c-c-com-n-nder!"

"Not to-night. I am in haste. Next time, my good friend," objected the captive, striving to break loose from the still vigorous clutch.

"I too, I go — to the com-com-mander's with ye!"

Realizing that the moment for action had come, the prisoner, by a sudden and violent effort, wrenched himself free from the sturdy Rip, with one quick blow knocked him into the gutter, and sped away in the darkness.

Rip, however, like many another seasoned toper, clung fast to the main idea. Here was a running of the guard, the escape of a prisoner. Collecting himself, therefore, he took a horn from his belt and blew a blast that sent panic to the heart of the bold fugitive.

Taking by-paths and keeping in the shadow, the latter hurried with might and main through the sleeping town, his heavy boots making a crunching sound upon the frozen streets. Looking back, he heard the murmur of voices, the rush of feet; he knew the alarm had been given.

But his goal was almost reached. An anxious heart awaited him. A loving welcome was assured. His breath came quick and short, his pulse-throbs sounded like rumbling thunder in his ears, he felt cold and hot by turns. What mattered dangers and sufferings endured? Was it not for her? And she — was close at hand!

In such a tumult of thought and feeling he climbed the slippery hill, and stood at last upon the summit of the Verlettenberg. Hester was not there!

XXI.

In answer to a curt summons, Barent came reluctantly back from Albany in the train of Milborne. He realized, as it seemed, neither the gravity of his offense nor the clemency shown him, for he stared indifferently when told that he might have been shot for a deserter, and listened without apparent shame to the stern reproof of his superior. With the same stolid unconcern he accepted a warm hand-grip from his rugged chief when they met later in private.

At another time he might have fared worse. Just now there were more imperative things on the carpet than matters of petty discipline. Long consultations took place daily between Leisler and his returned lieutenant. They shut themselves up for hours at headquarters, while an impatient crowd thronged the gloomy waiting-room.

Far from being quiet, these closetings were marked by every sign of discord: shouts of anger, sniffs of contempt, stamping, and good round oaths not a few reached the wondering ears of those airing their heels in the passage. None the less, Leisler invariably came forth from these sittings with added courage and confidence.

Naturally enough, Milborne's arguments were specious. He persuaded his listener — it was no difficult task — that his ill-success at the English court was due solely to the character of his

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envoy; that, although prejudiced, his cause was by no means lost; that his petitions must still be read and would speak for themselves; that Sloughter's appointment was only a sop thrown to the other side; that there was no thought of really sending him over. Witness the long months which had intervened since his appointment, and still no news of his setting sail.

The commander took heart at this. He turned back with fresh energy to his work of levying new taxes, strengthening fortifications, and raising recruits, daily increasing the rigor of his rule as he noted signs of contumacy among the people, as he felt them writhe under his heavy hand and detected in their sullen looks hopes of speedy relief from over the water.

Time passed; it presently turned out that Milborne had no divine gift of prophecy. One upon the other's heels came two brief and momentous bits of news, two facts which resolved to air his soap-bubble theories: *item:* all Leisler's reports, justifications, and petitions had been referred by the king to the new governor *and his council* to pass upon; *item:* the new governor himself, furnished with a goodly store of arms, ammunition, and troops, and a convoy of three fair vessels, had at last really set sail, and was coming, as fast as wind and wave would serve, to take possession of his government.

The commander's thoughts and feelings upon hearing this news will never be known. To this hour his point of view remains a fruitful theme for study and dispute. What matters it now? Whether he was upheld by the serene faith of a fatalist, fired by the blind infatuation of a zealot, or nerved by the stubborn, dogged courage of a beast at bay, the result remains the same. Enough to know that he rose to the crisis and was equal to it; that if a doubt or misgiving pierced his breast-plate of confidence it carried no panic to his heart, nor shook the firm nerve with which he bided the event.

Such news could not be suppressed. It was blown abroad upon every wind to the farthest limits of the province. The result was quickly seen. Like a giant in toils, the impatient people strained at their bonds. From highest to lowest all felt a strange stir in their blood. An ominous cloud of revolution loomed in the west. The poison of anarchy floated in the air. Work was given over, trade neglected; placemen quaked in their shoes, household discipline was relaxed, saucy slaves went unwhipped. Even the immaculate stoops grew dusty, and the shining brass knockers, the pride of every Dutch vrouw's heart, lost their brightness.

Outside the walls, the overjoyed exiles, hearing in their retreat of the promised deliverance, came flocking to the gates, awaiting the signal to rush in. The country districts reëchoed with rumors of risings and riots. On every hand, from every side, low grumblings of fear and hate swelled day by day into a sullen and universal roar of execration.

As yet, however, rebellion but showed its teeth and spent itself in noise. Not the hardiest dared lift hand in actual revolt while yonder in the fort sat that man, watchful, unintimidated, ready with swift might to crush out the first show of insubordination.

Thus in harrowing suspense days and nights wore on. That cloud yonder in the west began to look fleet and sheer as a phantom, those soaring hopes of the exiles to come fluttering down like tailless kites. What meant the delay? For weeks the little fleet had been overdue. Still the vaporous horizon was unbroken by a sail, and the mysterious voices of the ocean in their sighings, soughings, thunderings, brought no tidings of its fate.

In such distraction all the humdrum routine of life came to a stand-still, like

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the whirring machinery in a factory upon the shutting off of motive power. Living became simply waiting. One occupation alone went on, steadily, regularly, without let or interruption: the roll-call from the fort still sounded forth upon the prick of the hour, and the train-bands went through their daily drill.

At last, one lowering morning, as the commander sat before his table at head-quarters giving orders for the day, there came a gasping messenger with tidings of three vessels anchored off Sandy Hook.

The convoys! — but the leader of the fleet, the frigate Archangel, which bore his Excellency, where was she? None could tell. Worthy Lieutenant Ingoldsby could only say that he had parted company with her in a gale, and that he expected her hourly to arrive. Meantime, what was to be said to the good lieutenant? Never since he came to power had Leisler been so at a loss. He took time to consider. Fateful moments! While he waited others moved. He still sat pondering the matter when news came that Van Cortlandt and Philipse had already slipped down the harbor to greet and welcome the stranger. He started to his feet as if with a futile movement to intercept them. Too late: for once he had been found wanting; for once his enemies had scored a point. One little lapse, one moment of indecision, and the whole course of history is changed to the end of time. Of what avail now to send off the perfunctory greeting and half-hearted offer of hospitality which Milborne insists upon? He submits, but knows it is in vain. His enemies have had a hearing; the ears of the new-comer are already stuffed with calumnies. His case is prejudged.

Proof! Here it comes in the form of a messenger, a saucy rascal, from Ingoldsby, demanding the immediate surrender of the fort.

Behold the hand of his enemies already! But they shall miss their expected triumph. Like a lion aroused from his lair, the outraged man roared in defiance.

What followed is well known. The record of those days glows still in letters of fire upon pages of history as familiar as they are famous.

Day and night the commander stood at his post, eating and sleeping within the fort. Without a thought of retreat or concession he braced himself for the struggle.

Meantime, the family in the Strand were left to themselves, for Cobus was with his father. Ignorant, for the most part, of what was going on, having only a vague sense of some impending calamity, they sat and awaited the result.

Vrouw Leisler gave vent to her anxiety in a formula of lamentation which through constant repetition had lost significance and degenerated into an unheeded whine, wherewith she relieved her stuffed bosom and beguiled the tedium of her daily tasks. Hester was, in reality, little disturbed. These crises, in truth, had come to be an old story. At intervals, ever since her father had had to do with public affairs, there had been these recurring threats of disaster and ruin. With so little real knowledge of the situation, how could she distinguish this case from others?

Besides, she had her own affairs to think of, and food enough for thought they gave her. Where was Steenie in all this time? Why had she heard nothing more from Tryntie? In the midst of these speculations and wonderings there came to her ears a rumor with a whole train of alarming possibilities. Barent had returned!

Her father, then, had kept his word. One half his threat was already fulfilled. She grew cold at the thought. Old fears started into life. Mary — Mary! Directly uprose the figure of that dumb bride, that cheerless wedding, that night of tempest, and her sister's white face vanishing in the gloom.

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To whom else speak of all this? She must needs go again to Catalina. Despite public orders that women and children should keep shut up at home, she sallied forth. The streets were thronged with idle men gathered in groups, all busily talking and disputing, with now and then a bolder one haranguing his fellows.

In the dock she came upon the crier reading a proclamation. The crowd blocked her way; she listened perforce. The commander warned all honest people against the new-comers, a party of Papists and disaffected persons who had fled from their own country with good reason, and come hither with forged credentials and commissions, and impudently taken possession of the Stadthuys. He warned good citizens to give them no credence, yield them no aid or comfort, nor hold any parleyings with them.

Listening with half an ear to this familiar phraseology, and getting no sense of the gist of the proclamation, Hester pushed through the crowd and went her way.

Sounding the knocker at Dr. Staats's, she was astonished to see the slave peer timorously through the upper half of the Dutch door before opening to admit her. Having seated herself upon a bench in the hall while the woman went to find Catalina, Hester was presently conscious of a hum of voices close at hand. It proved to be Dr. Staats and another talking in the parlor. The door was open, and she listened without choice. From their deep tones and rapid utterance it was evident they were much in earnest.

"Know you where the king's troops are quartered?" asked the doctor.

"They are fortified in the Stadthuys."

"There will be trouble," in an ominous tone.

"Surely he will give way."

"I doubt him; he is more rabid than ever. 'T was but yesterday he sent forth a proclamation forbidding the British soldiers to walk the streets, — mark ye, Mynheer Beekman, his Majesty's own troops; he would keep them cooped up."

"What hopes he to gain by such high-handed doings?"

"To drive them out! He says, as they cannot show credentials, they have no right here till his Excellency arrives, which" —

"Poh! 't is Milborne's talk that, you may be sure," broke in Mynheer Beekman impatiently; "he is a braying English ass! These men in the Stadthuys are the lieutenant-governor and secretary appointed by the Crown; these troops are sent by the king to establish the new government: to resist them" —

"Is sheer madness!"

"He must be reasoned with."

"As well reason with a beast; he flies into a rage at the least word of opposition."

"Beast let him be, it must be done," repeated Beekman firmly. "This course he is taking is treason. We are known as his advisers; we shall be held to answer for it; moreover, the peace of the town and the lives of innocent men are at stake."

"'T will be like entering a lion's den," said Staats hesitatingly.

"And if it were a very lion, no choice is left us. Come! will you go? Tomorrow it may be too late."

A stir, a movement as of something close at hand in the air, drew the listener's notice. Raising her eyes, she saw reflected from a mirror on the opposite wall a slight figure in soft draperies, bent forward, with head canted upon one side and claw-like hands extended in an attitude of tense attention. Hester uttered an exclamation, and the reflection glided noiselessly out of the mirror.

Presently the slave came back with word that Catalina could not be found. Hester did not note the woman's faltering manner; she was scarcely disappointed. Her thoughts had taken a new

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direction. She remembered now the proclamation in connection with these words still sounding in her ears. Here was a crisis of a new sort. There might be war. Far from thinking such a result deplorable, she regarded it with equanimity; it opened up a whole new world of chances, by some of which the ugly old stumbling-blocks might be cast from her path, and some short sunny byway to happiness revealed.

Several days passed. She heard nothing but the vague and conflicting reports brought in by the servants from the streets; the suspense was almost intolerable.

One morning she went out upon the stoop, to see if anything could be picked up from the passers-by. A slave was loitering in front of the door. Upon her appearance he quickly handed her a note and disappeared. She opened it eagerly; whatever the contents, they set her thoughts flying and her pulses bounding in a tremor of anticipation.

In the midst of her agitation came a squad of soldiers from the fort with a message to Vrouw Leisler from her imperious spouse, bidding the good dame get together her chattels and remove at once, bag and baggage, to the fort; the soldiers were to wait and escort her.

Instinctively Hester clutched the letter in her bosom. Incapable of counsel or comfort, she stared stupidly at her mother, while that distracted woman ran hither and thither, bawling contradictory orders to the panic-stricken slaves, and bewailing the absence of Mary and Cobus.

Striving in her bewilderment to decide upon her own course of action, Hester listened mechanically to the soldiers on the stoop.

"Will it come to blows, think ye?"

"Not a doubt of it, and straightway, too."

"But they yonder may give way."

"That will they not, nor budge a foot."

"Then will he drive them out like dogs."

"Wel zoo, they have had warning. Bully Joost went an hour ago to bid them lay down arms and begone, or bide the consequence."

"But think ye he will fire?"

"The guns are loaded, I tell ye."

"And pointed, too?"

"He gives them till nightfall."

"Lieve Hemel!"

Like words heard in a nightmare, this talk sounded unnatural and awful. Had the crisis then come, and so soon? Was war indeed at hand? Uncertain what of good or ill it might bode to her, Hester was filled with a vague dread, and turned with willing hand but wandering thoughts to help her mother. And in good time; poor Vrouw Leisler was well-nigh at her wits' end. Never before in her peaceful life had she faced such an emergency.

To pack up and move the household gear gathered during a long married life, to do it at a moment's warning and as it were at the point of the bayonet, was a task far beyond any powers Nature had given her. Straightway her good sense and clear housewifely judgment flew to the winds. She yielded to panic. Without plan, choice, or system, she sent the frightened slaves to bring her most precious belongings to the ground-floor, where they were thrown pell-mell: heavy bureaus, sofas, bedsteads, mirrors, feather-beds, china, glass, silver, linen, fire-irons, all piled in hopeless confusion, while the smoke from the smouldering logs in the fireplace, driven about by counter-drafts and mingled with clouds of dust, filled the house to suffocation.

In the midst of it all the soldiers outside became clamorous for haste. In despair the poor huysvrouw gave the word, and the rough troopers began loading her cherished goods with scant ceremony upon the ox-carts without.

Meantime, the brief spring twilight was on the wane; a fierce wind blew out

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its flickering candle in the west. This, it would seem, was the signal Hester had been awaiting. With a cloak thrown over her head, she stole into the garden. The house behind her resounded with uproar, — the shouts and oaths of the troopers, the running back and forth of slaves, the slamming of doors, and the intermittent bewailings of Vrouw Leisler.

Hester went straight to the bottom of the garden, where some tall cherry-trees made a mass of shadow. Scarcely had she arrived when a tall figure leaped over the wall. Directly the two were folded in each other's arms.

"It is you!"

"Hester!"

"Oh, I feared you might never come back."

"I have come at last."

"But will you stay?"

"With God's help!"

"Oh, what will become of me, else?"

"What has happened?"

"*He*" —

"What?"

"He thinks to do with me as with Mary."

"He would marry you to another?"

"To yonder junker from Albany."

"Never!"

"He swears it shall be done."

"Never while I live! But have no fear, sweetheart. His day is almost done: the new governor is at hand and hourly expected in town, and then he will be driven out of his kennel yonder."

"There will be no war, then?"

"War! poh! A war of words, perhaps, but that is all. He barks, but he dare not bite; this talk of war is only to scare the people and keep them under."

"Hester! Hester!" The voice of Vrouw Leisler was heard frantically calling from the house. "Hester! where are you? We must go — Hester!"

The servants and slaves joined in the cry. They were coming to search the garden. Their footsteps could be heard approaching.

With a rapturous embrace the two were taking leave, when a rumbling sound like distant thunder broke upon the air.

The junker stood as if petrified, muttering through his set teeth.

"The madman!"

"What is it?"

"He has dared to do it!"

"What?"

"He has fired upon the Stadthuys!"

"Then the war is begun!"

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

A NON-COMBATANT'S WAR REMINISCENCES.

NOTHING can be counted trivial which throws any light on that great epoch-making event, our civil war. Especially is this true of whatever serves in any degree to illustrate the conduct and spirit of the South in that conflict. From various obvious causes which need not now be referred to, her part in the mighty struggle is less thoroughly known than that of the North. It may be assumed that trustworthy information on this subject, though conveyed in recitals of incidents in themselves not very important, must have a permanent interest and value.

Enough time has elapsed since the conclusion of the war to warrant the publication of many things of a somewhat private and personal character, which could not prudently have been made public at a much earlier moment. They can now be printed large without

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risk of being misunderstood, exciting passion, or giving pain. The healing lapse of a quarter of a century has allayed sensitiveness, rectified rash and erroneous judgments, and prepared all parts of the country to listen in a spirit of fairness to simple narratives of the truth.

A word may be allowed in explanation of the writer's peculiar position during the war, and of the views which will be more than hinted at in these reminiscences. Northern-born, inheriting Northern traditions, and with a Northern education, I was also largely identified with the South. A resident there from the age of nineteen, I had naturally given to her numerous hostages of fidelity. Marriage relations, pecuniary interests, gratitude for generous appreciation, and the ties of personal friendship, stretching through several States, pledged me to a sympathetic interest in whatever touched her welfare. Assuming my character to be fairly well balanced, it was thus nearly inevitable that at the outset of the struggle my mind and heart should be divided. In point of fact this was precisely my condition. I was wholly on neither side, partly on both sides. I admitted that the South had wrongs to complain of, but was utterly out of sympathy with her passionate temper and proposed methods of redress. After a moment of wavering indecision, my dissatisfaction with the whole Southern spirit and policy became positive and deep, and my leaning toward the North steadily grew with the advancing conflict, until I welcomed with all my heart the triumph of the Union arms and the extinction of slavery. I never uttered more cordial words than when I said to my own servants, "Go, — you are free." It goes without saying that, with these convictions and feelings, my position was anomalous, difficult, and in a qualified sense painfully false. I was far, however, from being alone in this contradictory and trying situation. It is a curious fact that not a few of my best friends, who shared at the beginning of the war my own divided views and sentiments, developed in a direction just opposite to my own. From being almost rebels to the embryo Confederacy, they subsequently became its ardent friends and self-sacrificing supporters. Doubtless they were just as honest in their process of evolution as I claim to have been in mine.

When the war began I was the happy pastor of a church in Charleston, S. C., the very heart and centre of secession. Perhaps, speaking with strict accuracy, Columbia rather than Charleston should be styled the centre of that movement. Indeed, the latter city had often been regarded by the State at large as somewhat Laodicean in her disunion zeal. She was suspected of being too much in selfish touch with the great outside world of commerce to allow her thoroughly to appreciate the secession gospel. Practically, however, the sinister distinction of leading in the disruption of the country fell to Charleston. Right there, in truth, the Union was dissolved in the split of the Democratic Convention of 1860.

One of the features of that memorable convention was the skill and efficiency of Caleb Cushing as its presiding officer. I have never seen his equal in such a position. No tangle of parliamentary questions for a moment confused his clear and incisive intelligence. During his brief absence from the chair, the body, under the hand of an incompetent vice-president, got itself into a snarl, from which extrication seemed impossible. It was beautiful to see how soon and how easily, on Mr. Cushing's resumption of his place, the knots were untied and orderly progress was restored. Another noteworthy incident of the convention was the courage, rising even to audacity, displayed by Benjamin F. Butler. As a member of the Committee on the Platform, he found himself in a minority of one, and so had

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the privilege of leading off in the order of speech-making. It was palpable that on rising to his task he fronted an audience not merely unsympathetic, but frowningly hostile. Nevertheless, he bated not a jot of free and jaunty confidence. He literally flung defiance at his auditors. When, at one point in his speech, a drunken member of the Maryland delegation interrupted him with the shout, "Niggers can vote in Boston!" the retort came quick and fatal as lightning: "Yes, they can, and with no bludgeon of a Baltimore Plug Ugly held over their heads!" The response extorted applause even from the orator's foes. The two really great speeches of the convention, according to my recollection, were delivered by Senator Pugh, of Ohio, on the Douglas side, and William L. Yancey, the champion of secession. In point of logical force and real ability, Pugh's speech was the higher effort, but grace, brilliancy, and passionate ardor, aided by an exceptionally fine voice and manner, made Yancey's the more effective. When at last the convention went to pieces, I groaned in spirit, exclaiming, "The country is ruined!" So little do we know. In truth, those were the first throes of the country's new birth.

During the months of the succeeding campaign, which resulted in the election of Lincoln, and up to the calling of the convention that declared South Carolina an independent State, we lived in an electrical atmosphere, throbbing with excitement. Everybody had a vague sense that momentous events were impending. To most they were events fraught with triumph and prosperity. To me they threatened immeasurable disaster. For a while all was uncertainty and conjecture in the popular mind as to the precise policy that would be adopted in case of Lincoln's election. One day, meeting on the street the Hon. A. G. Magrath, United States Circuit judge, a most courtly and charming gentleman, I said to him, "Judge, what is to be the outcome of all this talk about secession in the event of Lincoln's election?" "Sir," was his prompt and positive answer, "South Carolina will secede!" The remark impressed me very deeply, as I knew Judge Magrath, United States official though he was, must be in the secrets of those who were controlling Southern affairs. A few months later, in his court-room, he dramatically cast aside his judicial robe, and stepped down from his high seat. It was Judge Magrath's painful honor to be governor of South Carolina when Sherman marched through the State and the Confederacy vanished into thin air.

I have said that with the vast majority of the people the excitement, which was kept at white heat, was the excitement of hopeful and confident enthusiasm. No doubts as to the righteousness of their cause or its successful issue repressed their exuberant spirits. The future was rosy with the promise of a new era for the South. Cotton, real but wronged king, was to get his own at last. The world would now pay tribute to him, — a tribute hitherto stolen by the populous, unscrupulous, greedy North. Charleston, long fretted by the conviction that she had been kept by New York from her rightful heritage of preëminence, was to be the great commercial emporium of the western continent. At one moment of the struggle, the accession of Maryland to the Confederacy was by some regarded with disfavor, from the apprehension that Baltimore might prove a dangerous rival to Charleston. Slavery, freed from the exasperating and damaging agitations to which it had long been subject, was to obtain guarantees of everlasting security, and have ample room for indefinite expansion. Indeed, there were not wanting fanatics who expected to conquer the North and reconstruct the Union, with slavery as the organic law of the entire country. One of the most intel-

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ligent and influential physicians of the city seriously assured me, on one occasion, that within ten years the South would plant slavery in every State of the old Union.

There were, however, not a few cool heads and sad hearts that saw and felt things more clearly and truly. In their opinion, a wild frenzy had seized the Southern mind, and the future could bring nothing but calamity. In the estimate of such calm reasoners, the first hostile shot would sound the doom of slavery. It was an institution that could not endure the stress and convulsion of war. What else might come, who could tell? Foremost among these sad dissentients was that able, brilliant, magnanimous lawyer, easily and long the head of the South Carolina bar, James L. Petigru. For some years I was a near neighbor of his in Broad Street, and though my personal acquaintance with him was very slight, I had learned to cherish a high admiration for him. He was always on the side of justice, moderation, and kindness. If any poor, suspected, or maltreated stranger needed a friend, Mr. Petigru was ready to throw over him the cloak of his great reputation. Advanced now in years, and for a long time out of relation to the controlling political views of his native State, he could do nothing in this new exigency, and attempted nothing. But though he took no public stand, it was well understood that in private he gave free vent to very vigorous expressions of sorrow, wrath, and despair over what was going on about him. Another gentleman, of high character and varied accomplishments, who kept a cool head and "saw straight and clear" amidst the raging storm, was the Hon. George S. Bryan. A little *mot* of his, dropped in a chance conversation, has stuck in my memory ever since. We were speaking of a certain convention, and interchanging congratulations that it had adjourned. "Yes," said Mr. Bryan, with sad significance, "but the press never adjourns."

Mr. Petigru and Mr. Bryan were members, I believe, of the vestry of old St. Michael's Church, and one Sunday, when the rector omitted the usual prayer for the President of the United States, they both rose and left the house. The incident made a genuine sensation.

There were of course many who more or less definitely shared the opinions and feelings of these distinguished citizens. Quite a number of merchants of Northern origin, while unfeignedly attached to the South, were as truly loyal in their hearts as was Abraham Lincoln himself.

Among the few and far-between native Union men of Charleston, I knew one in particular — a Hebrew gentleman — whose devotion to the old flag was ardent to the point of fanaticism. I believe he actually enjoyed the pinching severities of the blockade because of the punishment it inflicted on those who had provoked it. There was scarcely any conceivable sacrifice which he would not have welcomed in serving the Union cause. It is my impression that in the process of reconstruction he strangely failed to receive from the general government any substantial recognition. Through all those days the small minority, of which this gentleman was an extreme member, had to preserve silence, or utter themselves in a cautiously guarded secrecy. Nothing short of a martyr spirit would have warranted these men in speaking out plainly.

The Secession Convention, which assembled in Columbia in the winter of 1860–61, adjourned to Charleston, and held its sessions in St. Andrew's Hall, on Broad Street. I had no heart to witness its foregone deliberations, and was present at only one of those sessions. It was an uncommonly fine-looking body of men, and they transacted their revolutionary business with perfect decorum and dignity. With the passage

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of the Ordinance of Secession the bustle of serious preparation for probable war began in earnest. Soldiers poured into Charleston from all parts of the State, and the city was full of martial sounds and sights. In that dismal, hurly-burly winter of 1860–61 events traveled apace. Anderson's abandonment of Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, and transfer of his little force to Fort Sumter, produced a great impression. It was felt that this movement had a very grave significance. At last in April all things were ripe and ready for the first act in the great drama, — the bombardment of Sumter. The people at large were not informed precisely when this attack was to occur, but they knew it was coming, and there was a vague, uneasy sense among them that it was near. On the evening preceding that event I was at my regular Thursday prayer-meeting, and after service it was talked over as being imminent. I went to my bed that night in a nervous, troubled frame. About half past four the next morning the report of a cannon startled me from my shallow sleep, and I flew to my attic, whose window commanded a partial view of the harbor. Sure enough, the dance of death had begun. I could see the glare of rockets and hear the bombs bursting over the fortress. On that fateful morning I made the following entry in my diary:

"*April* 12, 1861. The day of doom has come: the beginning of the end is reached. I was awakened this morning by the booming of guns from the harbor. Our forces opened on Fort Sumter at half past four o'clock, and from that hour to the present moment, eight o'clock, there has been a steady though not very vigorous bombardment. It is thought that Anderson has not fired yet in return, at least not more than once or twice. A fleet is reported outside, though we have no certain information."

Immediately after a hurried breakfast I went down town, and took my place in the vast throng that lined the wharves, gazing upon the strange and, to me, awful scene. The people were quiet, and seemed to realize somewhat that very serious work was in progress before them. Girdled by batteries that kept up a constant pounding upon him, Anderson replied in what we thought a rather languid way. Outside the harbor, the vessels of the relieving fleet were now in view, and to those at all in sympathy with the beleaguered fortress these apparent dawdlers were not a pretty sight. I suppose it was all right, but I have never felt quite sure that the spirit of Farragut would not have found some way to take a hand in that one-sided contest. The day closed amidst exaggerated rumors of bloody work done in the fort by the Confederate guns. The scenes of Friday were renewed Saturday morning, with variations. About two P. M., — perhaps earlier, — while standing on a wharf by the side of the Hebrew gentleman already mentioned, I observed a sudden volume of smoke rising from the fort. "It 's all over with poor Anderson," I exclaimed; "the fort is on fire!" "Don't you be afraid," he replied, in a burst of confidence; "*he's heating his shot, and he'll give it to them presently.*" But the Hebrew patriot was far too sanguine. I stayed late enough in the afternoon to observe a white flag fluttering from the rampart of Sumter, and then turned sadly homeward. I did not wait for the landing of a boat which could be seen approaching, and which I knew must be coming to settle the terms of surrender. Here ended, or opened, according to our point of view, the first chapter of the great rebellion.

Preparations for the struggle, about the certainty and gravity of which no doubts now remained, were at once redoubled. Every day incidents of startling significance were reported. Accounts of the impression made upon the North by the bombardment of Sumter and the surrender of Anderson were read with min-

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gled curiosity, wonder, and scorn. The Baltimore riot, in connection with the transit of the Massachusetts regiment through that city, increased the popular confidence as to the certainty of dissensions and uprisings at the North. The battle of Bull Run, not unnaturally, carried this confidence to the pitch of intoxication. Though the blockade grew tighter, and prices rose, and the North betrayed no sign of weakening in its purpose, the general ardor and assurance were unabated. What little freedom of expression had been previously allowed disappeared, and doubters and croakers were abashed into prudent silence.

In the autumn of 1861 the war came close to us. The sacred soil of South Carolina had been invaded at its most sacred point. Port Royal harbor was in the hands of the enemy, and the chivalry of Beaufort District, including the famous fighters of Bluffton, had fled, not a few of them, to Charleston. Planters from all the islands hurried their negroes to the crowded city. Things began to look very threatening and dismal. At this moment a new horror burst upon us. Turning to my diary, I find the following entry: —

"*December* 12, 1861. An awful calamity has fallen on the city. In the midst of war and with foes all around us, a terrible and irresistible foe has sprung up in our own bosom. Last night a fire broke out about eight o'clock, and raged with incredible fury all night, and is now (at two P. M.) probably still burning, though under control. Nearly a fifth part of the city, I should say, is in ruins. The fire has swept from the Cooper to the Ashley, consuming many noble and costly edifices, including Institute Hall, the Circular Church, St. Andrew's Hall, the magnificent Cathedral, etc."

During that dreadful night, as I was standing on Meeting Street, watching the noble Circular Church enveloped in flames, a wild-looking man, whom I had never before seen, rode up to the pavement, and leaning toward me said, in low, dramatic tones, "This is the work of Ben Butler!" and then spurred away into the gloom. The sins of Mr. Benjamin F. Butler are, I fear, like those of most of us, especially flagrant in the eyes of a by-stander, but to impute to him responsibility for that night's conflagration could only have been the suggestion of a brain heated well-nigh to insanity. Very early in the conflict Mr. Butler became emphatically, in Southern esteem, the *bête noir* of the invaders, — a character which he somehow maintained to its close.

In the spring of 1862 the air was thick with rumors that Charleston was about to be assaulted or invested. Beauregard, the popular military idol at that moment, whose simple presence was supposed to mean safety and triumph, was summoned to set the city in order against the invaders. The fervor of patriotic defense pervaded all classes, extending even to the reverend clergy, a company of whom was organized, and drilled frequently on the Citadel Green. They were styled, with somewhat profane jocularity, "gospel trotters." For some cause I was not invited to join this company, and I did not volunteer. At last the notification was quietly circulated that it would be well for noncombatants to leave the city, and a great exodus ensued, — not hurried and tumultuous, but steady and general. Families migrated in all directions, carrying with them their household gods and goods, many of them never to return. The young men of my congregation had all been away in service for some time, and now came a complete break-up in the removal of old men, women, and children. Under these conditions, the maintenance of regular church service and pastoral work was out of the question, and it was thought best to close our house of worship for an indefinite period. With my family

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and household effects I withdrew into Georgia, and never went back to Charleston as pastor.

Poor, dear, beautiful old city! It remained for the rest of the war a target for shot and shell, and at its close was left almost ruined and desolate. As if the conflagration of 1861 had not been destructive enough, the Confederate forces, retiring from it in 1865, laid in ashes another fine section. A blind fatality seemed to impel the people of the South to make the great struggle as ruinous to themselves as possible. I believe that when, in 1847, I took up my abode in Charleston, it was the most fascinating place of residence on this continent. Of course much of its peculiar charm, never to be recovered, disappeared with the results of the war, but I do not see why it should not again be a favorite resort for Northern as well as Southern people.

In passing from South Carolina to Georgia one could hardly fail to be immediately conscious of breathing a somewhat larger and freer atmosphere. The great mass of the people in the latter State were perhaps no less ardent in their zeal for the Confederate cause than those of the former, but still there was among them more latitude of opinion, and criticisms on the political and military status were not so rigorously repressed. Owing to her greater extent of territory, her less aristocratic civil institutions, and her more composite population, Georgia had long been characterized by a broader spirit of tolerance than South Carolina, and she manifested that spirit during the war. Not a few might be found in almost any community who had no heart in the pending conflict, and little faith in its successful issue. Besides, her governor, Joseph E. Brown, early showed a disposition to do his own thinking, and to take ground which was not always pleasing to the autocratic will of Jefferson Davis. This naturally encouraged freedom of thought and utterance among the people at large.

At the beginning of 1863 I received a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Madison, a village on the Georgia railroad, and made my home there for the remainder of the war. It was an ideal refuge amidst the storm and stress of the time, especially for a man with my peculiar convictions. The village was one of the pleasantest and most attractive in the State, comprising in its population a considerable number of wealthy, educated, and refined families, a large share of which belonged to my church. In the ante-bellum days it had been distinguished as an educational centre for girls, with two flourishing seminaries, — one Baptist, the other Methodist. When I went there the war had closed both of them. Just on the line which divides the upper from the lower country, Madison was as remote from the alarms of war as any place in the war-girdled South could well be, and fairly promised to be about the last spot which the invaders would strike. To its various attractions Madison added, for me, one other, which at the time was not generally esteemed an attraction at all, but rather a serious reproach. I refer to its reputation for somewhat lax loyalty to the Confederacy. It was known throughout the State as a town much given to croaking and criticism, with a suspicion of decided disaffection on the part of some of its leading citizens. Foremost among these sullen and recalcitrant Madisonians was Colonel Joshua Hill, familiarly known as "Josh Hill," confessedly the most prominent man in the community, and about as much at odds with the Confederate government as one could well be without provoking the stroke of its iron hand. He had been a member of the United States Congress when the secession fury began, and having stuck to his post as long as possible finally retired from it in a regular and honor-

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able way. I saw a good deal of Colonel Hill during my sojourn in Madison, and formed a very high respect for him as a man of cool, clear head, of wide information, and a modest courage that nothing could daunt. Though, naturally, well hated, he stood too high for assault. Preserving an external and entirely honorable loyalty to the existing government, and giving his sons to the army, he still did not disguise his hostility to what was going on, and employed a freedom of criticism which would hardly have been tolerated in a less formidable man. It is well known that in the reconstruction process he was one of Georgia's first United States Senators, and it would have been creditable to the justice and sagacity of that State if he had been continued in this high office. Several other important citizens of Madison shared Colonel Hill's views and feelings, and some of them even went beyond him in their defiant attitude towards the war men and measures. With a few exceptions, the entire society of the place displayed an unusually moderate tone, and was marked by the absence of the intemperately bitter spirit which from the first sadly betrayed the wrongheadedness and weakness of the South.

In a community depleted of a large portion of its most active members, my ministerial duties were, naturally, not at all exacting, and as there was no one to act as village schoolmaster, I willingly consented to add his office to mine. Many of my pupils were very bright and interesting, and I enjoyed the service thoroughly. It varied the dreary monotony of a life which had but one absorbing interest, — the vicissitudes of the war and speculations as to its results.

Preaching as I did only on Sunday mornings, I often availed myself of the opportunity to attend, in the after-part of that day, the religious services of the colored people; sometimes preaching to them myself, but more commonly listening to the preachers of their own race. While, as might be expected, there was a sad lack of any real instruction in their pulpit performances, there was superabundance of fervor and not a little of genuine oratorical effectiveness. One of these preachers in particular was gifted with a rude eloquence which impressed his white auditors, while for the colored mass it had a magic spell. Another of them was addicted to some pet blunders which were very amusing. In his prayers, for example, he often asked that the people might be delivered from "low devers." On inquiry, I found that this utterly puzzling phrase was a corruption of "Lodebar," the place from which David brought Jonathan's son, Mephibosheth. In the colored brother's confused and vague conception "low devers" denoted a condition of spiritual extremity.

It interested me especially, in these meetings of the colored people, to watch their attitude towards the pending war, in whose issues they had so great a stake, and by which they were placed in an extremely delicate relation to their masters. Their shrewdness was simply amazing. Their policy was one of reserve and silence. They rarely referred to the war in their sermons or prayers, and when they did mention it they used broad terms which meant little and compromised nobody. Of course they could not betray sympathy for the invaders, but they certainly exhibited none for the other side. To any keen observer their silence was significant enough, but nobody cared to evoke their real sentiments. The subtlest sagacity could not have dictated a more prudent line of conduct than that which their instincts chose. Indeed, the conduct of the colored people through the whole war, whose import they vaguely but truly divined, was admirable, and such as to merit the eternal gratitude of the Southern whites. Under the most tempting opportunities, outrages

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upon women and children were never fewer, petty crimes were not increased, and of insurrectionary movements, so far as I knew, there were absolutely none, while the soil was never tilled with more patient and faithful industry. No doubt their conduct was largely determined by a shrewd comprehension of the situation as well as by their essential kindliness of nature. They understood that bodies of soldiery were never far away, and that any uprising would be speedily and remorselessly crushed. They knew, too, that it was wiser to wait for the coming of "Massa Linkum's" legions, whose slow approach could not be concealed from them. But none the less for these reasons should the South recognize its debt of gratitude for their self-restraint, patience, and fidelity through the long night of that struggle. Among the many illusions with which not a few eminent Southerners entered upon the war was the fancy that their "faithful slaves" would fight for them against the North. Nothing could well be more absurd. Had liberty been proclaimed to the negroes at the outset, even with some conditions, they might possibly have been willing to espouse their masters' cause, but on any lower terms it was no less than blind folly to count upon their assistance. It is now perfectly clear that those who regarded the negroes as human beings, and reasoned about their probable conduct on the broad principles of human nature, were far better acquainted with them than those who knew and judged them only as slaves.

If the colored people dimly saw that their deliverance was approaching with the advance of the Federal armies, the faith of the whites in the perpetuity of the divine institution lingered long and died hard. It seemed to them impossible that this institution should come to an end. Indeed, there was manifested on the part of some very good and devout people a disposition to hazard their faith in the veracity of God and the Bible on the success of the Southern arms. The Bible, they argued, distinctly sanctioned slavery, and if slavery should be overthrown by the failure of the South the Bible would be fatally discredited. Happily, this extravagance did not strike deep nor extend far. There is no evidence that infidelity at the South really received any fresh impetus from the disappointing issue of the war.

In those trying days some few compensations came to us for the deprivations inflicted by the blockade. For one thing, the tyranny of fashion was greatly abated. Style was little thought of, and fine ladies were made happy by the possession of an English or French calico gown. For another thing, cut off from magazines, reviews, and cheap yellow-covered literature, and with newspapers so curtailed of their ordinary proportions that they were taken in at a *coup d'œil*, we were driven back upon old standard books. I suspect that among the stay-at-homes a larger amount of really good, solid reading was done during the war than in the previous decade. Now and then a contraband volume slipped through the blockade, and was eagerly sought after. Somehow, a copy of Buckle's History of Civilization got into my neighborhood, and had a wide circulation. Victor Hugo's Les Misérables appeared among us in a shocking edition, printed, I think, in New Orleans.

As already intimated, the ever-beginning, never-ending topic of conversation was the war, with its incidents and prospects. We breakfasted, dined, and supped on startling reports of victories or defeats, and vague hints of prodigious things shortly to occur. It is noteworthy that our reports were almost uniformly of victories, frequently qualified by the slow and reluctant admission that, having won a brilliant success, the Confederate forces at last fell back.

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This trick of disguising defeat came, after a while, to be so well understood that "to conquer and fall back" was tossed about as a grim jest.

As the tide of war surged southward, and at last reached Chattanooga, our village, like nearly all others on railway lines, became a hospital station, and my large academy was appropriated to the sick and wounded. My school was, of necessity, transferred to much humbler quarters.

After the battle of Chickamauga great trains of cars came lumbering through our town, crowded with Union captives. They were a sad sight to look upon. Standing one day by the track as such a train was slowly passing, the irrepressible prisoners shouted to me, "Old Rosey will be along here soon!" "Old Rosey" never came, but "Uncle Billy" in due time put in an unmistakable appearance, which more than fulfilled what at the moment seemed the prediction of mere reckless bravado.

During the summer of 1864, our secluded little village was rudely shaken by its first experience in the way of invasion. After steadily pushing back the Confederate columns, Sherman had at last reached Atlanta, and his hosts were in fact only about seventy miles away from us. In certain conditions of the atmosphere we could hear the dull, heavy thunder of his guns. Yet, strangely enough, this proximity of war in its sternest form created no panic among us. In fact, a kind of paralysis now benumbed the sensibilities of the people. The back of the Confederacy had been definitely broken in the preceding summer by the battle of Gettysburg. Nearly all discerning persons were conscious of this, and but for the foreordained and blind obstinacy of Jefferson Davis and his satellites efforts would have been made to save the South from utter wreck. Alexander H. Stephens was understood to entertain very definite ideas as to the hopeless and disastrous course of events under Davis's policy. It was in the book of fate, however, that things should go on as they were going to the bitter, beneficent end. Reduced almost to despair, the people at large were now simply awaiting the inevitable issue.

It will be remembered that while Sherman was lying about Atlanta he dispatched a considerable force under Stoneman on a raiding expedition against Macon. In Madison we of course knew nothing about this foray, but we were soon to learn of it to our cost. On a hot July morning, I was sitting, Southern fashion, with a number of gentlemen before a store just outside of the public square. We were canvassing a strange rumor which had just reached us, to the effect that Yankee soldiers had been seen not far from the town. At that moment a man from the country rode up to our group, and, hearing the topic of conversation, generously offered to "eat all the Union soldiers within ten miles of Madison." Scarcely had he uttered these reassuring words when a man in uniform galloped into the square. Now, we said, we shall get trustworthy information, thinking that this was a Confederate scout. In a moment, however, another cavalry-man dashed around the corner, and fired a pistol at a fugitive clad in Confederate gray. The truth instantly flashed upon us, and with a cry of "*Yankees!*" we all sprang to our feet. Not much alarmed myself, I called to my friends, "Don't run!" but the most of them, disregarding my advice, took themselves off in remarkably quick time. The strange intruders, coming upon us as suddenly as if they had dropped out of the summer sky, now poured into the square and overflowed all the streets. Boldly standing my ground, I approached the first officer I could make out, and requested permission to go at once to my home, on the outskirts of the village. He informed me that I must wait until the arrival of the colonel in command. So it was that

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for a space of five or ten minutes I may be said to have been a prisoner under the flag of my country. The colonel soon rode up, a stalwart, square-built, kindly-faced Kentuckian, — Colonel Adams, as I afterwards learned, — who promptly granted my request, and directed an officer to see me safe through the crowd of soldiers. Buttoning my coat over my gold watch-chain, on which I chanced to see some eager eyes fixed, I reached home without any unpleasant incident. At my gate I found two or three soldiers, quietly behaved, and simply asking for food. Gratefully receiving such as we could give them, they departed, leaving us quite unharmed. I detected what I thought some nervous anxiety in their inquiries about the distance to the Union lines, — a nervousness which the sequel fully explained. This body of raiders remained in the village three or four hours, taking such horses as they could easily lay hands on, burning the railway station with some bales of cotton lying there, and then pushed northward. As to outrages, with the exception of the theft of some gold watches, I do not remember that our citizens had much to complain of.

A most painful incident, rashly provoked, caused this day of excitement and alarm to be followed by a night of genuine terror. Two Union soldiers lingered in the town after the regiment as a body had departed. Having got hold of some liquor, they were, I suppose, rude and noisy, though not violent. Several citizens, gathered about the Court House, were watching their movements; and at last one of them, whose patriotic zeal far outran his prudence, went to the spot where one of the soldiers was standing, and, drawing a pistol, was about to fire. The soldier saw what was up, and, springing from his horse, "got the drop" upon the citizen, and shot him fatally in the abdomen, though death did not immediately ensue. Thereupon the two soldiers rode out of town, declaring with loud curses that, properly reinforced, they would soon return and lay the place in ashes. This dire threat was at once circulated through the village, and the effect can easily be imagined. There was little sleep that night in Madison. Some of the towns-people actually left their houses, and spent the long hours in the neighboring woods. My own purpose at first was not to go to bed nor undress, that I might be ready for the worst. But about midnight, as nothing unusual had occurred, I thought my family might safely retire. We had been in bed only a little while, and I had just fallen into a light sleep, when the sound of heavy boots was heard on the piazza below, accompanied by the jingle of spurs, and followed by a voice calling, "*Helloa!*" With my heart in my mouth, I flew to the chamber window, and dimly saw beneath me the form of a soldier. My terror was quickly allayed. The speech of the martial intruder was gentle. He only wished information concerning the Union soldiers who had just passed through the town, and gave me to understand that he belonged to a Confederate force in hot pursuit of them. In fact, the Federal raiders were a Kentucky regiment that had done very poor fighting in the engagement near Macon, and were now flying at the top of their speed for Atlanta. The pursuers turned out to be a Kentucky Confederate regiment, eager to overtake and destroy their brethren, — a thing which they pretty thoroughly accomplished. Coming upon the fugitives while in camp and asleep, they cut them up terribly.

It is worth recording that in my hurried nocturnal conversation with the Confederate officer he asked who was my next neighbor, a man living perhaps a quarter of a mile from me. In explaining his question, he went on to say that this man would not or could not give him a single word of information about the Union soldiers. He

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added, "I did n't expect to find Union men so far south as this, but this neighbor of yours must be a Union man or a fool." In point of fact, this neighbor was a Union man to the tips of his fingers and the centre of his spinal column, and he had the courage of his convictions. Like John Knox, of whose stock he was, he did not fear the face of clay, and he never hesitated on occasion to vent his loyal sympathies. Besides being much esteemed for his sturdy virtues, he was in so humble a social station that not even the most intolerant Southern patriots felt disposed to trouble him. I have known few persons who had in them more of the stuff that martyrs are made of. The uncalendared heroes of the civil war outnumber those who have received the honors of canonization.

After the fall of Atlanta, Madison was practically a beleaguered place, and might be struck at any moment. Still events lingered, and the general expectation was that Sherman would have to withdraw from his advanced position in a disastrous retreat. Little did we suspect the great ideas stirring in the brains of Sherman and Grant. In November an important ministerial service called me to southwestern Georgia, and, as all seemed quiet about Atlanta, I hesitatingly ventured, accompanied by my wife, upon the journey. On reaching Eatonton, some twenty miles from home, we were startled by reports that there were strange movements at Atlanta. Most persons construed them as proofs that Sherman was preparing to retreat. Though very doubtful myself on this point, I concluded to take the risk and push on. Accordingly we proceeded, with some delay at Americus, to Albany. Here, on a Sunday morning, I was engaged in preaching, when I noticed in the congregation unmistakable signs that some important and disquieting news had just been received. After service ample explanation was found of the disturbing signs. While we were in church a train of cars arrived from Macon, bringing fugitives frightened from that city by Sherman's guns. So Sherman, it was very evident, had not retreated; he had advanced, and was now making an almost holiday progress through the heart of the State to Savannah.

Starting homeward after a few days, we reached Forsyth, and paused there on the edge of the desert. For a desert it was that stretched for some sixty miles between us and Madison, a *terra incognita*, over which no adventurous explorer had passed since Sherman's legions had blotted out all knowledge of it. Only wild rumors filled the air. Madison was burnt, Greensboro was burnt. Everything in that once fair region had been given up to the abomination of desolation. The problem with us was, how to get back to our home across this strange, barren waste. At last a friend took the serious risk of letting us have his carriage, with a pair of mules and a negro driver, for the perilous journey. Having crossed the Ocmulgee, we at once struck the track of Sherman's army, his right, under Howard, having kept near the river. In that day's ride we met on the road but one human being, a negro on horseback. A white woman rushed frantically from her little cabin to inquire if any more Yankees were coming, a question which I ventured to answer with a very confident negative. Rather late in the afternoon, as we were passing a pleasant farmhouse, a gentleman came out to our carriage, and with a very solemn voice and manner warned us against going any further. He had just been informed that ten thousand Yankee soldiers were at somebody's mills, not far away, and he declared that we were driving straight into their ranks. This staggered me for a moment. But a little reflection convinced me of the violent improbability of the rumor, and a little further reflection determined me to go on. I rea-

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soned that my chances for good treatment would be better in squarely meeting the approaching host and getting the protection of officers than in stopping for the night and being exposed to the possible outrages of "bummers." So, having put ourselves in fighting trim by shifting our baggage and arranging our watches and other valuables in a parcel concealed on my wife's person, I ordered the driver to advance. From that moment to the evening hour when we drew up before a planter's house to spend the night, we saw not a human being, scarcely a living thing. Indeed, the wide, dead silence was the most marked sign that we were in the path over which a few days before a great army had passed. The road here and there was considerably cut up, showing that heavy wagons had recently gone over it. Fences were frequently down or missing, and two or three heaps of blackened ruins, surmounted by solitary chimneys, denoted that the torch had done some destructive work. The next day, in passing through Monticello, I saw the charred remains of the county jail, but the signs of conflagration were surprisingly few.

The family with whom we spent the night had had the strange experience of being for a while in the midst of an encamped army. The soldiers, they informed us, had swarmed about them like bees, but had behaved as well as soldiers commonly do. The planter's horses and cattle had been freely appropriated, and as much of his corn and vegetables as were needed, but there was no complaint of violence or rudeness, and an ample supply of the necessaries of life was left for his household. Indeed, from my observations in this trip across the line of Sherman's march, that march, so far from having been signalized by wanton destruction, was decidedly merciful. No doubt bummers and camp followers committed many atrocities, but the progress of the army proper was attended by no unusual incidents of severity. The year had been one of exceptional bounty, and there was no want in Sherman's rear. Such was the plenty that I believe he might have retraced his steps and subsisted his army on the country. On our second day's journey we passed the very spot where, as I was told, the redoubtable hero and his staff paused for a little, on their triumphant way.

On reaching Madison we found the place substantially intact. Not a house had been destroyed, not a citizen harmed or insulted. Colonel Hill, as we learned, had gone out to meet the approaching column under Slocum, and if there had been any danger of violent demonstrations this pacific embassy removed it. The greatest sufferers from the invasion were the turkeys and chickens. The country was thickly strewn with the feathers of these slaughtered innocents. When I expressed to a friend some doubt as to Sherman's ability to reach the sea, he replied, "If you had been here and seen the sort of men composing his cohorts, you would not question that they could go wherever they had a mind to."

Sherman's march through Georgia virtually ended the Confederacy. It made the event of Appomattox a foregone conclusion, with a doubt merely as to the time of its occurrence. If there had been any wisdom at Richmond, efforts would at once have been made for some sort of settlement. But at Richmond proud obstinacy and judicial blindness managed the affairs of the poor tottering Confederacy.

Our life between the time of Sherman's march and Lee's surrender, with the scenes and incidents that attended and followed that surrender, was as strange and abnormal as a bad dream. We had, indeed, an abundance of the necessary articles of food and clothing. I have hardly ever lived in more physical comfort than during the last year of the war. The few fowls that had escaped the voracious appetites of the

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invaders soon provided a fresh supply of chickens and eggs. Coffee at twenty-five dollars a pound (Confederate money), and sugar at not much less cost, were attainable, and I managed to keep a fair supply of them for my little family. But though our physical conditions were tolerable, life was subject to a painful strain of uncertainty and anxiety, relieved only by the conviction that the war, of which all were weary and sick unto death, was nearly over. When the end came, confusion was confounded in a jumble so bewildering as scarcely to be credited with reality. The town streets and country roads were full of negroes, wandering about idle and aimless, going they knew not whither, — a pitiful spectacle of enfranchised slaves dazed by their recent boon of liberty. Presently Union soldiers were everywhere. A German colonel, lately a New York broker, moved among us in the spick-and-span bravery of his uniform, the sovereign arbiter of our destinies. The world had rarely presented such a topsy-turvy condition of things, half tragical, half comical.

As soon as matters had sufficiently quieted down to warrant it, I resolved on a visit to my Northern friends, towards whom my heart yearned. But where should I get the means? I had plenty of Confederate money, but that was now as dishonored and worthless within the bounds of the recent Confederacy as it was in the regions beyond. During the progress of the war I had carefully invested my little savings in some bales of cotton stored in Americus. To these I had looked as the basis of a very modest financial reconstruction when the crash should come. A Confederate soldier's tobacco pipe suddenly caused this hope to vanish in smoke. A careless spark from that pipe started a conflagration, which left me and a good many others about as naked, pecuniarily speaking, as when we came into the world.

However, a singular concatenation of circumstances, to my view strikingly providential, supplied me with the means of travel. One of them, I think, deserves recording. When I was at the very nadir of my extremity, and at some distance from home, I met a Union friend who was one of the very few men in Georgia who had issued from the war with a competent fortune. Grasping my hand with eager delight, he exclaimed: "You are the very man, of all others, I wish to see. I am about to be married, and I am in trouble as to an officiating minister. I don't want the knot to be tied by any of these violent secession parsons, and I dislike to call in a Union army chaplain. You are a genuine godsend." He was equally a godsend to me, for he rewarded my little clerical service with thirty dollars in bright crisp greenbacks and a broad twenty-dollar gold piece, — a sum which at that moment seemed to me almost "beyond the dreams of avarice." Having been furnished, in this and other kindly ways, for the expedition, I was able in July, 1865, to set out once more for that long-forbidden region, the North.

My point of departure was Atlanta, still a desolation of falling walls, blackened chimneys, and almost undistinguishable streets. How queer it was to be again in the great world! How splendid Nashville, Louisville, and Cincinnati appeared, with their brilliant gas-lights, crowded thoroughfares, showy shop windows, and fashionably dressed people! Evidently war here, whatever it had meant of sorrow and deprivation, had not been war as we had known it in the beleaguered, invaded, blockaded South. This prosperity was all but incredible when contrasted with Southern poverty, distress, and desolation.

Oh, the hideous dream, the long nightmare, of those years of war! God forbid that the like should ever come again to any generation of Americans! Yet

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that war forms one of the most distinctly providential chapters in that vast book of Providence which we call human history. The results of the struggle are beyond a peradventure worth all they cost, and could never have been attained by any process less expensive or less tragic.

J. R. Kendrick.

THE MONMOUTH AND NEWPORT CAMPAIGNS.

During the dreary winter at Valley Forge, Washington busied himself in improving the organization of his army. The fall of the Conway cabal removed many obstacles. Greene was persuaded, somewhat against his wishes, to serve as quartermaster-general, and forthwith the duties of that important office were discharged with zeal and promptness. Conway's resignation opened the way for a most auspicious change in the inspectorship of the army. Of all the foreign officers who served under Washington during the War for Independence, the Baron von Steuben was in many respects the most important. Member of a noble family which for five centuries had been distinguished in the local annals of Magdeburg, Steuben was one of the best educated and most experienced soldiers of Germany. His grandfather, an able theologian, was well known as the author of a critical treatise on the New Testament. His uncle, an eminent mathematician, had been the inventor of a new system of fortification. His father had seen half a century of honorable service in the corps of engineers. He had himself held the rank of first lieutenant at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, and after excellent service in the battles of Prague, Rossbach, and Kunersdorf he was raised to a position on the staff of Frederick the Great. At the end of the war, when the thrifty king reduced his army, and Blücher with other officers afterward famous left the service, Steuben retired to private life, with the honorary rank of General of the Circle of Swabia. For more than ten years he was grand marshal to the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen. Then he went traveling about Europe, until in the spring of 1777 he arrived in Paris, and became acquainted with Franklin and Beaumarchais.

The American alliance was already secretly contemplated by the French ministry, and the astute Vergennes, knowing that the chief defect of our armies lay in their want of organization and discipline, saw in the scientific German soldier a most efficient instrument for remedying the evil. After much hesitation Steuben was persuaded to undertake the task. That his arrival upon the scene might excite no heart-burning among the American officers, the honorary rank which he had held in Germany was translated by Vergennes into the rank of lieutenant-general, which the Americans would at once recognize as more eminent than any position existing in their own army except that of the commander-in-chief.

Knowing no English, Steuben took with him as secretary and interpreter the youthful Pierre Duponceau, afterward famous as a lawyer, and still more famous as a philologist. One day, on shipboard, this gay young Frenchman laid a wager that he would kiss the first Yankee girl he should meet on landing. So as they came ashore at Portsmouth on a frosty December day, he gravely stepped up to a pretty New Hampshire maiden who was passing by, and told

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her that before leaving his native land to fight for American freedom he had taken a vow to ask, in earnest of victory, a kiss from the first lady he should meet. The prayer of chivalry found favor in the eyes of the fair Puritan, and the token of success was granted.

At Boston John Hancock furnished the party with sleighs, drivers, and saddle-horses for the inland journey of more than four hundred miles to York. During this cheerful journey, which it took three weeks to perform, Steuben's heart was warmed toward his new country by the reminiscences of the Seven Years' War which he frequently encountered. The name of Frederick was everywhere deservedly popular in America, and his familiar features decorated the sign-board of many a wayside inn, while on the coffee-room walls hung quaint prints with doggerel verses commemorating Rossbach and Leuthen along with Louisburg and Quebec. On arriving at York, the German general was received by Congress with distinguished honors; and this time the confidence given to a trained European soldier turned out to be well deserved. Throughout the war Steuben proved no less faithful than capable. He came to feel a genuine love for his adopted country, and after the war was over, retiring to the romantic woodland near Oriskany, where so many families of German lineage were already settled, and where the State of New York presented him with a farm of sixteen thousand acres in acknowledgment of his services, he lived the quiet life of a country gentleman until his death in 1794. A little village some twelve miles north of the site of old Fort Stanwix still bears his name and marks the position of his estate.

After his interview with Congress, Steuben repaired at once to Valley Forge, where Washington was not slow in recognizing his ability; nor was Steuben, on the other hand, at a loss to perceive, in the ragged and motley army which he passed in review, the existence of soldierly qualities which needed nothing so much as training. Disregarding the English prejudice which looked upon the drilling of soldiers as work fit only for sergeants, he took musket in hand and showed what was to be done. Alert and untiring, he worked from morning till night in showing the men how to advance, retreat, or change front without falling into disorder, — how to perform, in short, all the rapid and accurate movements for which the Prussian army had become so famous. It was a revelation to the American troops. Generals, colonels, and captains were fired by the contagion of his example and his tremendous enthusiasm, and for several months the camp was converted into a huge training-school, in which masters and pupils worked with incessant and furious energy. Steuben was struck with the quickness with which the common soldiers learned their lessons. He had a harmlessly choleric temper, which was part of his overflowing vigor, and sometimes, when drilling an awkward squad, he would exhaust his stock of French and German oaths, and shout for his aid to come and curse the blockheads in English. "Viens, mon ami Walker," he would say, — "viens, mon bon ami. Sacre-bleu-Gott-verdam de gaucherie of dese badauts. Je ne puis plus; I can curse dem no more!" Yet in an incredibly short time, as he afterward wrote, these awkward fellows had acquired a military air, had learned how to carry their arms, and knew how to form into column, deploy, and execute manœuvres with precision. In May, 1778, after three months of such work, Steuben was appointed inspector-general of the army, with the rank and pay of major-general. The reforms which he introduced were so far-reaching that after a year they were said to have saved more than 800,000 French livres to the United States. No accounts had been kept of arms and accoutrements,

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and owing to the careless good-nature which allowed every recruit to carry home his musket as a keepsake, there had been a loss of from five to eight thousand muskets annually. During the first year of Steuben's inspectorship less than twenty muskets were lost. Half of the arms at Valley Forge were found by Steuben without bayonets. The American soldier had no faith in this weapon, because he did not know how to use it; when he did not throw it away, he adapted it to culinary purposes, holding on its point the beef which he roasted before his camp-fire. Yet in little more than a year after Steuben's arrival we shall see an American column, without firing a gun, storm the works at Stony Point in one of the most spirited bayonet charges known to history.

Besides all this, it was Steuben who first taught the American army to understand the value of an efficient staff. The want of such a staff had been severely felt at the battle of Brandywine; but before the end of the war Washington had become provided with a staff that Frederick need not have despised. While busy with all these laborious reforms, the good baron found time to prepare a new code of discipline and tactics, based on Prussian experience, but adapted to the peculiar conditions of American warfare; and this excellent manual held its place, long after the death of its author, as the Blue Book of our army. In this adaptation of means to ends, Steuben proved himself to be no martinet, but a thoroughly military scholar; he was able not only to teach, but to learn. And in the art of warfare there was one lesson which Europe now learned from America. In woodland fights with the Indians, it had been found desirable to act in loose columns, which could easily separate to fall behind trees and reunite at brief notice; and in this way there had been developed a kind of light infantry peculiar to America, and especially adapted for skirmishing. It was light infantry of this sort that, in the hands of Arnold and Morgan, had twice won the day in the Saratoga campaign. Reduced to scientific shape by Steuben, and absorbed, with all the other military knowledge of the age, by Napoleon, these light-infantry tactics have come to play a great part on the European battle-fields of the nineteenth century.

Thus from the terrible winter at Valley Forge, in which the accumulated evils of congressional mismanagement had done their best to destroy the army, it came forth, nevertheless, stronger in organization and bolder in spirit than ever before. On the part of the enemy nothing had been done to molest it. The position at Valley Forge was a strong one, and Sir William Howe found it easier to loiter in Philadelphia than to play a strategic game against Washington in the depths of an American winter. When Franklin at Paris first heard the news that Howe had taken Philadelphia, knowing well how slight was the military value of the conquest, he observed that it would be more correct to say that Philadelphia had taken General Howe. And so it turned out, in more ways than one; for his conduct in going there at all was roundly blamed by the opposition in Parliament, and not a word was said in his behalf by Lord George Germaine. The campaign of 1777 had been such a bungling piece of work that none of the chief actors, save Burgoyne, was willing frankly to assume his share of responsibility for it. Sir William Howe did not care to disclose the secret of his peculiar obligations to the traitor Lee; and it would have ruined Lord George Germaine to have told the story of the dispatch that never was sent. Lord George, who was never noted for generosity, sought to screen himself by throwing the blame for everything indiscriminately upon the two generals. Burgoyne, who sat in Parliament, defended himself ably and candidly;

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and when Howe heard what was going on, he sent in his resignation, in order that he too might go home and defend himself. Besides this, he had grown sick of the war, and was convinced that it must end in failure. On the 18th of May, Philadelphia was the scene of a grand farewell banquet, called the *Mischianza*, — a strange medley, combining the modern parade and regatta with the mediæval tournament, wherein seven silk-clad knights of the Blended Rose and seven more of the Burning Mountain did amicably break lances in honor of fourteen blooming damsels dressed in Turkish trousers, while triumphal arches, surmounted by effigies of Fame, displayed inscriptions commemorating in fulsome Latin and French the glories of the departing general. In these curious festivities, savoring more strongly of Bruges in the fifteenth century than of Philadelphia in the eighteenth, it was long after remembered that the most prominent parts were taken by the ill-starred Major André and the beautiful Miss Margaret Shippen, who was soon to become the wife of Benedict Arnold. With such farewell ceremonies Sir William Howe set sail for England, and Sir Henry Clinton took his place as commander-in-chief of the British armies in America.

Washington's position at Valley Forge had held the British in check through the winter. They had derived no advantage from the possession of the "rebel capital," for such poor work as Congress could do was as well done from York as from Philadelphia, and the political life of the United States was diffused from one end of the country to the other. The place was worthless as a basis for military operations. It was harder to defend and harder to supply with food than the insular city of New York; and, moreover, a powerful French fleet, under Count d'Estaing, was approaching the American coast. With the control of the Delaware imperiled, Philadelphia would soon become untenable, and, in accordance with instructions received from the ministry, Sir Henry Clinton prepared to evacuate the place and concentrate his forces at New York. His first intention was to go by water; but finding that he had not transports enough for his whole army, together with the Tory refugees who had put themselves under his protection, he changed his plan. The Tories, to the number of 3000, with their personal effects, were sent on in the fleet, while the army, encumbered with twelve miles of baggage wagons, began its retreat across New Jersey. On the morning of the 18th of June, 1778, the rear-guard of the British marched out of Philadelphia, and before sunset the American advance marched in and took possession of the city. General Arnold, whose crippled leg did not allow him to take the field, was put in command, and after a fortnight both Congress and the state government returned. Of the Tories who remained behind, twenty-five were indicted, under the laws of Pennsylvania, for the crime of offering aid to the enemy. Two Quakers, who had actually conducted a party of British to a midnight attack upon an American outpost, were found guilty of treason and hanged. The other twenty-three were either acquitted or pardoned. Across the river, seventeen Tories, convicted of treason under the laws of New Jersey, all received pardon from the governor.

The British retreat from Philadelphia was regarded by the Americans as equivalent to a victory, and Washington was anxious to enhance the moral effect of it by a sudden blow which should cripple Sir Henry Clinton's army. In force he was about equal to the enemy, both armies now numbering about 15,000, while in equipment and discipline his men were better off than ever before. Unfortunately, the American army had just received one addition which went far to neutralize these advantages. The

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mischief-maker Lee had returned. In the preceding summer the British Major-General Prescott had been captured in Rhode Island, and after a tedious negotiation of nine months Lee was exchanged for him. He arrived at Valley Forge in May, and as Washington had found a lenient interpretation for his outrageous conduct before his capture, while nothing whatever was known of his treasonable plot with the Howes, he naturally came back unquestioned to his old position as senior major-general of the army. It was a dangerous situation for the Americans to have such high command entrusted to such a villain.

When Philadelphia was evacuated, Lee first tried to throw Washington off on a false scent by alleging reasons for believing that Clinton did not intend to retreat across New Jersey. Failing in this, he found reasons as plentiful as blackberries why the British army should not be followed up and harassed on its retreat. Then when Washington decided that an attack must be made he grew sulky, and refused to conduct it. Washington was marching more rapidly than Clinton, on a line nearly parallel with him, to the northward, so that by the time the British general reached Allentown he found his adversary getting in front of him upon his line of retreat. Clinton had nothing to gain by fighting, if he could possibly avoid it, and accordingly he turned to the right, following the road which ran through Monmouth and Middletown to Sandy Hook. Washington now detached a force of about 5000 men to advance swiftly and cut off the enemy's rear, while he designed to come up and support the operation with the rest of his army. To Lee, as second in rank, the command of this advanced party properly belonged; but he declined to take it, on the ground that it was sure to be defeated, and Washington entrusted the movement to the youthful Lafayette, of the soundness of whose judgment he had already seen many proofs. But in the course of the night it occurred to Lee, whatever his miserable purpose may have been, that perhaps he might best accomplish it, after all, by taking the field. So he told Washington, next morning, that he had changed his mind, and was anxious to take the command which he had just declined. With extraordinary forbearance Washington granted his request, and arranged the affair with such tact as not to wound the feelings of Lafayette, who thus, unfortunately, lost the direction of the movement.

On the night of June 27th the left wing of the British army, 8000 strong, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, encamped near Monmouth Court House, on the road from Allentown. The right wing, of about equal strength, and composed chiefly of Hessians under Knyphausen, lay just beyond the Court House, on the road to Middletown. In order of march the right wing took the lead, convoying the immense baggage train. The left wing, following in the rear, was the part exposed to danger, and with it stayed Sir Henry Clinton. The American advance under Lee, 6000 strong, lay about five miles northeast of the British line, and Washington, with the main body, was only three miles behind. Lee's orders from Washington were positive and explicit. He was to gain the flank of the British left wing and attack it vigorously, while Washington was to come up and complete its discomfiture. Lee's force was ample, in quantity and quality, for the task assigned it, and there was fair ground for hope that the flower of the British army might thus be cut off and captured or destroyed. Since the war began there had hardly been such a golden opportunity.

Sunday, the 28th of June, was a day of fiery heat, the thermometer showing 96° in the shade. Early in the morning Clinton moved cautiously. Knyphausen made all haste forward on the

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Middletown road, and the left wing followed till it had passed more than a mile beyond Monmouth Court House, when it found itself outflanked on the north by the American columns. Lee had advanced from Freehold church by the main road, crossing two deep ravines upon causeways; and now, while his left wing was folding about Cornwallis on the north, occupying superior ground, his centre, under Wayne, was close behind, and his right, under Lafayette, had already passed the Court House, and was threatening the other end of the British line on the south. Cornwallis instantly changed front to meet the danger on the north, and a detachment was thrown down the road toward the Court House to check Lafayette. The British position was one of extreme peril, but the behavior of the American commander now became very extraordinary. When Wayne began his vigorous attack, he was ordered by Lee to hold back and simply make a feint, as the main attack was to be made in another quarter. While Wayne was wondering at this, the British troops coming down the road were seen directing their march so as to come between Wayne and Lafayette. It would be easy to check them, but the marquis had no sooner started than Lee ordered him back, murmuring something about its being impossible to stand against British soldiers. Lafayette's suspicions were now aroused, and he sent a dispatch in all haste to Washington, saying that his presence on the field was sorely needed. The army was bewildered. Fighting had hardly begun, but their position was obviously so good that the failure to make prompt use of it suggested some unknown danger. One of the divisions on the left was now ordered back by Lee, and the others, seeing this retrograde movement, and understanding it as the prelude to a general retreat, began likewise to fall back. All thus retreated, though without flurry or disorder, to the high ground just east of the second ravine which they had crossed in their advance. All the advantage of their offensive movement was thus thrown away without a struggle, but the position they had now reached was excellent for a defensive fight. To the amazement of everybody, Lee ordered the retreat to be continued across the marshy ravine. As they crowded upon the causeway the ranks began to fall into some disorder. Many sank exhausted by the heat, though few were slain by the enemy. No one could tell from what they were fleeing, and the exultant ardor with which they had begun to enfold the British line gave place to bitter disappointment, which vented itself in passionate curses. So they hurried on, with increasing disorder, till they approached the brink of the westerly ravine, where their craven commander met Washington riding up, pale with anger, looking like an avenging deity.

"What is the meaning of all this?" shouted Washington. His tone was so fierce and his look so threatening that the traitor shook in his stirrups, and could make no answer. When the question was repeated with yet greater fierceness, and further emphasized by a tremendous oath, he flew into a rage, and complained at having been sent out to beard the whole British army. "I am very sorry," said Washington, "that you undertook the command, if you did not mean to fight." Lee replied that he did not think it prudent to bring on a general engagement, which was, however, precisely what he had been sent out to do. "Whatever your opinions may have been," said Washington sharply, "I expected my orders to be obeyed;" and with these words he wheeled about to stop the retreat and form a new front. There was not a moment to lose, for the British were within a mile of them, and their fire began before the line of battle could be formed. To throw a mass of disorderly fugitives in the face

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of advancing reinforcements, as Lee had been on the point of doing, was to endanger the organization of the whole force. It was now that the admirable results of Steuben's teaching were to be seen. The retreating soldiers immediately wheeled and formed under fire with as much coolness and precision as they could have shown on parade, and while they stopped the enemy's progress Washington rode back and brought up the main body of his army. On some heights to the left of the enemy Greene placed a battery which enfiladed their lines, while Wayne attacked them furiously in front. After a brave resistance, the British were driven back upon the second ravine which Lee had crossed in the morning's advance. Washington now sent word to Steuben, who was a couple of miles in the rear, telling him to bring up three brigades and press the retreating enemy. Some time before this he had again met Lee and ordered him to the rear, for his suspicion was now thoroughly aroused. As the traitor rode away from the field he met Steuben advancing, and tried to work one final piece of mischief. He tried to persuade Steuben to halt, alleging that he must have misunderstood Washington's orders; but the worthy baron was not to be trifled with, and doggedly kept on his way. The British were driven in some confusion across the ravine, and were just making a fresh stand on the high ground east of it when night put an end to the strife. Washington sent out parties to attack them on both flanks as soon as day should dawn; but Clinton withdrew in the night, leaving his wounded behind, and by daybreak had joined Knyphausen on the heights of Middletown, whither it was useless to follow him.

The British loss in the battle of Monmouth was about 416, and the American loss was 362. On both sides there were many deaths from sunstroke. The battle has usually been claimed as a victory for the Americans; and so it was in a certain sense, as they drove the enemy from the field. Strategically considered, however, Lord Stanhope is quite right in calling it a drawn battle. The purpose for which Washington undertook it was foiled by the treachery of Lee. Nevertheless, in view of the promptness with which Washington turned defeat into victory, and of the greatly increased efficiency which it showed in the soldiers, the moral advantage was doubtless with the Americans. It deepened the impression produced by the recovery of Philadelphia, it silenced the cavilers against Washington, and its effect upon Clinton's army was disheartening. More than 2000 of his men, chiefly Hessians, deserted in the course of the following week.

During the night after the battle, the behavior of Lee was the theme of excited discussion among the American officers. By the next day, having recovered his self-possession, he wrote a petulant letter to Washington, demanding an apology for his language on the battle-field. Washington's reply was as follows: —

"SIR, — I received your letter, expressed, as I conceive, in terms highly improper. I am not conscious of making use of any very singular expressions at the time of meeting you, as you intimate. What I recollect to have said was dictated by duty and warranted by the occasion. As soon as circumstances will permit, you shall have an opportunity of justifying yourself to the army, to Congress, to America, and to the world in general; or of convincing them that you were guilty of a breach of orders, and of misbehavior before the enemy on the 28th instant, in not attacking them as you had been directed, and in making an unnecessary, disorderly, and shameful retreat."

To this terrible letter Lee sent the following impudent answer: "You cannot afford me greater pleasure than

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in giving me the opportunity of showing to America the sufficiency of her respective servants. I trust that temporary power of office and the tinsel dignity attending it will not be able, by all the mists they can raise, to obfuscate the bright rays of truth." Washington replied by putting Lee under arrest. A court-martial was at once convened, before which he was charged with disobedience of orders in not attacking the enemy, with misbehavior on the field in making an unnecessary and shameful retreat, and, lastly, with gross disrespect to the commander-in-chief. After a painstaking trial, which lasted more than a month, he was found guilty on all three charges, and suspended from command in the army *for the term of one year.*

This absurdly inadequate sentence is an example of the extreme and sometimes ill-judged humanity which has been wont to characterize judicial proceedings in America. Many a European soldier has been ruthlessly shot for less serious misconduct and on less convincing evidence. A general can be guilty of no blacker crime than knowingly to betray his trust on the field of battle. But in Lee's case, the very enormity of his crime went far to screen him from the punishment which it deserved. People are usually slow to believe in criminality that goes far beyond the ordinary wickedness of the society in which they live. If a candidate for Congress is accused of bribery or embezzlement, we unfortunately find it easy to believe the charge; but if he were to be accused of attempting to poison his rival, we should find it very hard indeed to believe it. In the France of Catherine de' Medici or the Italy of Cæsar Borgia the one accusation would have been as credible as the other, but we have gone far toward outgrowing some of the grosser forms of crime. In American history, as in modern English history, instances of downright treason have been very rare; and in proportion as we are impressed with their ineffable wickedness are we slow to admit the possibility of their occurrence. In ancient Greece and in mediæval Italy there were many Benedict Arnolds; in the United States a single plot for surrendering a stronghold to the enemy has consigned its author to a solitary immortality of infamy. But unless the proof of Arnold's treason had been absolutely irrefragable, many persons would have refused to believe it. In like manner, people were slow to believe that Lee could have been so deliberately wicked as to plan the defeat of the army in which he held so high a command, and some historians have preferred to regard his conduct as wholly unintelligible, rather than adopt the only clue by which it can be explained. He might have been bewildered, he might have been afraid, he might have been crazy, it was suggested; and to the latter hypothesis his well-known eccentricity gave some countenance. Perhaps it was well enough for the court-martial to give him the benefit of the doubt, though in any case it should have been obvious that he had proved himself *permanently* unfit for a command.

Historians for a long time imitated the clemency of the court-martial by speaking of the "waywardness" of General Lee. Nearly eighty years elapsed before the discovery of that document which obliges us to put the worst interpretation upon his acts, while it enables us clearly to understand the motives which prompted them. Lee was nothing but a selfish adventurer. He had no faith in the principles for which the Americans were fighting, or indeed in any principles. He came here to advance his own fortunes, and hoped to be made commander-in-chief. Disappointed in this, he began at once to look with hatred and envy upon Washington, and sought to thwart his purposes, while at the same time he intrigued with the enemy. He became infatuated with

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the idea of playing some such part in the American Revolution as Monk had played in the Restoration of Charles II. This explains his conduct in the autumn of 1776, when he refused to march to the support of Washington. Should Washington be defeated and captured, then Lee, as next in command and at the head of a separate army, might negotiate for peace. His conduct as prisoner in New York, first in soliciting an interview with Congress, then in giving aid and counsel to the enemy, is all to be explained in the same way. And his behavior in the Monmouth campaign was part and parcel of the same crooked policy. Lord North's commissioners had just arrived from England to offer terms to the Americans, but in the exultation over Saratoga and the French alliance, now increased by the recovery of Philadelphia, there was little hope of their effecting anything. The spirits of these Yankees, thought Lee, must not be suffered to rise too high, else they will never listen to reason. So he wished to build a bridge of gold for Clinton to retreat by; and when he found it impossible to prevent an attack, his second thoughts led him to take command, in order to keep the game in his own hands. Should Washington now incur defeat by adopting a course which Lee had emphatically condemned as impracticable, the impatient prejudices upon which the cabal had played might be revived. The downfall of Washington would perhaps be easy to compass; and the schemer would thus not only enjoy the humiliation of the man whom he so bitterly hated, but he might fairly hope to succeed him in the chief command, and thus have an opportunity of bringing the war to a "glorious" end through a negotiation with Lord North's commissioners. Such thoughts as these were, in all probability, at the bottom of Lee's extraordinary behavior at Monmouth. They were the impracticable schemes of a vain, egotistical dreamer. That Washington and Chatham, had that great statesman been still alive, might have brought the war to an honorable close through open and frank negotiation was perhaps not impossible. That such a man as Lee, by paltering with agents of Lord North, should effect anything but mischief and confusion was inconceivable. But selfishness is always incompatible with sound judgment, and Lee's wild schemes were quite in keeping with his character. The method he adopted for carrying them out was equally so. It would have been impossible for a man of strong military instincts to have relaxed his clutch upon an enemy in the field, as Lee did at the battle of Monmouth. If Arnold had been there that day, with his head never so full of treason, an irresistible impulse would doubtless have led him to attack the enemy tooth and nail, and the treason would have waited till the morrow.

As usually happens in such cases, the selfish schemer overreached himself. Washington won a victory, after all; the treachery was detected, and the traitor disgraced. Maddened by the destruction of his air-castles, Lee now began writing scurrilous articles in the newspapers. He could not hear Washington's name mentioned without losing his temper, and his venomous tongue at length got him into a duel with Colonel Laurens, one of Washington's aids and son of the president of Congress. He came out of this affair with nothing worse than a wound in the side; but when, a little later, he wrote an angry letter to Congress, he was summarily expelled from the army. "Ah, I see," he said, aiming a Parthian shot at Washington, "if you wish to become a great general in America, you must learn to grow tobacco;" and so he retired to a plantation which he had in the Shenandoah Valley. He lived to behold the triumph of the cause which he had done so much to injure, and in October, 1782,

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he died in a mean public-house in Philadelphia, friendless and alone. His last wish was that he might not be buried in consecrated ground, or within a mile of any church or meeting-house, because he had kept so much bad company in this world that he did not choose to continue it in the next. But in this he was not allowed to have his way. He was buried in the cemetery of Christ Church in Philadelphia, and many worthy citizens came to the funeral.

When Washington, after the battle of Monmouth, saw that it was useless further to molest Clinton's retreat, he marched straight for the Hudson River, and on the 20th of July he encamped at White Plains, while his adversary took refuge in New York. The opposing armies occupied the same ground as in the autumn of 1776; but the Americans were now the aggressive party. Howe's object in 1776 was the capture of Washington's army; Clinton's object in 1778 was limited to keeping possession of New York. There was now a chance for testing the worth of the French alliance. With the aid of a powerful French fleet, it might be possible to capture Clinton's army, and thus end the war at a blow. But this was not to be. The French fleet of twelve ships-of-the-line and six frigates, commanded by the Count d'Estaing, sailed from Toulon on the 13th of April, and after a tedious struggle with head-winds arrived at the mouth of the Delaware on the 8th of July, just too late to intercept Lord Howe's squadron. The fleet contained a land force of 4000 men, and brought over M. Gérard, the first minister from France to the United States. Finding nothing to do on the Delaware, the count proceeded to Sandy Hook, where he was boarded by Washington's aids, Laurens and Hamilton, and a council of war was held. As the British fleet in the harbor consisted of only six ships-of-the-line, with several frigates and gun-boats, it seemed obvious that it might be destroyed or captured by D'Estaing's superior force, and then Sir Henry Clinton would be entrapped in the island city. But this plan was defeated by a strange obstacle. Though the harbor of New York is one of the largest and finest in the world, it has, like most harbors situated at the mouths of great rivers, a bar at the entrance, which in 1778 was far more troublesome than it is to-day. Since that time the bar has shifted its position and been partially worn away, so that the largest ships in the world can now freely enter, except at low tide. But when the American pilots examined D'Estaing's two largest ships, which carried eighty and ninety guns respectively, they declared it unsafe, even at high tide, for them to venture upon the bar. The enterprise was accordingly abandoned, but in its stead another one was undertaken, which, if successful, might prove hardly less decisive than the capture of New York.

After their expulsion from Boston in the first year of the war, the British never regained their foothold upon the mainland of New England. But in December, 1776, the island which gives its name to the State of Rhode Island had been seized by Lord Percy, and the enemy had occupied it ever since. From its commanding position at the entrance to the Sound, it assisted them in threatening the Connecticut coast; and on the other hand, should occasion require, it might even enable them to threaten Boston with an overland attack. After Lord Percy's departure for England in the spring of 1777, the command devolved upon Major-General Richard Prescott, an unmitigated brute. Under his rule no citizen of Newport was safe in his own house. He not only arrested people and threw them into jail without assigning any reason, but he encouraged his soldiers in plundering houses and offering gross insults to ladies, as well as in cutting down shade-trees and wantonly defacing the beautiful lawns. A great

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loud-voiced, irascible fellow, swelling with the sense of his own importance, if he chanced to meet with a Quaker who failed to take off his hat, he would seize him by the collar and knock his head against the wall, or strike him over the shoulders with the big gnarled stick which he usually carried. One night in July, as this petty tyrant was sleeping at a country house about five miles from Newport, a party of soldiers rowed over from the mainland in boats, under the very guns of three British frigates, and, taking the general out of bed, carried him off in his night-gown. He was sent to Washington's headquarters on the Hudson. As he passed through the village of Lebanon, in Connecticut, he stopped to dine at an old inn kept by one Captain Alden. He was politely received, and in the course of the meal Mrs. Alden set upon the table a dish of succotash, whereupon Prescott, not knowing the delicious dish, roared, "What do you mean by offering me this hog's food?" and threw it all upon the floor. The good woman retreated in tears to the kitchen, and presently her husband, coming in with a stout horsewhip, dealt with the boor as he deserved. When Prescott was exchanged for General Lee, in April, 1778, he resumed the command at Newport, but was soon superseded by the amiable and accomplished Sir Robert Pigott, under whom the garrison was increased to 6000 men. New York and Newport were now the only places held by the enemy in the United States, and the capture of either, with its army of occupation, would be an event of scarcely less importance than the overthrow of Burgoyne. As soon as the enterprise was suggested, the New England militia began to muster in force, Massachusetts sending a strong contingent under John Hancock. General Sullivan had been in command at Providence since April. Washington now sent him 1500 picked men of his Continental troops, with Greene, who was born hard by and knew every inch of the island; with Glover, of amphibious renown; and Lafayette, who was a kinsman of the Count d'Estaing. The New England yeomanry soon swelled this force to about 9000, and with the 4000 French regulars and the fleet, it might well be hoped that General Pigott would quickly be brought to surrender.

The expedition failed through the inefficient coöperation of the French and the insubordination of the yeomanry. D'Estaing arrived off the harbor of Newport on the 29th of July, and had a conference with Sullivan. It was agreed that the Americans should land upon the east side of the island while the French were landing upon the west side, thus intervening between the main garrison at Newport and a strong detachment which was stationed on Butt's Hill, at the northern end of the island. By such a movement this detachment might be isolated and captured, to begin with. But General Pigott, divining the purpose of the allies, withdrew the detachment, and concentrated all his forces in and around the city. At this moment the French troops were landing upon Conanicut Island, intending to cross to the north of Newport on the morrow, according to the agreement. Sullivan did not wait for them, but seeing the commanding position on Butt's Hill evacuated, he rightly pushed across the channel and seized it, while at the same time he informed D'Estaing of his reasons for doing so. The count, not understanding the situation, was somewhat offended at what he deemed undue haste on the part of Sullivan, but thus far nothing had happened to disturb the execution of their scheme. He had only to continue landing his troops and blockade the southern end of the island with his fleet, and Sir Robert Pigott was doomed. But the next day Lord Howe appeared off Point Judith, with thirteen ships-of-the-line, seven frigates, and several small vessels, and D'Estaing,

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reëmbarking the troops he had landed on Conanicut, straightway put out to sea to engage him. For two days the hostile fleets manœuvred for the weather-gage, and just as they were getting ready for action there came up a terrific storm, which scattered them far and wide. Instead of trying to destroy one another, each had to bend all his energies to saving himself. So fierce was the storm that it was remembered in local tradition as lately as 1850 as "the great storm." Windows in the city were incrusted with salt blown up in the ocean spray. Great trees were torn up by the roots, and much shipping was destroyed along the coast.

It was not until the 20th of August that D'Estaing brought in his squadron, somewhat damaged from the storm. He now insisted upon going to Boston to refit, in accordance with general instructions received from the ministry before leaving home. It was urged in vain by Greene and Lafayette that the vessels could be repaired as easily in Narragansett Bay as in Boston harbor; that by the voyage around Cape Cod, in his crippled condition, he would only incur additional risk; that by staying he would strictly fulfill the spirit of his instructions; that an army had been brought here, and immense stores collected, in reliance upon his aid; that if the expedition were to be ruined through his failure to coöperate, it would sully the honor of France and give rise to hard feelings in America; and finally, that even if he felt constrained, in spite of sound arguments, to go and refit at Boston, there was no earthly reason for his taking the 4000 French soldiers with him. The count was quite disposed to yield to these very sensible remonstrances, but on calling a council of war he found himself overruled by his officers. D'Estaing was not himself a naval officer, but a lieutenant-general in the army, and it has been said that the officers of his fleet, vexed at having a land-lubber put over them, were glad of a chance to thwart him in his plans. However this may have been, it was voted that the letter of the royal instructions must be blindly adhered to, and so on the 23d he weighed anchor for Boston, taking the land forces with him, and leaving General Sullivan in the lurch.

Great was the exasperation in the American camp. Sullivan's vexation found indiscreet expression in a general order, in which he hoped the event would prove America "able to procure that by her own arms which her allies refuse to assist in obtaining." But the insubordination of the volunteers now came in to complicate the matter. Some 3000 of them, despairing of success and impatient at being kept from home in harvest time, marched away in disgust and went about their business, thus reducing Sullivan's army to the same size as that of the enemy. The investment of Newport by land had already been completed, but the speedy success of the enterprise depended upon a superiority of force, and in case of British reinforcements arriving from New York the American situation would become dangerous. Upon these grounds, Sullivan, on the 28th, decided to retreat to the strong position at Butt's Hill, and await events. Lafayette mounted his horse and rode the seventy miles to Boston in seven hours, to beg his kinsman to return as soon as possible. D'Estaing despaired of getting his ships ready for many days, but, catching a spark of the young man's enthusiasm, he offered to bring up his troops by land. Fired with fresh hope, the young marquis spurred back as fast as he had come, but when he arrived on the scene of action all was over. As soon as Sullivan's retreat was perceived the whole British army gave chase. After the Americans had retired to their lines on Butt's Hill, Sir Robert Pigott tried to carry their position by storm, and there

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ensued an obstinate battle, in which the conditions were in many respects similar to those of Bunker Hill; but this time the Americans had powder enough, and the British were totally defeated. The next day Sullivan received a dispatch from Washington, with the news that Clinton had started from New York with 5000 men to reinforce Sir Robert Pigott. Under these circumstances, it was rightly thought best to abandon the island. The services of General Glover, who had taken Washington's army across the East River after the defeat of Long Island, and across the Delaware before the victory of Trenton, were called into requisition, and all the men and stores were ferried safely to the mainland; Lafayette arriving from Boston just in time to bring off the pickets and covering-parties. The next day Clinton arrived with his 5000 men, and the siege of Newport was over.

The failure of this enterprise excited much indignation, and seemed to justify the distrust with which so many people regarded the French alliance. In Boston the ill-feeling found vent in a riot on the wharves between French and American sailors, and throughout New England there was loud discontent. It required all Washington's tact to keep peace between the ill-yoked allies. When Congress passed a politic resolution approving the course of the French commander, it met with no cordial assent from the people. When, in November, D'Estaing took his fleet to the West Indies, for purposes solely French, the feeling was one of lively disgust, which was heightened by an indiscreet proclamation of the count inviting the people of Canada to return to their old allegiance. For the American people regarded the work of Pitt as final, and at no time during the war did their feeling against Great Britain rise to such a point as to make them willing to see the French restored to their old position on this continent. The sagacious Vergennes understood this so well that D'Estaing's proclamation found little favor in his eyes. But it served none the less to irritate the Americans, and especially the people of New England.

So far as the departure of the fleet for the West Indies was concerned, the American complaints were not wholly reasonable; for the operations of the French in that quarter helped materially to diminish the force which Great Britain could spare for the war in the United States. On the very day of D'Estaing's departure, Sir Henry Clinton was obliged to send 5000 men from New York to take part in the West India campaign. This new pressure put upon England by the necessity of warding off French attack went on increasing. In 1779 England had 314,000 men under arms in various parts of the world, but she had so many points to defend that it was difficult for her to maintain a sufficient force in America. In the autumn of that year, Sir Henry Clinton did not regard his position in New York as secure enough to justify him any longer in sparing troops for the occupation of Newport, and the island was accordingly evacuated. From this time till the end of the war, the only point which the British succeeded in holding, north of Virginia, was the city of New York. After the Rhode Island campaign of 1778, no further operations occurred at the North which could properly be said to constitute a campaign. Clinton's resources were too slender for him to do anything but hold New York. Washington's resources were too slender for him to do anything but sit and watch Clinton. While the two commanders-in-chief thus held each other at bay, the rapid and violent work of the war was going on in the Southern States, conducted by subordinate officers. During much of this time Washington's army formed a cordon about Manhattan Island, from Danbury in Connecticut to Elizabethtown in New Jersey, and thus

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blockaded the enemy. But while there were no decisive military operations in the Northern States during this period, many interesting and important events occurred which demand consideration before we go on to treat of the great Southern campaigns which ended the war.

John Fiske.

PRISMATICS.

Between shower and sunshine, and especially towards the close of a day which has been evenly contested by both, when the victory of which the sun is sure is not yet wholly yielded to him, there is often a wide penumbra, which may rather be called a nimbus, since it is no gray result of the blending of light and shade, but a streaming of glory into cloud. The sober verdure imitates the mobility of the sea, and gleams in dancing facets. The bow spans the valley, resting its sheer column at either end firmly and lightly against the hillside; darkening its tones a little where the green of grove or mountain is visible behind it, but preserving there, as on neutral cloud, luminous mist, or ether, the perfect flower of its color; holding like fine, narrow ribbons against the cheek of earth and of sky the separate, delicate elements of which the varied beauty of sky and earth is composed. Often a second bow is more faintly marked upon the hills, and disappears somewhere in the mist, not reaching the perfect arc; but with the same tints it may be finer and more subtle in the promise which it makes for them. Under the arch lies a shining region of fields refreshed by the rain, and steeped in that yellow-green light which is said to be most favorable to the growth of plants, — a joyous foreground to the retiring shower, which still holds part of the landscape in its shadow.

At such moments the glory of earth is heightened till it almost seems to shine from within, but the sky keeps its supremacy in value by discarding color for light. The sun burns white his passage through the ether; rolls of white cloud bursting with light leave unexplained, tender shadows on the clear yet softened mountains, or hover above them like crests of radiance; the blue in which they float hardly exists as color, but is the very spirit, unclothed and immaculate, of azure.

Nor need we turn the bow to find the prism. Every raindrop has one, if we rightly catch its gleam; the pond and the cobweb reflect the thought. The other day, a small silvery-white pine established such a relation between my eye and the sun that it was like a revelation, a magic tree sown and quickened in fairy-land. It shivered in tiny drops which shone pure light, like innumerable diamonds, while here and there under the little wet boughs hung larger pendants, which caught but one at a time of the prismatic rays, and gave out their pure orange fire-tint or cool blue according to the angle of vision. The prism seemed to have divided its store and garlanded its tree with separate greetings, as for the Christmas feast.

Enchanting as such visions are, they seem hardly real to us. We walk amid these shifting lights under the misty shower of the summer afternoon, and exclaim at each new message from the half-veiled sunlight, as we look with surprise and delight, on certain bright winter mornings, at the dazzling night-wrought armor of ice on branch and twig. These are joys that come rare-

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ly and that cannot last; the sun that created them is destroying at every moment. We fear lest the glory should vanish before the impression is fairly stamped upon us; or, if it chance to linger, there is a sense of something unlooked for and almost solemn through all its brilliancy, as if the shadow on the dial were stayed. One such occasion, when, after the clearing of an afternoon thunder-storm, a strange golden-green light filled all the still air and landscape for two or three hours, remains in my memory like the record of a long day. I had a feeling of something about to happen, of some inevitable change at hand; the moments hung suspended; yet the air still held its drowsy sulphurous warmth; the color seemed to enter at every pore of the foliage, and the trees, accepting tranquilly the new conditions, stood mellowed and luminous, as if fastened in a spell of rich, silent beauty. It was delicious, but hardly canny, and lacked the freshness and sparkle and prismatic loveliness of a rapid clearing-up.

The history of the raindrop is a circle, like its form. Heat gathered the moisture to sow in the bosom of the cloud, cold determined its shape, and in ripe time it appeared, to be harvested again by the reaper Sun. What a thrill of gladness runs through the fields when the golden rays cut through the falling shower! Songs break forth on every side, as if each throat had lost a voice and suddenly found it again. The moistened faces of the flowers are glad; the green is a finer emerald; Nature has drunk silently and thirstily of the rain and finds articulate and visible thanks in the sunshine. It is a moment of withdrawing veils which show us veils beyond, a moment of revelation and of mystery. It is the contact of near and far; the sun strikes fire from every grass-blade, and its touch upon leaf or pool is immediate and awakens response. Everything shines as in a new radiance; yet what is it, after all, save a simpler and more direct statement of the light which fills all our days, — a numbering of the rays which go to make up the yellow sunshine slumbering in the orchard between deep shadows through summer afternoons?

> "Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
> Within thy beams, O Sun!"

For the prism, revealed to us only by the sunlight, is often hidden in its gold like the star. We have light, but must wait for the vision.

It does not always break simultaneously within and without. We get comfort of some sort, thank Heaven, in dark days; and it is, alas! an undeniable fact that we often walk sodden and dull through the most radiant and life-giving atmosphere. It is the joy and privilege of youth that the outer light and the inner are in closer harmony; that if there is a lack of power to rise above the depression of surroundings, there is also a keener and quicker response to whatever is uplifting or inspiring in them. "There exists in the greater number of men," says Sainte-Beuve, "a poet who dies young, and is survived by the man." Many of us have caught at some period that gleam which, dancing on lake and bushes, struck the mind at the same angle, and made of it for the instant a prism, like the raindrop or the dragon-fly. At such moments the mind slides along the thread which connects sun with eye, light with retina, spirit with matter. We feel the slenderness, the intangible mystery, the diaphanous nature, of the link which would separate what it joins. Idealism seems not proven, but actually possible, and possibility is so much more than proof. The thought which has perplexed and fascinated for ages so many minds, that the flashing and wondrous vision without may be one with the eye which sees it, and the origin and base of both be the one unsubstantial yet absolute spirit, ap-

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pears no longer absurd, but simple and reducible almost to every-day language and uses. It breaks down barriers and bridges space; it is a thought which seems necessary to hold the tints to the bubble, — to explain, nay to create, the delight given to every sense by all this freshness and shimmer and song.

Nor has science any fact wherewith to disprove it. Eliminate the argument of beauty; start from the firmest vantage-ground of experience; choose the path of investigation, of biology, rather than poetry: the scalpel itself brings us to that unfathomable mystery of the anatomy of the eye. The answer is not to be read from the retina; the nerve, with all its marvelous delicacy and accord with brain, only poses the question. The lens is perfect, but where is the eye which makes use of it? We study the laws of refraction and the transmission of light, and in a measure comprehend them. We turn to the other end, examine the impression received, and formulate our science of æsthetics and our laws of art. But the dewdrop in which these rays converge, the eye, accessible from either side, remains unexplained and incomprehensible. The process of fusion always eludes us.

A like mystery shrouds the transformation, which is hourly taking place all about us, of light into color. We perceive that the plant deprived of light grows pale, and the fact is made the basis of many experiments and conclusions, but we cannot yet trace the passage of the sunshine into the leaf. There is something occult and strange in that whole relation of light and color. Puzzle over it a little, and you begin to suspect that life is a translation, if not a treachery. Idealism is offered us as an explanation by a poet of the sturdy and exultant Elizabethan age, one whose unusual insight, groping through strange difficulties of speech, comes at rare moments to an accord of thought and word which emits a flash like one of those prismatic gleams in nature upon a dark surface. Chapman often strays from the human and social interest in his day, so full and so marvelously handled that it might well usurp the whole powers of artist and poet, to glance into philosophic problems or muse on generalizations. To him color is the condition through which we receive light.

> "But as weak color always is allowed
> The proper object of a human eye,
> Though light be with a far more force endowed
> In stirring up the visual faculty,
> This color being but of virtuous light
> A feeble image; and the cause doth lie
> In the imperfection of a human sight;
> So this for love and beauty, love's cold fire,
> May serve for my praise, though it merit higher."

The virtue of light, its analogy to spiritual truth, runs through all the mythologies. Light is visible spirit. "Had no star appeared in the heavens," says Jean Paul, "to man there had been no heaven." Light is gladness, life, and law. Its code is the prism, the point at which it meets and embraces color.

Thus, apart from the instinctive hunger of the mind to draw everything to itself and to globe experience, there seems to be a tendency in the material world, perhaps also in the spiritual, toward a definite centre of convergence. Disintegration is only half the story. The cloud illumined by the sun separates to prismatic bands the rays which in the sun itself meet as pure light; the phenomena perceived by the eye are drawn into its mirror. The strongest testimony of authority as to the existence of a God is the focusing of myriad glances at that point.

This edge of glory which celebrates the touch of sun and cloud, and conceals from us the passing of vision into thought, this borderland of radiance and mystery is the region of poetry and of religion. Both draw their substance from the darkness as well as from the

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gleam. Among the many efforts to define the nature and function of poetry, there are three which present a certain well-marked difference, though the ultimate divergence between them may not be very great. One is that oft-quoted definition which promises to attach the name of Matthew Arnold almost as firmly to a phrase as that of Buffon is linked to the oft-*mis*quoted sentence on style, the dictum that "poetry is the criticism of life." Some time after it appeared there was an article in one of the English reviews, in which Mr. Alfred Austin, apparently anxious to defend the cause of inspiration against a claim which he conceived to be made too exclusively on the side of culture and the moral sentiment, defined poetry as "a transfiguration of life;" and a French critic has somewhere spoken of it as the expression of the aspiring element in life, — *l'expression de l'aspiration de la vie.* Mr. Arnold's definition had the ring of novelty coming after the many pæans to "art for art's sake," and perhaps was generally assumed to have in it more originality than truth, yet we find the same idea struggling to light in Chapman's quaint figures. This passage, from the dedication of the Andromeda Liberata, while it shows both his clumsiness and his grace, is an excellent specimen of the *modernité* of the Elizabethan poet, his nineteenth-century attitude of mind. It will be noted that the idea of poetry as a test or criticism is wedded, in the closing lines, to that of its aspiring quality, so that it takes in at least two of our definitions.

"For as the body's pulse in physic is
A little thing, yet therein th' arteries
Betray their motion, and disclose to art
The strength or weakness of each vital part,
Perpetually moving like a watch
Put in our bodies; so this three men's catch
This little soul's pulse, Poesy, panting still,
Like to a dancing pease upon a quill
Made with a child's breath up and down to fly,
Is no more manly thought. And yet thereby
Even in the corps of all the world we can
Discover all the good and bad of man,
Anatomize his nakedness, and be
To his chief attribute a majesty;
Erect him past his human period,
And heighten his transition unto God."

Here, in the language of very Harveian science, is the finest retort upon the scientific or the mundane contempt of poetry. Its daintiness, its uncertainty,

"Fugitif comme l'eau qu'un rien fait dévier,"

its insignificance even, are all granted, but the "little soul's pulse" reports of the whole body; the airy Poesy, "like to a dancing pease," becomes king and prophet to boot. Emerson can hardly do more for the poet when he says, "He is a sovereign, and stands on the centre," though the radius of the Emersonian centre is a vast one, and his kingdom not of this world. Deliberate definitions were not in Emerson's line, for to define we must separate, and he was the synthesist, not the analyzer; but if he did not put poetry into an epigram, the whole texture of his writings is filled with the sense and possession of its greatness. It is poetry not dissected by itself, but one with religion and philosophy. His idea is that of a transfiguration, but the thought itself is transfigured and become a poem.

That is probably the centre of the knot, if we could undo it. But is not the union a final one, like that of eye and vision? Are we not trying to discover what Nature has shown and at the same instant concealed, it may be not in darkness, but in "a privacy of glorious light" no less unsearchable? The very conversion of words into poetry is unexplained. A poem is a mosaic in which we fear to see the pieces fall apart again, a treasure which we cherish as with the constant dread of losing it. The most devout lover of poetry is teased by a foreboding lest it should suddenly become naught to him. Any one who seeks to share his delight in it

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with a friend does so in a tentative way, doubting whether the page will glow to another eye as it did to his. The most enthusiastic of us is paralyzed, and with good cause, at the thought of teaching a science which came to him without study. It chills him to think how coldly those glorious words will fall upon ears shut to their meaning. He is afraid that the beauty itself will vanish, leaving no trace to bear witness to his statement of it; that, discoursing of the flower in his hand, he may wake to find that he is holding only the stem. But there lie the magic words, compound of printer's ink and of pure light, as firm and enduring in their sheer beauty as the mountain in its strength. We may be alienated from them again and again, and return to find the old charm as potent as ever, or we may lose the power of finding it, and yet feel its presence as we look at the loneliness of the distance, knowing that it is only to ourselves

"That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

It would seem as if poetry, born of the transmutation of life into language in the mind of its creator, required for its completion a second process of fusion in the mind of its reader. Let that process once begin, and the teacher has succeeded; it is a ferment, and will work on like the creative power. It would be futile indeed for poet or for critic to report of what makes his joy, if the same leaven of seeing and rejoicing were not still going on. Poetry would have a poor chance in a world ruled by the superior force of money-making, if it were not one of the indestructible elements of life. As such it can afford to wait for its turn.

It is denied on all sides. The rainbow is a show to us, the sparkle and tossing of the foliage are an accident, the poem is half an illusion as we look back to it. There are two forces working against it, one of decay, the other of growth: on the one hand, the tendency of habit and conventionality to stereotype impressions, and to turn spirit into matter; on the other, the stress put upon contemplation by the demands of action. "In our youth," said Lady Ashburton, "we doubt whether we have a body, and later whether we have a soul: but the body asserts itself the more strongly of the two." The youth read his poem and constructed his philosophy in very gladness, anticipating experience, and in his eagerness to use it as material divining its bitter and its sweet. Everything fitted the idea and was thrown into the crucible: the experiment has succeeded, and next comes a mass of new and heterogeneous material to confuse and contradict it. Ariel and Prospero are not the spirits with whom we are called upon to commune in city boarding-houses, and the shadow of the myth begins to envelop them. The poet, the idealist, dies young in us, as Sainte-Beuve says: it is the law of nature and of existence. But the demand for fusion as the result of thought is in the heart of things; the breaking up of the old alchemy is the beginning of a new one. The glory has faded "into the light of common day," but that very light holds in it somewhat that was only hinted in the dawn, and was taken apart in the rainbow. The idea of duty strengthens and grows larger, till it seems to make puny and unnecessary the beauty which was so all-sufficient. We have scorned details and despised the common and unclean, and now in the herbage under our feet are miracles working themselves out in every inch; the common earth grows rich under the sunlight; the man or woman whom we would not admit to our thought has shared our sorrow and come nearer to us. And nearness gains significance as we begin to feel that we were not tossed into this valley of earth to hit at random. The fact that things are as they are stamps them at last with the seal of sacredness; and

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not in a moment, with a thrill of joy, but slowly, through the working of many forms of experience, and the moulding of thoughts which turn themselves round and round in the mind, the idealist takes up tenderly and with a sort of passion the once-despised details, and becomes the realist.

This necessity which the mind is under of welding together its impressions and its force, of living and acting as a whole, constitutes the need of being born again, the hunger and thirst after righteousness. The accomplishment of this law is religion. There is such a desire for this consummation that all manner of machinery is employed to bring it about; systems are polished off, and essays written, with Finis in large letters at their close, but the material worked upon protests by its very variety against a hasty amalgamation. Experience claims to be lived. Life is the soil in which things must be planted to grow, the plane on which we walk. If no fusion of life into words or action has taken place, the poem is only rhyme and the biography a collection of fragments. All our *Welt-schmerz* and doubt and restlessness are the craving after such fusion; all decay is the lack of it. There are often, not always, the cloud and the struggle; the result may come in the vision of a moment or be made up of the partial results of years, but there are always the radiance and sense of light, and there is always the element of mystery. We trace every stage of the thought through doubts and perplexities and hopes, but just where the passage of struggles into victory takes place there is a gap in the narration; something happened that was hidden in light, and left the sense of a new power.

The ultimate process which life demands of us is the fusion of the revelation with our daily life, the living in fullness of its meaning. We must pay back to life what it gave us. Poetry, voicing the aspiration within us, incites and quickens to this; and showing in prismatic loveliness the tints whereof life is composed, giving hints of the white radiance of truth, it is a test or criticism of the unity or lack of unity of our impressions and our faiths, of our nearness to the life of the spirit. Poetry takes account of the gleam, of the transient beauty, and brings it into relation with common sights, with duty, and with pain. The sunrise this morning was a corroboration of the prism. First a faint violet stole into the low eastern clouds; then a suggestion of rose appeared, growing deeper and clearer, till at some indefinable point the rose had mounted up to the clouds in mid-sky, and thence passed on to the west, leaving a flame in the east, becoming more and more yellow, while between the glowing cloud-bands were lakes of green sky such as we see at sunset. Light travels by law, and cannot stand still; it is not the god, but the messenger. Poetry is a dawn-rose which is merged in daylight, and recognized or unobserved shines on. It has its part in the truest realism which remembers the glory and the vision, and carries it on as a luminous thread in the woven tissue of experience. It is the result which counts; but after all, the result was brought about, in part at least, by our own force; the vision came to us. Life criticises poetry, and says that it has not told the whole; that in the country over which it has skimmed lie many marvels and many large, heavy-eyed facts of which it has taken no account. The criticism is a just one. It has given us only hints, rays which the eye must transmute into thought. We cannot really define poetry any more than we can weigh or measure it. The bulk of Keats's poems would bear a ridiculous proportion to the greatness that was Keats, were it not that such measurement is out of the question. The poet has given us only the sum and essence of what he saw, and we crave the whole. He has said

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so little, and yet he has said so much; for what we have of this essence has become part of the history and very tissue of mind, and circulates in the blue of the sky. We must take it into our synthesis, slight as it is and compressed into a few still volumes, as we take in the living forms about us and the bounding spheres. We can no more leave it aside than we can paint the landscape without noticing the light. The prism sets our palette. The dimpling of the sea under the dazzling sunlight, the "innumerable laughter," as the Greek poet called it, is not a local or casual phenomenon, but gives delight all over the earth. The "little soul's pulse, Poesy," "made with a child's breath up and down to fly," can criticise, uplift, and transfigure the life of man.

"For sacred beauty is the fruit of sight,
The courtesy that speaks before the tongue,
The feast of souls, the glory of the light,
Envy of age, and everlasting young."

Sophia Kirk.

THE CLOSING SCENES OF THE ILIAD.

THE Greeks are still our teachers and unrivaled masters. Not, indeed, in the domain of spiritual or moral truth. Here modern men grasp firmly the essential verities toward which Plato even only darkly groped. Whatever the destiny which may await the miraculous side of Christian belief, yet the consciousness of brotherhood among all mankind, and the steadfast trust in an all-wise beneficent Higher Power, are the priceless and inalienable gifts of that faith to humanity. Nor shall we ever turn to the ancient world for our models in social and political organization. The Athenian republic of Pericles, with its few thousand leisure-loving citizens, standing upon the necks of slaves, tenfold their own number, and exacting reluctant tribute from a confederacy of nominally independent cities and islands, can shed little direct light upon the infinitely larger problems which we and our children must face. But in the mastery of those creative arts which ennoble and adorn the life of men, in the harmonious development of all the physical and mental faculties, the generation of Sophocles and Pericles, of Phidias and Socrates, yet stands out before our eyes with a beauty and a glory which mock our restless effort. We may hardly venture to set before ourselves a loftier goal of human progress than the future attainment by the citizens of the American republic, by its countless millions of men and women, to the same capacity for refined and enlightened enjoyment of all their powers that was reached in ancient Attica by a mere handful of men only, in a privileged social station. Therefore a poem — though it be of unknown age and authorship, though it have ever so little historical background — which was for many centuries the Bible of the Hellenic race, which all Greeks gladly accepted as containing the truth in regard to their own ancestors, which furnished them their loftiest ideals of heroic character and of literary art, must be eminently worthy of our attentive and careful study.

The Homeric poems cannot be used as a hand-book of early Greek history, nor as a picture of Hellenic manners and customs in the age before the Olympiads. The only element in these creations with regard to which we can speak definitely and positively is the incredible. There never really existed a race of heroes living on terms of familiar intercourse with the Olympian gods, ex-

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changing wayside greetings in enchanted islands with Hermes, or buffets with Ares on the battle-field. The hundred clans of Hellas never set forth, united, upon a fleet as large as Xerxes', and beleaguered a foreign city for ten years, merely to restore an unfaithful wife to her rightful lord. There was no prehistoric town in the Troad so garrisoned and provisioned as to endure a siege of any such length, nor could a host of a hundred thousand men have been supported in the open plain for even a single year. Or, to descend to lesser details, who really believes that the early Hellenes went forth to war provided with chariots like Assyrian kings? Who supposes that a pair of youths ever rode in such a chariot from Pylos to Sparta? In the sixth book of the Iliad, two princes, diverse in race and speech, coming from widely sundered lands, meet for the first time in the contest under the walls of Troy. Within reach of each other's spears they chat in garrulous fashion, until they accidentally discover that their grandsires had once known each other as host and guest. They then exchange armor, — the Greek securing "gold for bronze, the value of a hundred oxen for the worth of nine," — swear eternal friendship, and agree to shun each other in the fray. Unless it be in the allusion to Hellenic craft in barter, what connection can be traced between any real or possible scene and such a poet's dream?

We may continue indefinitely this process of elimination, but we do not arrive at any residue which becomes historically certain, or indeed highly probable. It does not even appear that a wide-spread popular legend formed the nucleus of the tale. By its highly artificial and copious dialect (which never could have been actually spoken at any time, among any one people), by its intensely dramatic situations, by its boundless wealth of ingenious but purely poetic detail, the Iliad is stamped unmistakably as a creation of conscious art, as the final triumph of a long literary development.

The poet, himself living nearly four centuries before the Persian wars, according to Herodotos's judicious and moderate opinion, is careful to remind us often that he sings of heroes quite diverse from the men of his own degenerate days. One of the demonstrably latest and most prosaic additions to the poem, the Catalogue of Ships, begins with a renewed invocation of the

> Muses who have Olympian dwellings,

and the humble confession,

> Only a rumor we hear, nor do we know anything surely.

It is quite true that the setting of the story is a real, earthly landscape, and a brief stay on the shores of the Hellespont suffices to convince a pilgrim that the classic bard had himself visited the plain, and made good use of an excellent pair of eyes. That some tradition of a real war had formed the basis of the myth has also become highly probable since the important labors and discoveries of Dr. Schliemann. But any events which may have occurred there in the remote past seem to have come to the poet refracted so far through an atmosphere of myth that his own work is in no way based upon and limited by historic record or popular belief. The story of Achilles' wrath is as clearly the conscious invention of a poetic mind as Dante's descent into the infernal world.

When a Periclean dramatist represented a single occurrence in the life of such a character as Heracles or Medea, he knew that the auditors to whom he appealed were well acquainted with the entire story of the hero's exploits. It is by no means certain that the minstrel of the Iliad, while nominally dealing with a single brief episode in the ten years' siege, could really assume a familiarity, on the part of his courtly audience, with the whole Tale of Troy.

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Skillful advantage is taken of opportunities, early in the poem, to sketch in outline the essential features of the contest. The birth and destiny of Achilles, the guilt of Helen, the omens at Aulis, the duration and course of the war hitherto, are impressively recalled in the first thousand lines.

Moreover, there were composed at a very early date, but subsequent to the Iliad and Odyssey, several epics expressly intended to complete the cycle of Trojan legend by recounting the events preceding and intervening between the incidents described in the Homeric works. Though these cyclic poems are themselves lost, yet their contents are preserved to us in quite a full summary. Their length is also approximately known from the number of books in each, such divisions being merely a convenient mechanical partition of longer manuscripts, and not older than the great Alexandrian librarians. Now, all these comparatively later poems were brief, and closely dependent on the Iliad and Odyssey. They were, in fact, chiefly occupied in elaborating scenes and events alluded to in the earlier master works. There was little indication in them of any mass of old and tenacious legend which the Iliad had failed to exhaust; and it is the prevailing belief of scholars at present that no such Trojan legend had any vigorous existence independent of the great literary epics. The story as we now have it was rather created by the imaginative ingenuity of successive poets. The Homeric picture, then, stands practically isolated. Whatever historical details it may contain, we are unable to verify or even to identify them.

The one thing which seems approximately certain about the chief author of the Iliad is that he was a Greek of western Asia Minor. The weight of evidence appeared to the ancients to point toward Smyrna as his native city, and modern students generally agree in this opinion. Yet the poems themselves give no hint of any Greek cities existing in Asia at all. On the contrary, the poet apparently assumes that his tale belongs to a period before the emigration of the Hellenes, from their peninsular home, eastward across the Ægean; that is, before the gray dawn of Hellenic history! It is not unlikely that the siege of holy Ilios is in truth a far-off echo of that eastward colonizing movement itself.

But the more completely the Tale of Troy eludes the grasp of historian and ethnologist, so much the loftier is the position which it assumes in its true character, as a masterpiece of imaginative poetry. The Iliad satisfies most happily the three demands which we may make upon every artistic creation. First, the plot is eminently simple and complete in itself. The subject announced in the opening line —

> Sing, O goddess, the wrath of Achilles, the offspring of Peleus —

is steadily worked out to its final results. Even the death of Achilles himself and the fall of the guilty city are foreshadowed in so distinct and impressive a manner that all our reasonable curiosity is satisfied. Secondly, the warriors and matrons whom we see acting and suffering, whether they are real Greek men and women or not, are at any rate preeminently human. We do not demand that the conditions of their life shall be such as ever existed, or could have existed, on our earth. Nay, we welcome romantic and imaginative surroundings for the poet's scenes. We only insist that within their environment the creatures of the artist shall act as real men and women would act under such circumstances. But thirdly and chiefly, Homer's characters are heroic. They tower high above the commonplace levels of humanity. They seem not so much like ourselves as what we would wish to be. Perhaps it is well to say, as frankly and plainly as possible, that this is the

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final and indispensable test of the artist's right to be. We ourselves know the pettiness, the limitations, the disenchantments, of human life only too well. The preacher, the teacher, the political and social reformer, may, perhaps, accomplish some good by merciless analysis and satiric caricature of our failings. The artist is the creator of the beautiful. He must inspire and uplift us by setting before us something wrought in our likeness, indeed, but nobler than our ordinary selves.

A school of American fiction, which is perhaps the dominant one at the present day, seems inclined to discard this article from its literary creed. There are even clever and ingenious stories, apparently written for the express purpose of revealing to us the utter aimlessness and wearisomeness of all the characters introduced. Other tales, again, take up situations or plots which appear at first to contain a romantic or ennobling element, and labor successfully to the end to show us that here also the vulgar or commonplace is but masquerading behind the tawdry finery of stage heroism. Such works may indeed safely be left to die of their own avowed lack of beauty, without need of argumentative criticism; but the evil effect on the national character from this following after false lights is even more to be deplored than the waste of artistic power.

We hail as the most hopeful feature in American literature the poems and tales of those men and women who are working in exactly the opposite direction; who lay hold of what seems to us at first glance commonplace or vulgar, and reveal even there the pathetic, the heroic, the human. Every New Englander's heart throbs more gently and purely, whether by his own Christmas fireside on the rugged old hill farm, or in far exile among the December roses of New Zealand, because our rustic laureate has enshrined in undying verse the simple memories and uneventful scenes of Snow-Bound. They who have wandered widest in other lands and times would prize it still the highest of all privileges to watch that good gray head upon the pensive tranquil round of his Last Walk in Autumn. May there come yet many a summer before we cease to hear the voice of the sage recluse, who once seemed austere and stern, but who has grown ever gentler through a lifetime of strife with error!

But if not more effective than all direct criticism, it is certainly more agreeable to point back once more to the greatest artists of the past. Homer's warriors, then, like Dante's sinners, Shakespeare's gentlemen, and Milton's fiends, are thoroughly human, and so appeal to our sympathies; but they are also more impetuous and more fully alive, statelier and fairer, than ourselves, and therefore the world can never let them die.

It has been remarked already that while avowedly dealing with only a single episode in the last year of the famous struggle, the Iliad alludes in numerous passages to events preceding and following. Still, many details of the myth which are especially familiar to us are unmentioned by Homer, and some of them, at least, were wholly unknown to him, being due to the creative ingenuity of later poets and chroniclers. Euripides, in particular, treated various events from the Trojan cycle in more than half his extant tragedies, and in others now lost, and various incidents, apparently invented by him, became part of the accepted myth. In his Trojan Women, which depicts the downfall and sack of the town in a series of loosely connected but effective scenes, Helen, pleading for her life against Hecabè's accusations, says to Menelaos: —

> "She first produced the author of these woes,
> In bearing Paris. Next, the aged king
> Ruined me and Troy, when he slew not the babe,
> The firebrand's hateful image, Alexandros!"

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This is the earliest allusion in Greek literature to Hecabè's dream, before Paris's birth, that she bore a firebrand which set her town on fire. The boy Paris was therefore exposed, as soon as born, on Mount Ida. There he was nursed at first by a bear, then bred by shepherds. While tending his flocks he is visited by the messenger-god, Hermes, who announces that the three mightiest of goddesses have left to the decision of the seeming peasant boy their contention for a golden apple, inscribed "For the Fairest." Not relying on their divine charms alone, each rival strives to win the umpire's favor by bribes. The foolish Paris refuses the proffers of power and of wisdom, and decides for Aphrodite, dazzled by the promise of the loveliest woman on earth. Familiar and dear as is this tale to lovers of Tennyson's Œnone, Lydia Maria Child's Children of Mount Ida, and Andrew Lang's Helen of Troy, it is alluded to in Homer's verses only in two awkward and feeble lines, which on various and sufficient grounds are accounted a very late interpolation.[1]

It is indeed true that in the Homeric poems Aphrodite favors the Trojans, while Hera and Pallas are eager for the instant and utter overthrow of the doomed city. But this may be accounted for on other grounds. In many passages Aphrodite is little more than an idealization or personification of the passion of love itself. The worship of Aphrodite actually came into Greece from the Orient, and in this earliest of Hellenic poems she is not unnaturally the patron divinity of the polygamous Priam, the uxorious Paris, and their somewhat effeminate subjects. Pallas and Hera, on the other hand, are partly enraged at the guilt of Paris, and in part show a natural preference for the Grecian cities where they themselves were most highly honored.

The earliest origin of the strife apparently known to Homer is the sin of the Trojan prince, Paris, who, being kindly entertained, while upon his wanderings, by Menelaos, king of Sparta, fled with the wife of his host. But it so chanced that this lovely lady, Helen, the greatest beauty of her time, had been sought in marriage by all the chieftains of the Grecian world. Her father had bound her suitors with a solemn oath to abide by her choice among them, and to pursue with their men-at-arms any one who should hereafter steal her away from her rightful lord. So the Grecian army, a hundred thousand strong, set sail — after some ten years' delay! — upon twelve hundred ships, and beleaguered the city of Ilios, or Troy, in the Scamander's plain.

The commander-in-chief is Agamemnon, brother of the injured Menelaos; but the bravest and stoutest warrior is the youthful Achilles. This latter hero, son of a mortal king, Peleus, by Thetis, loveliest of the sea-nymphs, had been destined, according to the prophecies, to a long and peaceful or to a brief and glorious life. Hence his father had sent him away to the island of Skyros, where he was dressed and educated as a girl among the king's daughters. When the ban went forth summoning all the princes to the war, the crafty Odysseus (or, as we miscall him, Ulysses) tracked the youth to his retreat, and discovered his identity by a shrewd device. Among a basketful of jewels and trinkets intended for the princesses was concealed a gleaming sword. When the fairest among the young girls (for such the youthful figure seemed (approached in turn to choose, the flash of the steel caught the eye and betrayed the sex of Peleus's child. The scene where Achilles is just drawing forth the shining blade is represented in many works of art, ancient and modern. Yet this is expressly declared

[1] Iliad xxiv. 29, 30. A somewhat frolicsome but very vivid and detailed account of the Judgment of Paris is given by Lucian in his twentieth Dialogue of the Gods.

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by the ancient Greek scholiast on Homer to be a later form of the legend. Its earliest appearance, so far as we know, is in Sophocles' play, The Skyrians, of which only a few fragments survive.

The Trojans are abundantly supplied with provisions, and secure behind the lofty walls of their town. Achilles sacks many of the neighboring cities, but in the division of spoil the greedy Agamemnon claims and receives always the best and largest share. The prolongation of the siege for ten years, during which the Greeks have no communication with their homes, though only one or two days' sail distant, has been already mentioned as one of the many incredible details of the legend. Later writers explained that they farmed the fertile Trojan plain and traded on the Hellespont to support the numerous host. Few important incidents are transmitted to us, however, from the landing of the Greeks to the beginning of the Iliad, the chief events of which we will now briefly review.

The poem opens with the sack by Achilles of the town of Thebè, identified by the ancient geographers with a site in the fertile Adramyttian plain. A lovely captive maiden, Chryseis, is assigned to Agamemnon. She is, however, the daughter of Apollo's priest, and the god, in answer to the father's prayers, sends upon the Greeks a deadly pestilence, which can be ended only by the release of the girl. Agamemnon unwillingly submits, but, stung by Achilles' taunts upon his greed and oppression, the commander takes away by force Achilles' own beloved captive, Briseis. Agamemnon thus commits almost the very crime for which he and all his host are wreaking vengeance on Priam and the Trojans. Achilles angrily retires from the field. This emboldens Hector to sally forth into the plain with his Trojan followers, and entails many disasters for the Greeks. In the next few days most of the Grecian leaders are wounded or slain, and Hector gains ground, until he sets fire to the Greek fleet. Achilles, utterly deaf heretofore to all appeals, now reluctantly permits his gentle and beloved comrade, Patroclos, to go forth and aid his companions-in-arms. Appearing in his friend's armor, Patroclos is at first mistaken for the resistless Achilles himself, and drives the Trojans in headlong flight. He is, however, himself finally overcome and slain by Hector.

When the twenty-fourth book opens, the ten years' struggle around Priam's beleaguered city is drawing to a close. The feud between Achilles and Agamemnon, which had kept the most valiant of the Greeks idle in his tent, is stanched at last. Maddened by the death of his gentle friend, the son of Peleus has risen in his might. Clad in the armor wrought for him during the night, at Thetis's tearful request, by Hephaistos himself, the divine artificer, Achilles has driven the victorious men of Troy like sheep before him, and cut down all whom he could overtake outside the gates. Last of all, though not without Apollo's superhuman aid, he has slain, in single combat, the gallant Hector himself, who alone had ventured to tarry without the walls and meet the onset of the resistless foe. Troy is not indeed destined to fall before Achilles' spear. That young hero's own approaching death, though it lies outside the limits of the Iliad itself, is clearly foreshadowed within it, being prophesied by his mother, the lovely Nereid, by the divine steed of Achilles, and again by the dying Hector. The Tale of Troy has, in truth, a characteristically Greek conclusion, since the cunning of Ulysses is destined to succeed where the martial prowess of all Achaia's princes has failed.

With the single combat between Achilles and Hector, in the twenty-second book, the original Iliad probably ended. But the poet himself, or a disci-

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ple worthy to complete the master's work, perceived that the great epic should close amid calmer scenes, with an appeal to gentler emotions. Hence in the twenty-third book is described the mourning for Patroclos, to which a feebler hand has added a detailed account of the games — archery, foot-race, contest with chariots, etc. — celebrated, in accordance with Greek custom, by Achilles at his friend's funeral mound; and the twenty-fourth book tells us how the savage Achilles himself is moved at last to desist from wrath and insults toward the dead, and to give up the body of Hector for burial within the doomed city. As the culminating scene of this book and of the entire Iliad, the poet has ventured to bring together the two stateliest heroes of the tale. The old King Priam, once the most prosperous monarch of Asia, now heavily burdened with years and sorrows, betakes himself to Achilles' encampment, and begs the privilege of ransoming his son's body, kissing imploringly the terrible hands which have bereft him of so many valiant sons.

In the following pages I have ventured to render some of the more striking scenes in this closing book of the Iliad. Occasionally a Greek custom or belief may require a passing word of explanation, but my main purpose is to illustrate from this most ancient of European epics how entirely every great poet must rely for his strongest effects upon motives which are essentially human and universal. We may repeat of Priam's lament for his sons what Longfellow sings of David in his bereavement: —

> "There is no far nor near,
> There is neither there nor here,
> There is neither soon nor late,
> In that Chamber over the Gate,
> Nor any long ago
> To that cry of human woe,
> O Absalom, my son!"

The book begins with an allusion to the contests about Patroclos's mound, just completed: —

> The games were done. The folk to their swift ships
> Dispersing went. Of supper and sweet sleep
> They thought, to be enjoyed. Achilles wept,
> Remembering his dear comrade. Nor did sleep,
> The all-conquering, hold him. To and fro he tossed,
> Missing Patroclos' bloom and glorious might.
> What toils he had wrought with him, and woes endured,
> Cleaving the wars of men, and grievous waves, —
> These he recalled, and dropped a swelling tear.
> Sometimes upon his side, then on his back,
> He lay, or face; again he rose erect,
> And madly whirled along the beach. The Dawn
> Escaped him not, that shone on sea and shore.
> When he had yoked his swift steeds to the car,
> Hector he bound to drag behind the team,
> And drew him thrice round dead Patroclos' mound,
> Then rested in his hut; but left his foe
> Prone in the dust outstretched. Yet from his form
> Apollo kept all harm, pitying the man,
> Though dead, and screened him wholly with his shield
> Of gold, lest he who dragged should tear his flesh.

But after this has been repeated for twelve successive days, the gods become angry, and debate if they shall send down the divine messenger, Hermes, to steal the body away. Instead of this, Iris is finally dispatched to summon Achilles' mother, the sea-nymph Thetis, to the heavenly council. The gentle goddess of the rainbow instantly darts earthward, and plunges into the dark waters of the Ægean, beneath which is the abode of Thetis's father, Nereus, the old man of the sea. The poet continues: —

> And Thetis in the hollow cave she found,
> Where all the other sea divinities
> Were gathered round her; and among them she
> Bewailed the fate of her illustrious son,
> Whose doom it was in fertile Troy to die,
> Far from the fatherland. Then, standing near,
> Iris of nimble feet addressed her thus:
> "Thetis, arise; for Zeus, whose councils are
> Immortal, summons thee."

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The goddess then,
The silver-footed Thetis, answered her: —
"Why hath that mighty god commanded me?
I shrink from mingling with the immortals, since
Unnumbered sorrows in my heart have I,
Yet will I go. Not vain the word shall be
Which he may utter." When she had spoken thus,
The mighty goddess took a dusky robe,
Than which no darker raiment she might find,
And went. The swift, wind-footed Iris led,
And the sea's wave was round about them cleft.
Reaching the shore they darted to the sky,
And found wide-seeing Zeus; and all the rest,
Blessèd immortal gods, assembled sate.
Then Thetis took her seat by father Zeus,
— Pallas made way for her, — and Hera put
A lovely golden cup into her hand,
Comforting her with words. Then Thetis drank,
And gave the cup again; and unto them
The sire of gods and men began to speak.

Zeus bids Thetis go straightway to her son, and inform him of the gods' command. He must accept a ransom, and give up Hector's body. Thetis immediately

Went darting from Olympus' summit down

to carry this message. To Achilles she says: —

"Hearken at once to me. A messenger
Of Zeus to thee am I. He says the gods
Are wroth, and he himself enraged at thee
Beyond the immortals all, since with mad heart
Thou keepest Hector by the curving ships,
And hast not given him back. But do thou now
Release him. Take the ransom for the dead."
Achilles, fleet of foot, thus answered her:
"So be it. Whoso brings the ransom, he
May take the body, since with earnest mind
The Olympian hath himself commanded it."

Meanwhile, Iris is again sent down by Zeus, this time to the venerable King Priam, who is bidden to go to Achilles under cover of the night, carrying precious gifts, and accompanied only by one aged herald. He is assured of a safe return under the protection of Hermes. It will be noticed that in this book Hermes and Iris are both active as messengers of the gods. It was remarked by the ancients that Iris was regularly so employed in the Iliad, Hermes in the Odyssey. The appearance of the god in the last episode of the poem is therefore counted as one of many indications pointing to a somewhat later origin. Omitting the speech of Iris to Priam, we continue: —

Fleet-footed Iris, speaking thus, was gone.
But he descended to his vaulted room,
High-roofed, of cedar, that much treasure held.
Hecabè, too, his wife, he called, and said:
"Dame, an Olympian messenger is come
To me, and bade me ransom my dear son,
Seeking the Achaians' ships, and thither bring
Gifts for Achilles which shall melt his heart.
Come, tell me how it seems unto thy mind;
For mightily my own desire and heart
Are urging me to go to yonder ships,
Within the Achaians' wide-extended camp."

It should perhaps be explained that, after one day's fighting without Achilles, the Greeks, under cover of a truce, within a single day built a continuous wall, strengthened by towers and by a moat without, to protect their ships. The passage in the seventh book where this feat is described is, however, a peculiarly unsatisfactory one. There is nothing in the events of the previous day to justify this sudden terror of the Greeks. The undertaking is absurdly disproportionate to the time assigned for it, and a gross violation of the truce for burying the dead. We may venture to echo the sensible remark of Thucydides, that the invaders of course built such a rampart, if at all, at the time of their first landing. But the strongest reason, to my mind, against the genuineness of the passage is a purely æsthetic argument, which has perhaps not been brought into the discussion. If we remove the objectionable portion of the seventh book, Hector never sees his wife again after the famous parting scene. After encamping two nights, flushed with victory, in the open plain, he is slain on the third day by Achilles. As the poem now stands, the touching farewell loses more than half its pathos and poetic

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significance, because Hector passes the two following nights secure within the walls.

So Priam spoke. His wife bemoaned, and said:
"Ah me! Where now is fled thy sense, for which
Thou wert renowned to strangers, and among
The folk thou rulest! How canst thou desire
To fare alone unto the Achaians' ships,
Before the face of him who has despoiled
Thy many valiant sons? Thy heart is hard
As iron! *For if he have thee in his power,*
And see thee with his eyes, that savage man
And faithless, he will have no reverence
Nor pity for thee. Nay, let us now sit
Here in our halls afar, and mourn. For him
Even thus the mighty Fate did spin her thread,
At birth, when I bare him, that he should sate
The hounds fleet-footed, far away from us
His parents, in that forceful hero's power
Whose heart's core I could seize on and devour!
Thus for my son a deed of recompense
Were wrought! He slew him, who had wronged him not,
But only stood forth to defend the men
Of Troy and the deep-bosomed Trojan dames,
Nor ever thought of terror and of flight."

This last line is a curious and interesting one. Hecabè (or can it be even her poet?) knows nothing of that dishonorable flight of Hector thrice about the circle of the city's wall, against which Andrew Lang protests as a calumny, in his beautiful poem Helen of Troy.

Then agèd, godlike Priam answered her:
"Do not detain me when I long to go,
And do not be for me in our own halls
An evil omen. Thou wilt not dissuade me.
If any other one of men on earth,
Of seers who watch the offerings, or of priests,
Had bidden me, we would have accounted it
A lie, and rather would have held aloof.
But now — for I heard the god myself, and gazed
Into her face — I go, nor vain shall be
The word. But if it be my destiny
By the bronze-mailed Achaians' ships to die,
I am willing. Let Achilles slay me at once,
Clasping within mine arms my son, when I
Have sated my desire for grief."
He spoke,
And from the chests took off the shapely lids.
Then he chose forth twelve very lovely shawls,
Twelve single cloaks thereto, as many rugs,
So many robes, and just as many doublets;
Two tripods brightly gleaming, and four caldrons;
A very lovely cup besides, which men
Of Thrace had given him, when he had come upon
An embassy, — a precious thing: nor yet
Did the old man grudge from his halls e'en this,
But in his heart exceedingly desired
To ransom his dear son.

Priam, who seems half crazed with grief and excitement, bursts forth into bitter reproaches against the Trojans who are gathered under the gateway of his house, and, calling angrily by name upon nine of his surviving sons, bids them harness mules to the wagon which shall bear these treasures toward the hostile camp on the shore. This they do, and also attach Priam's horses to his own chariot. This has all occurred in the courtyard within the royal palace.

But Hecabè with troubled soul drew nigh,
Holding the wine, like honey to the heart,
In her right hand, within a golden bowl,
That they might pour libation ere they went.

The beautiful adjectives applied to wine in the Iliad made a forcible impression on a later ancient, — if indeed he is not rather one of ourselves, — who was an equally good judge of the poetic art and of the gift of Dionysos: I mean the Roman Horace. He has left us his opinion on the subject in an unusually musical hexameter: —

"Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus."
(Homer confesses his fondness for wine by singing its praises.)

But we are forgetting our courtesy to the Trojan queen.

Standing before the steeds, she spoke, and said:
"*So do thou pour to father Zeus, and pray*
That thou shalt from the foemen home return,
Since thine own spirit urges thee indeed
Unto the ships, — though I desire it not!
But do thou pray to cloud-wrapped Kronos' son,
Dwelling on Ida, who looks down on all

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The Trojan land, and ask an ominous bird,
His speedy messenger, which is most dear
Of birds to him, and mightiest in strength,
Appearing on the right: so thou thyself,
Seeing it with thine eyes, trustful therein,
Mayst fare unto the fleet-horsed Danaäns' ships.
But if wide-seeing Zeus give not to thee
His messenger, I would not urge thee on,
Nor to the Argives' vessels bid thee go,
Exceedingly impetuous as thou art."
And answering her, the godlike Priam said:
"O wife, I will not disobey thee when
Thou urgest me to this; for it is well
To lift our hands to Zeus, if he perchance
Will pity us." Thus the old man spoke, and bade
A housemaid pour clear water on his hands.
She stood beside him, holding in her hands
A bowl and pitcher; then when he had cleansed
His hands, he from his wife received the cup.
Then taking in the courtyard's midst his stand,

(here was the great altar of Zeus, and on this very spot, not many days later, the venerable king was to meet his death, before the eyes of his wife and daughters, on the night when Troy was taken,)

He prayed, and poured the wine, looking meanwhile
Into the sky, and thus he spoke aloud:
"O father Zeus, from Ida holding sway,
Most glorious and most mighty, do thou grant
That I unto Achilles' dwelling come
Welcomed and pitied; and send thou a bird
Of omen, thy swift messenger, which is
Most dear of birds to thee, and mightiest
In strength, upon the right, that I myself,
Beholding him, may go, trustful therein,
Unto the vessels of the swift-horsed Greeks."

A black eagle instantly appears in the sky, on the right, flying over the city. Then the two old men start forth confidently and in eager haste; the herald driving the mule-team, and Priam following upon his chariot. The royal kinsfolk and other Trojans escort them, lamenting, but turn back at the gates.

But not unmarked by far-beholding Zeus
They on the plain appeared. And when he saw
The agèd man, he pitied him. At once
To Hermes, his belovèd son, he spoke:
"O Hermes, since to thee it is most dear
To be man's comrade, and thou hearkenest
To whom thou wilt, hie thee and go; conduct
Priam unto the Achaians' hollow ships,
So that no other of the Danai
Shall see or notice him, until he comes
To Peleus' son." He spoke. The Argus-slayer,
The messenger, obeyed: and straightway then
Under his feet the lovely sandals bound,
Ambrosial, golden, which upon the sea
Bear him, and over boundless earth, as swift
As gusts of wind. He took his wand, wherewith
The eyes of men he entrances, whom he will,
And rouses others from their sleep again:
With this in hand flew the stout Argus-slayer.
Troy and the Hellespont he quickly reached.

Under the guise of a goodly mortal youth, Hermes presents himself to the two frightened old men, just at dusk, when they have reached the river, on their way to the shore, and offers to guide them. He pretends to be an esquire of Achilles. He assures Priam that Hector's body lies uncorrupted and unsoiled, and that his many wounds have miraculously closed. Priam, to secure the youth's faithful guidance, offers him the precious cup which was intended for Achilles. But the god replies: —

"Old sir, thou 'rt tempting me, a younger man,
But wilt not win me, — thou who biddest me
Accept, without Achilles' knowledge, gifts.
I stand in fear of him, and dread in heart
To rob him, lest hereafter woe befall
To me. But as thy escort I would go
E'en to famed Argos, fitly guiding thee,
By land, or vessel swift. No one, forsooth,
Disdainful of thy guide, would strive with thee."

The god seems to give us a glimpse of his divine nature, as he proudly assures the timid king that under his guidance he might pass unmolested, not merely to the hostile camp on the shore, but even far into the native land of his foes.

Thus speaking, Hermes on the chariot leaped,
And quickly grasped the scourge and reins in hand.
Into the horses and the mules he breathed
Glorious force. But when they now were come
To the intrenchments of the ships, and moat,

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The guards were just employed about their meal.
Upon them all the herald, the Argus-slayer,
Poured sleep, and pushed the bar, and, opening
The gates, led in the old man, and splendid gifts
Upon the car.

The divine intervention is, it will be noticed, essential to Priam's success. Such passages as this are very different from those where Pallas appears to Achilles, or Aphrodite to Helen, remaining invisible to all others. In those scenes the divinities are little more than poetic figures for the voice of wisdom or of passion in the human heart itself. Here, on the contrary, Hermes is as real to the poet, and to his hearers, as the old king himself.

But now when they were come
Unto Pelides' lofty cabin, which
The Myrmidons had builded for their lord:
Hewing the beams of fir; and overhead
They thatched it, mowing in the meadow land
The downy rush; and round about they made
A spacious courtyard for their lord, with stakes
Close set. The gate a single bar held fast,
Of pine, which three Achaians pushed in place,
And three would open the great bolted gate,
Of other men: Achilles even alone
Would push it home.

The poet has forgotten Priam, for the moment, over his description of Achilles' abode. Such comparisons as this between the physical strength of the chieftains and of common men are very frequent in Homer. The reader will remember, for instance, how Hector, assaulting the Greek lines, poises and casts with ease a stone which, as the poet says,

Three men could hardly heave into a wain,
Such as are now alive.

The most curious example, however, is the venerable Nestor and his mighty punch-bowl.

Scarce could another from the table raise
The bowl, when full; but Nestor, although old,
Easily lifted it.

Another passage for Horace — and for Holmes!

Hermes, the Helper, then, for the old man
Opened the gate, and led the splendid gifts
For fleet Achilles in; then to the earth
Descended from the chariot, and said:
"O agèd man, I, an undying god,
Hermes, am come. My father bade me be
Thy guide. But now will I depart again,
Nor meet Achilles' eyes. 'T were cause for wrath
If an immortal god so openly
Should show his friendliness for human kind.
But go thou in, and clasp Achilles' knees."
Thus speaking, Hermes was already gone
To broad Olympus. From his chariot
Priam leaped down to earth; and there he left
Idaios, who remained to hold the mules
And steeds. Straight toward the house the old man went,
Where, dear to Zeus, Achilles had his home.
He found him there within. Apart from him
His comrades had their places. Only two,
Heroic Automedon, and Alkimos
Of Ares' stock, were busy in his presence.
Achilles was just ceasing from his meal,
From drink and food. The table stood by him.
Great Priam entered in unmarked by them,
And close beside Achilles took his place,
Clasped with both hands his knees, and kissed
Those awful murderous hands, which had destroyed
His many sons.
As when a mighty curse
Befalleth one, who in his fatherland
Hath slain a man, and to another folk
He comes, unto some wealthy man's abode,
And wonder seizes those who look on him,
So did Achilles marvel, as he saw
The godlike Priam; and the others too
In their amazement gazed at one another.
Then Priam prayerfully addressed him thus:
"Remember, O Achilles, like the gods,
Thy father, even of such years as I,
Upon the fatal threshold of old age.
Perchance the neighbors vex him round about,
And there is no one to avert from him
Calamity and ruin. But yet he,
Hearing thou art alive, exults in heart,
And all his days is hopeful he shall see
His well-loved son returning home from Troy.
But wholly evil is my fate, who had
The noblest sons in wide Troy-land, and none
Of them, I tell thee, now is left alive.
Fifty I had when the Achaians came:
Nineteen were from one womb born unto me,
The others of the women in my halls.
Of most, impetuous Ares brake the knees."

Here, as often, Ares is a mere vague personification of war.

"Him who alone remained, and kept my town
And people, thou the other day hast slain,

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While he was fighting for his fatherland:
Hector. For his sake to the Achaians' ships
I came, to buy him back from thee, and bring
A priceless ransom. But do thou revere
The gods, Achilles, and have pity on me,
Remembering thine own father. Yet am I
More piteous, and have borne what no one else
Of men on earth has done, — to lift the hand
Of him who slew my son unto my lips."
So spoke he; and he roused indeed in him
Desire of weeping for his father. Then
Grasping him by the hand, he gently pushed
The old man from him; and they both bewailed
Unceasingly: the one remembering
Hector, the slayer of men, the while he lay
Before Achilles' feet; but for his sire
Achilles wept, and for Patroclos too
At times; and in the house their moan went up.
But when divine Achilles had his fill
Of wailing, straightway from his chair he rose,
And lifted by the hand the agèd man,
Pitying his gray head and his gray beard.
Addressing him, he uttered wingèd words:
"Ah, wretched one, thou hast indeed endured
Full many woes in heart. How didst thou dare
To come to the Achaians' ships, alone,
Into my presence, — mine, who have despoiled
Thy many noble sons? Thy soul is hard
As iron. But, come sit upon a chair,
And we will truly let our sorrows lie
Quiet within our hearts, grieved though we be;
For in chill mourning there is no avail,
Since so the gods have spun for wretched men,
To live in sorrow. They are free from care!
For at the door of Zeus two jars are set
Of evil gifts which they bestow, and one
Of blessings; and to whomsoever Zeus,
Hurler of lightning, intermingling gives,
He chances now on evil, now on good;
But him to whom he gives but ills he makes
A byword! Wretched famine urges him
Over the holy earth. He wanders forth,
Unhonored of the gods or mortal men."

It was for such passages as this that Plato was unwilling to admit Homer into his republic. It would perhaps hardly be just to ascribe these sentiments to the poet himself. All Achilles' joy in life, all his faith in the fairness or the kindness of the gods, perished with Patroclos. It has been, however, very truly remarked that in the closing books of the Iliad, as a whole, we find little trace of that delight in life which we are wont to regard as a peculiarly Greek feeling.

"So the gods gave to Peleus glorious gifts
At birth, — for he to all mankind was famed
For bliss and wealth, and ruled the Myrmidons.
A goddess, too, they made his wife, though he
Was mortal. Yet the god sent woe on him;
For in his halls no race of mighty sons
Arose; one all-untimely child had he,
And I protect him not as he grows old.
Since far from home, I tarry in the Troad,
Vexing thee and thy children. And of thee
'T is said, old sir, that thou wert happy once.
Of all the land which Lesbos, Makar's home,
Doth bound, and Phrygia, and vast Hellespont,
Of all these folk, 't is said, thou wert supreme,
O agèd man, in wealth and tale of sons.
But since the heaven-dwellers on thee sent
This sorrow, ever round thy town is strife
And slaying of men.
Endure, and do not grieve
Unceasingly in spirit. Naught by grief
Wilt thou accomplish for thy gallant son;
Thou mayst not raise him up to life again;
Nay, sooner wilt thou suffer other ills."

The last line is perhaps a warning that Achilles is becoming enraged at this wild passion of grief over his fallen enemy, Hector. If such is his meaning, Priam does not realize it.

Then agèd, godlike Priam answered him:
"Bid me not yet to sit upon a chair,
Thou child of Zeus, while Hector in thy house
Uncared-for lies. But give him up at once,
That I may see him, and accept the price."

But the fierce and haughty spirit of Achilles is aroused at this urgent appeal for immediate action. We must not allow ourselves to imagine that Homer's men are mediæval knights or Elizabethan gentlemen, by any means. There is much of the savage in them still. But Achilles, at any rate, realizes the danger and also the wickedness of any harm done to his suppliant guest.

Then swift Achilles with fierce glance replied:
"Chafe me no more, old sir; I do myself
Intend to give thee Hector back. From Zeus
As messenger to me my mother came,
The daughter of the Ancient of the sea.
And as for thee, O Priam, well I know
In heart, and it escapes me not, some god
Guided thee to the Achaians' speedy ships;

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For never mortal man would dare to come,
Though youthful, to our camp, nor could he elude
The guards, nor easily push back the bolts
Upon our gates. So do thou rouse no more,
O agèd man, mine anger in my grief,
Lest I may leave thee not unharmed, even here
Within my cabin, suppliant as thou art,
But may transgress against the will of Zeus."
He spoke; the agèd man in fear obeyed.
Pelides like a lion through the house
Rushed to the portal; not alone: with him
Two servants went, heroic Automedon
And Alkimos, whom of his comrades most
Achilles honored, save Patroclos dead.
They from the yoke released the steeds and mules,
And led the herald of the old king in,
And bade him sit. Then from the shining cart
They took the priceless ransom for the head
Of Hector. But two robes they left, and one
Tunic well-knit, that he might wrap therewith
The dead, and give him to be carried home.
Calling the maids, he ordered them to wash
And to anoint him, taking him away,
That Priam might not look upon his son,
Lest in his sorrowing spirit he might not
Restrain his wrath when he beheld his child;
And so Achilles' heart would be aroused,
And he would slay him, and transgress the will
Of Zeus.

When the body has been prepared for the bier, Achilles himself aids in laying it upon the chariot. Yet his reluctance and misgivings find utterance meanwhile in a prayer to his dead friend: —

"Patroclos, be not wroth,
Even in Hades, that I have released
The mighty Hector for his loving father.
For no unworthy ransom did he give,
And with thee I will share it, as is right."

It is interesting to remember that until Patroclos appeared to his friend in a vision after death Achilles had hardly believed in any continued existence beyond the tomb. Indeed, it is hard to resist the feeling that the hero was at times, even to the Homeric poets, as he certainly became to the later Greeks, an ideal type of the short-lived youth of man, clinging to life, shuddering at the very thought of death. Strikingly characteristic still is the apparition of his shade in Hades, described in the Odyssey among the adventures of Odysseus. Even there he resents fiercely the attempt to soften the wretchedness of life in the land of shades, and finds his only consolation in the thought that his son is a gallant warrior still, up there in the sunshine.

Achilles, returning into the cabin, takes his place, facing Priam, against the opposite wall; perhaps at a safe distance from his guest. He addresses the unhappy monarch: —

"Thy son is freed, old man, as thou hast bid,
And lies upon the bier. At dawn shalt thou
Behold and bear him hence. But now let us
Take thought of supper. Even Niobe
Of the fair hair took thought for food."

The tale of the unfortunate daughter of Tantalus, which is here repeated by Achilles, need not be transcribed. More interesting for us is the allusion to a curious rock formation near Magnesia, in Asia Minor, which has been known for countless centuries as the weeping Niobe: —

"Now on the lonely mountains, mid the rocks
On Sipylos, where, so 't is said, the nymphs
Have their abode, who dance about the stream
Of Acheloion, as a stone she stands,
Enduring sorrows sent her by the gods."

We are informed that these lines were rejected by the greatest Homeric scholar among the ancients, the librarian Aristarchos, on the ground that they were irrelevant. This very fact, however, indicates that they are at least very ancient, if not originally a part of the scene. The figure thus alluded to is a sort of high-relief against a background of natural rock. The shape is thrice the human height, and some two hundred feet from the ground. A trickling spring is said to give the impression of falling tears. Whoever composed these lines was familiar with this locality of Asia Minor, and hence the passage has been drawn into the discussion over the origin of the Homeric poems.

It was the great German scholar, Welcker, who suggested that the grad-

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ual spread of interest in the epic school of poetry might be traced in the list of places claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. The most familiar form of this list is the one mentioned by Cicero, and forming a hexameter line: —

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodos, Argos, Athenæ."

Numerous variations and substitutions were, however, current in antiquity. The superior claim of Smyrna has been already referred to, and is not weakened, certainly, by this passage. The mention of Chios is especially interesting, for the cause is probably to be found in the closing lines of the Homeric Hymn to Apollo, where the author, evidently describing himself, says, —

"Blind is the man, and in Chios abounding in crags is his dwelling."

The so-called Homeric hymns in honor of various divinities were attributed to Homer by the general voice of antiquity, and this very poem is so mentioned and quoted by Thucydides. As to the birthplace of the singer of the Iliad it is safer to be doubtful, but we may assert unhesitatingly that he was not blind, and not identical with the composer of the hymn to the Delian god.

Achilles now kills a sheep, the meal is prepared, and Priam silently partakes of bread and meat, doubtless less from hunger than from dread of rousing the wrath of his terrible host.

When they had sated them with food and drink,
Dardanian Priam at Achilles gazed
In wonder, seeing him so tall and fair.
Achilles, too, admired Dardanian Priam,
Viewing his goodly aspect, giving ear
Unto his words. But when they had looked their fill
At one another, first unto his host
The venerable, godlike Priam spoke:
"Let me at once, O child of Zeus, lie down,
That we of slumber sweet may have our fill,
And rest. Not yet mine eyes beneath their lids
Have closed, since at thy hands my son gave up
His life, but evermore I groan aloud,
And brood on my innumerable griefs,
Rolling in filth within my courtyard's close.
Now truly have I tasted food, and let
The gleaming wine pass down my throat. Before
I had tasted nothing."

The great strain upon the old king's mind is relieved, at least in part. Though he has not yet seen Hector's body, he knows that his mission is to be successfully accomplished. So exhausted Nature asserts herself. Doubtless, as has been said, he breaks his fast more through fear to rouse Achilles' anger than from hunger. But, having eaten and drunk, the need of rest overcomes him, even in the house of his son's slayer. There is something strangely pathetic in this uncomplaining reference to his fortnight-long fast and vigil, and in the overwhelming desire for sleep now, though he is still in the lion's claws.

The beds are spread under the colonnade in the courtyard. It must not be imagined that this is scant courtesy to a guest, nor an improbable device of the tale in order to facilitate Priam's escape in the night. In the Odyssey, Telemachos and the son of Nestor are treated in precisely the same manner at Menelaos's home. Achilles, moreover, explains that his guests are thus more secure from being seen by any Greeks less kindly-minded than himself. Before they part for the night, however, a most generous, we may indeed fairly say a chivalric, thought occurs to Achilles, and he asks his guest: —

"But prithee tell me, and say truthfully
How many days thou dost intend to pay
The rites to mighty Hector, so that I
Myself may wait, and hold my folk aloof."
Then aged, godlike Priam answered him:
"If thou indeed dost wish me to complete
Great Hector's burial, by acting thus,
Achilles, thou wouldst win my gratitude.
Thou knowest we are pent within the town,
The wood is from the mountain far to fetch,
And much in fear the Trojans. We would wail
Nine days for him within our halls, and on
The tenth would bury him, and the folk would feast.

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The eleventh we would rear a mound for him,
And on the twelfth will fight, if needs must be."

(The last words with a despairing sigh, no doubt.)

The great Achilles, fleet of foot, replied:
"These things shall be for thee as thou dost bid,
And even for so long a time will I
Put off the war as thou commandest me."

So the exhausted king and his old herald lie down to rest under the portico; and Achilles also sleeps, at Briseis's side, within the cabin.

But in the night Hermes comes again, warns Priam of his danger, and leads him safely from the Greek encampment. At the ford of the Scamander Hermes vanishes, and day dawns. As the two aged men approach the town, they are descried by Cassandra, and the wailing folk meet the returning king at the gate, Hector's wife and mother at their head, but Priam presses on to his palace.

When they had brought him to that famous home,
They laid him then upon the well-wrought bed,
And minstrels set by him, to lead the dirge.

These are supposed to have been the professional mourners still common in the East.

So they made moan for him, a doleful lay,
And in response to them the women wailed.
White-armed Andromache led the lament,
While in her hands man-slaying Hector's head
She held: "My husband, young, thou 'rt gone from me,
And thou hast left me widowed in thy halls.
And this our boy is but a little child,
To whom we gave his life, even thou and I,
Ill-fated ones; nor will he grow, methinks,
To manhood. Sooner will this town be sacked
Even from its topmost tower! for thou art dead,
Its warder, who did guard it, and kept safe
Its noble dames and helpless little ones.
They in the hollow ships will soon set forth,"

(that is, as captives and slaves of the victorious Greeks,)

"Myself among them; and thou, too, my child,
Wilt follow me to do unseemly tasks,
For an unfeeling master laboring;
Or some Achaian will seize thee by the arm
And hurl thee from the tower, — a wretched fate, —
Wroth because Hector slew his brother, or
His son, or father; for at Hector's hands
Full many of the Achaians bit the earth."

There is a ring of fierce exultation even in the widow's wail.

Later poets say this prophecy of Andromache concerning her son's death was fulfilled. Lovers of Virgil will recall the scene in Epirus, seven years later, where Andromache, seeing the boy Ascanius, weeps at the resemblance to his cousin and playfellow, her lost Astyanax.

"Not gentle was thy father in the fray!
Therefore the people mourn him through the town,
But with me most will bitter pain abide!
For thou didst not stretch forth thy hands to me,
When dying, from thy bed, nor didst thou speak
Some memorable word to me, which I
Would have remembered night and day in tears."

So spoke she, wailing, and the women moaned,
Responsive; and among them in her turn
Hecabè then began the loud lament:
"Hector, by far the dearest to my soul
Of all my children! When thou wert alive
Dear wert thou to the gods, and they indeed
Have cared for thee even in the doom of death.
My other sons the fleet Achilles sold,
Those whom he caught, beyond the unresting sea,
In Samos, Imbros, Lemnos wrapt in smoke;
But when with his keen sword he took thy life,
Oft did he drag thee round his comrade's tomb,
Patroclos' mound, whom thou hadst slain, nor yet
Even so did raise him up!"

Again in Hecabè's words we hear the fierce exultation of women fit to be the mothers and wives of a race of savage warriors.

"Now fresh as dew
And fair to see thou liest in thy halls,
Like one whom, smiting with his gentle darts,
Apollo of the silvern bow has slain."
Weeping, she spoke, and roused unbounded grief.

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Artemis or Apollo was thought to have slain men who died by some sudden and apparently painless death.

The next incident is a most unlooked-for yet effective one. That Hector's mother and wife should lament him is to be expected; but what is Helen, that she should take a leading place in this closing scene? Yet the pathos of her words fully justifies the poet's boldness in introducing her here: —

Then third among them Helen led their wail:
"O Hector, far the dearest to my soul
Of all thy brethren! Godlike Alexandros,
Who led me hither, is indeed my husband, —
Would he had perished first!
For twenty years
It is already since I hither came,
Leaving my fatherland; and never yet
An evil word, nor rude, I heard from thee.
If any other in the palace halls
Upbraided me, thy brethren, or their wives
Fair-robed, or sisters, or thy mother, — but
Thy sire was ever gentle as a father
To me," —

(Hecabè evidently had not always shown the same self-control!)

"Yet thou, persuading them with words,
Restrained them, with thy gentleness of soul
And gentle words: and so I mourn in grief
For thee, and for my wretched self as well;
For in wide Troy there is no other one
Kindly or friendly. All men shudder at me!"

Here the long story may fairly be said to end. There remains only a quiet and brief description, in thirty lines, of the ceremonies in Hector's honor. The last line is, —

So they made ready the grave for Hector, the tamer of horses.

It may, perhaps, be used as a striking illustration of the freedom with which Pope treated his original, — such freedom as would hardly be permitted now even to a man of his genius. His version closes with the couplet, —

"Such honors Ilium to her hero paid;
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

The first line translates Homer's sufficiently. The second we owe wholly to Pope, and it is very un-Homeric, too. In the Iliad the shade of the dead never sleeps (whatever that may mean!). The soul, however reluctant to part with the body, must dart instantly and in eager haste down to the under-world. There it is apparently re-incarnated, as it were, in an *eidolon*, or dim and feeble likeness of its former body.

The present essay attains its chief object if it arouses in the reader the desire to familiarize himself — or to revive his acquaintance — with the whole of this most ancient, most popular, and most delightful monument of European literature. For that purpose the best English version is probably the translation into blank verse by the poet Bryant. The liberties taken by this translator with his author are slight and infrequent. They are, moreover, rather in the nature of dilution than of deliberate addition. Bryant is, however, always dignified, direct, and simple. The prose version by Lang, Leaf, and Myers is somewhat more literal and far more scholarly; but the attempt to give an antique color to the tale by employing the idiom of King James's times brings with it an impression of the most un-Homeric of all qualities, — literary self-consciousness! Of the various characteristics ascribed to Homer in Mr. Arnold's well-known essay, the one most difficult to retain is rapidity. Our blank verse is confessedly slow. It has been remarked by some one that the battle scene in The Princess is the only English example of sustained swift movement in unrhymed iambics. The temptation to imitate the original rhythm assails almost every translator, but is, perhaps, in this case, better resisted. I have not quoted from Bryant's version, though it would unquestionably have been to the advantage of my sketch. I have made the attempt, instead, to follow the Greek words with extreme literalness, even at some cost of metrical smoothness. In one respect, certainly, we have distinctly outgrown Bryant's work: it is no longer necessary to miscall the divinities of the

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Greek pantheon by Roman names, in order that the reader may recognize them.

Almost all students acquainted with the results of recent investigation, particularly in Germany, have abandoned, however reluctantly, the belief in one Homer, who created the Iliad in its present form, as Dante composed the Commedia. On the other hand, there is hardly to be found nowadays a scholar who accepts the ballad-theory of Lachmann, who argued that our Iliad was pieced together, at a late date, from many short lays originally disconnected with each other.

It is highly probable that the subject announced in the first line was worked out in a comparatively direct manner in a sustained epic poem, the nucleus of the present one, and perhaps one third or one fourth as long, to its natural conclusion, namely, the death of Hector. Whether so named or not, this was an Achilleid, as Grote calls it. But so many episodes were subsequently inserted — some of them, perhaps, by the original poet — that the book we now read is not merely the tale of Achilles' wrath, but more nearly suits its actual title, the Iliad; that is, the story of Ilios. Still, every one of these additions must have been composed expressly for the place which it occupies. Each part was fitted into the artistic whole, though they were not all shaped by the same artist's hand.

This noble twenty-fourth book, indeed, is not even an insertion, but a continuation of the story beyond the limit announced at the beginning. It is probably not from the original composer's hand; but we need not hesitate to declare that it lifts the whole tale to a nobler and gentler plane of feeling, and for that very reason is more likely to be the expression of the ideals of a later and more refined generation. In ethical tone it resembles the Odyssey rather than the older portions of the Iliad.

There may seem at first to be an inconsistency in the views here set forth; but in fact unity of design in a great work of art does not necessarily indicate unity of authorship. There is one analogy, at least, so obvious that the thought which rises in the writer's mind is doubtless a mere reminiscence of another's words. A stranger wandering through a great mediæval cathedral, or let us say Westminster Abbey, might well be struck by the harmonious design which dominates all the variations in detail. On reaching the chapel of Henry the Seventh, he might very naturally exclaim: "This is in truth the soul and key to the whole structure! This portion, surely, is from the very hand of the original artist who planned the noble building." A similar expression might rise to the lips of a lover of literature, as he arrives at this culminating scene of the Iliad. The artistic instincts of both are right. The conclusions may be equally wrong.

It is even possible that these closing scenes enlist our modern sympathies as they did not the feelings of the Greeks, for example, in the fifth century B. C. Hector is much nearer to our hearts than is his savage foe. But Achilles and his comrade Patroclos were in all ages of Greek history the accepted type of that passionate friendship between men, which was a far mightier and nobler sentiment, to the Hellenic mind, than the wedded love of man and woman. Hector and Andromache appeal strongly to us, as they did also to the men and women of the Middle Ages. It will be remembered that Hector had an honorable place among the "Seven Worthies" of the pagan world.

Hector is, in fact, of all the stately figures in the poem, the most pathetic, and also the most blameless. Achilles fights for glory, and afterward for revenge. Agamemnon is selfish and rapacious, Menelaos not eminent for courage or strength. Even Priam shares the

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guilt of Paris, since, but for the old king's infatuated devotion to his sinning son, Helen and the treasure stolen with her would long ago have been restored, liberal atonement made, and the fatal war-cloud averted from the Trojan city. Hector does not uphold Paris in the council hall. He favors restitution and expiation. But in the field he fights to the end, though hopeless of success, to defend his dear native city so long as he may.

In the closing scene, a great poetic genius brings him home, honored and loved in death above all men, to be lamented by his wife, by his mother, and last of all by Helen, herself the cause of all the misery. Even at this final touch we shall certainly not raise the objection — though the Greek audience might well have done so — that the hero of the poem is forgotten, the champion of the lost and unrighteous cause unduly exalted. Whether the ancient singer intended to suggest it or not, let us hope he would not have repelled the thought with which we can but close the Iliad: How much happier is Andromache in despairing widowhood, how much more blest is even Hector in death, than Helen, beautiful still and ever young, destined yet to disarm Menelaos's vengeance by her loveliness, and to return to a prosperous life in Sparta, but surrounded by hate and bitterest scorn, and hearing always within her own heart the voice of self-contempt!

William Cranston Lawton.

NOTE. — Some readers may desire to pursue further the questions as to the origin and growth of epic poetry, here touched upon in passing. In an essay of this character it is of course impracticable to quote authorities or to elaborate arguments. The writer's seniors and masters, the classical professors, will understand that no attempt has been made at originality. To younger students the compact little monograph entitled Homer, by Professor Jebb, is especially recommended. Evelyn Abbott's new History of Greece, Vol. I., contains a clear and cautious summary of the "Homeric questions." Those who read German will find in the appendix to the Ameis-Hentze editions an exhaustive discussion of all questions concerning the text of the Iliad and Odyssey. Before venturing into so bewildering a labyrinth, however, some simpler and more readable book, like the rather one-sided but rapid and stimulating essay of Niese, Die Entwickelung der Homerischen Poesie, will be found helpful. Still briefer, but interesting, is the chapter devoted to Homer in Professor Christ's new History of Greek Literature (in Müller's Handbook). To the larger and happier class of readers who desire to appreciate the artistic unity and ethical significance of the poem, rather than to dissect it in minute detail, the beautiful and inspiring essay of Professor Denton J. Snider (Homer's Iliad, Journal of Speculative Philosophy, April, 1883) is most earnestly commended.

IN THE HARARA.

UNCUMBERED and supine I lie
An azure dome my mimic sky
Smooth, shining walls around I see,
As white as new-cut ivory,
Save where one sinuous purple line
Creeps up the marble like a vine.
The crystal stream that o'er the plains
Has felt the glow of Syrian suns
And swift through all my being flows
Not the keen chill of Hermon's snows,

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But such a latent fire as sleeps
Within the grape on Lebanon steeps.

Now comes my genie of the ring
A lighted nargileh to bring;
Against my longing lips I set
Its deftly polished tube of jet.
The quiet water in the bowl
Seems suddenly to own a soul:
The bubbles form, and swell, and break,
And incoherent murmurs make,
While visions fair before my eyes
In upward-curling clouds arise;
I catch the soothing scent divine
Of Latakia rich and fine.

Oh, is it strange I should forget
The world of turmoil and of fret, —
For one sweet hour should play no part,
But be a Syrian to the heart!
Clasp idleness unto my breast,
And drain the very dregs of rest;
Know all the joy that Haroun knew,
And feel the power of Timur too!
But dreams have end, and once again
I rouse me to life's real domain,
To hold forever more in fee
The Orient's charm and mystery.

Clinton Scollard.

DAVE'S NECKLISS.

"HAVE some dinner, Uncle Julius?" said my wife.

It was a Sunday afternoon in early autumn. Our two women-servants had gone to a camp-meeting some miles away, and would not return until evening. My wife had served the dinner, and we were just rising from the table, when Julius came up the lane, and, taking off his hat, seated himself on the piazza.

The old man glanced through the open door at the dinner-table, and his eyes rested lovingly upon a large sugar-cured ham, from which several slices had been cut, exposing a rich pink expanse that would have appealed strongly to the appetite of any hungry Christian.

"Thanky, Miss Annie," he said, after a momentary hesitation, "I dunno ez I keers ef I does tas'e a piece er dat ham, ef yer'll cut me off a slice un it."

"No," said Annie, "I won't. Just sit down to the table and help yourself; eat all you want, and don't be bashful."

Julius drew a chair up to the table, while my wife and I went out on the piazza. Julius was in my employment; he took his meals with his own family, but when he happened to be about our

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house at meal-times, my wife never let him go away hungry.

I threw myself into a hammock, from which I could see Julius through an open window. He ate with evident relish, devoting his attention chiefly to the ham, slice after slice of which disappeared in the spacious cavity of his mouth. At first the old man ate rapidly, but after the edge of his appetite had been taken off he proceeded in a more leisurely manner. When he had cut the sixth slice of ham (I kept count of them from a lazy curiosity to see how much he *could* eat) I saw him lay it on his plate; as he adjusted the knife and fork to cut it into smaller pieces, he paused, as if struck by a sudden thought, and a tear rolled down his rugged cheek and fell upon the slice of ham before him. But the emotion, whatever the thought that caused it, was transitory, and in a moment he continued his dinner. When he was through eating, he came out on the porch, and resumed his seat with the satisfied expression of countenance that usually follows a good dinner.

"Julius," I said, "you seemed to be affected by something, a moment ago. Was the mustard so strong that it moved you to tears?"

"No, suh, it wa'n't de mustard; I wuz studyin' 'bout Dave."

"Who was Dave, and what about him?" I asked.

The conditions were all favorable to story-telling. There was an autumnal languor in the air, and a dreamy haze softened the dark green of the distant pines and the deep blue of the Southern sky. The generous meal he had made had put the old man in a very good humor. He was not always so, for his curiously undeveloped nature was subject to moods which were almost childish in their variableness. It was only now and then that we were able to study, through the medium of his recollection, the simple but intensely human inner life of slavery. His way of looking at the past seemed very strange to us; his view of certain sides of life was essentially different from ours. He never indulged in any regrets for the Arcadian joyousness and irresponsibility which was a somewhat popular conception of slavery; his had not been the lot of the petted house-servant, but that of the toiling field-hand. While he mentioned with a warm appreciation the acts of kindness which those in authority had shown to him and his people, he would speak of a cruel deed, not with the indignation of one accustomed to quick feeling and spontaneous expression, but with a furtive disapproval which suggested to us a doubt in his own mind as to whether he had a right to think or to feel, and presented to us the curious psychological spectacle of a mind enslaved long after the shackles had been struck off from the limbs of its possessor. Whether the sacred name of liberty ever set his soul aglow with a generous fire; whether he had more than the most elementary ideas of love, friendship, patriotism, religion, — things which are half, and the better half, of life to us; whether he even realized, except in a vague, uncertain way, his own degradation, I do not know. I fear not; and if not, then centuries of repression had borne their legitimate fruit. But in the simple human feeling, and still more in the undertone of sadness, which pervaded his stories, I thought I could see a spark which, fanned by favoring breezes and fed by the memories of the past, might become in his children's children a glowing flame of sensibility, alive to every thrill of human happiness or human woe.

"Dave use' ter b'long ter my ole marster," said Julius; "he wuz raise' on dis yer plantation, en I kin 'member all erbout 'im, fer I wuz ole 'nuff ter chop cotton w'en it all happen'. Dave wuz a tall man, en monst'us strong: he could do mo' wuk in a day dan any

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yuther two niggers on de plantation. He wuz one er dese yer solemn kine er men, en nebber run on wid much foolishness, like de yuther darkies. He use' ter go out in de woods en pray; en w'en he hear de han's on de plantation cussin' en gwine on wid dere dancin' en foolishness, he use' ter tell 'em 'bout religion en jedgmen'-day, w'en dey would haf ter gin account fer eve'y idle word en all dey yuther sinful kyarin's-on.

"Dave had l'arn' how ter read de Bible. Dey wuz a free nigger boy in de settlement w'at wuz monst'us smart, en could write en cipher, en wuz alluz readin' books er papers. En Dave had hi'ed dis free boy fer ter l'arn 'im how ter read. Hit wuz 'g'in' de law, but co'se none er de niggers did n' say nuffin ter de w'ite folks 'bout it. Howsomedever, one day Mars Walker — he wuz de oberseah — foun' out Dave could read. Mars Walker wa'n't nuffin but a po' bockrah, en folks said he could n' read ner write hisse'f, en co'se he did n' lack ter see a nigger w'at knowed mo' d'n he did; so he went en tole Mars Dugal'. Mars Dugal' sont fer Dave, en ax' 'im 'bout it.

"Dave did n't hardly knowed w'at ter do; but he could n' tell no lie, so he 'fessed he could read de Bible a little by spellin' out de words. Mars Dugal' look' mighty solemn.

"'Dis yer is a se'ious matter,' sezee; 'it 's 'g'in' de law ter l'arn niggers how ter read, er 'low 'em ter hab books. But w'at yer l'arn out'n dat Bible, Dave?'

"Dave wa'n't no fool, ef he wuz a nigger, en sezee: —

"'Marster, I l'arns dat it 's a sin fer ter steal, er ter lie, er fer ter want w'at doan b'long ter yer; en I l'arns fer ter love de Lawd en ter 'bey my marster.'

"Mars Dugal' sorter smile' en laf' ter hisse'f, like he 'uz might'ly tickle' 'bout sump'n, en sezee: —

"'Doan 'pear ter me lack readin' de Bible done yer much harm, Dave. Dat 's w'at I wants all my niggers fer ter know. Yer keep right on readin', en tell de yuther han's w'at yer be'n tellin' me. How would yer lack fer ter preach ter de niggers on Sunday?'

"Dave say he'd be glad fer ter do w'at he could. So Mars Dugal' tole de oberseah fer ter let Dave preach ter de niggers, en tell 'em w'at wuz in de Bible, en it would he'p ter keep 'em fum stealin' er runnin' erway.

"So Dave 'mence' ter preach, en done de han's on de plantation a heap er good, en most un 'em lef' off dey wicked ways, en 'mence' ter love ter hear 'bout God, en religion, en de Bible; en dey done dey wuk better, en did n' gib de oberseah but mighty little trouble fer ter manage 'em.

"Dave wuz one er dese yer men w'at did n' keer much fer de gals, — leastways he did n' 'tel Dilsey come ter de plantation. Dilsey wuz a monst'us peart, good-lookin', gingybread-colored gal, — one er dese yer high-steppin' gals w'at hol's dey heads up, en won' stan' no foolishness fum no man. She had b'long' ter a gemman over on Rockfish, w'at died, en whose 'state ha' ter be sol' fer ter pay his debts. En Mars Dugal' had be'n ter de oction, en w'en he seed dis gal a-cryin' en gwine on 'bout bein' sol' erway fum her ole mammy, Aun' Mahaly, Mars Dugal' bid 'em bofe in, en fotch 'em ober ter our plantation.

"De young nigger men on de plantation wuz des wil' atter Dilsey, but it did n' do no good, en none un 'em could n' git Dilsey fer dey junesey,[1] 'tel Dave 'mence' fer ter go roun' Aun' Mahaly's cabin. Dey wuz a fine-lookin' couple, Dave en Dilsey wuz, bofe tall, en well-shape', en soopl'. En dey sot a heap by one ernudder. Mars Dugal' seed 'em tergedder one Sunday, en de nex' time he seed Dave atter dat, sezee: —

"'Dave, w'en yer en Dilsey gits ready fer ter git married, I ain' got no rejections. Dey 's a poun' er so er chawin'-

[1] Sweetheart.

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terbacker up at de house, en I reckon yo' mist'iss kin fine a frock en a ribbin er two fer Dilsey. Youer bofe good niggers, en yer neenter be feared er bein' sol' 'way fum one ernudder long ez I owns dis plantation; en I 'spec's ter own it fer a long time yit.'

"But dere wuz one man on de plantation w'at did n' lack ter see Dave en Dilsey tergedder ez much ez ole marster did. W'en Mars Dugal' went ter de sale whar he got Dilsey en Mahaly, he bought ernudder han', by de name er Wiley. Wiley wuz one er dese yer shiny-eyed, double-headed little niggers, sha'p ez a steel trap, en sly ez de fox w'at keep out'n it. Dis yer Wiley had be'n pesterin' Dilsey 'fo' she come ter our plantation, en had nigh 'bout worried de life out'n her. She did n' keer nuffin fer 'im, but he pestered her so she ha' ter th'eaten ter tell her marster fer ter make Wiley let her 'lone. W'en he come ober to our place it wuz des ez bad, 'tel bimeby Wiley seed dat Dilsey had got ter thinkin' a heap 'bout Dave, en den he sorter hilt off aw'ile, en purten' lack he gin Dilsey up. But he wuz one er dese yer 'ceitful niggers, en w'ile he wuz laffin' en jokin' wid de yuther han's 'bout Dave en Dilsey, he wuz settin' a trap fer ter ketch Dave en git Dilsey back fer hisse'f.

"Dave en Dilsey made up dere min's fer ter git married long 'bout Christmas time, w'en dey 'd hab mo' time fer a weddin'. But 'long 'bout two weeks befo' dat time ole mars 'mence' ter lose a heap er bacon. Eve'y night er so somebody 'ud steal a side er bacon, er a ham, er a shoulder, er sump'n, fum one er de smoke-'ouses. De smoke-'ouses wuz lock', but somebody had a key, en manage' ter git in some way er 'nudder. Dey 's mo' ways 'n one ter skin a cat, en dey 's mo' d'n one way ter git in a smoke-'ouse, — leastways dat 's w'at I hearn say. Folks w'at had bacon fer ter sell did n' hab no trouble 'bout gittin' rid un it. Hit wuz 'g'in' de law fer ter buy things fum slabes; but Lawd! dat law did n' 'mount ter a hill er peas. Eve'y week er so one er dese yer big covered waggins would come 'long de road, peddlin' terbacker en w'iskey. Dey wuz a sight er room in one er dem big waggins, en it wuz monst'us easy fer ter swop off bacon fer sump'n ter chaw er ter wa'm yer up in de wintertime. I s'pose de peddlers did n' knowed dey wuz breakin' de law, caze de niggers alluz went at night, en stayed on de dark side er de waggin; en it wuz mighty hard fer ter tell *w'at* kine er folks dey wuz.

"Atter two er th'ee hund'ed er meat had be'n stole', Mars Walker call all de niggers up one ebenin', en tol' 'em dat de fus' nigger he cot stealin' bacon on dat plantation would git sump'n fer ter 'member it by long ez he lib'. En he say he 'd gin fi' dollars ter de nigger w'at 'skiver' de rogue. Mars Walker say he s'picion' one er two er de niggers, but he could n' tell fer sho, en co'se dey all 'nied it w'en he 'cuse em un it.

"Dey wa'n't no bacon stole' fer a week er so, 'tel one dark night w'en somebody tuk a ham fum one er de smoke-'ouses. Mars Walker des cusst awful w'en he foun' out de ham wuz gone, en say he gwine ter sarch all de niggers' cabins; w'en dis yer Wiley I wuz tellin' yer 'bout up'n say he s'picion' who tuk de ham, fer he seed Dave comin' 'cross de plantation fum to'ds de smoke-'ouse de night befo'. W'en Mars Walker hearn dis fum Wiley, he went en sarch' Dave's cabin, en foun' de ham hid under de flo'.

"Eve'ybody wuz 'stonish'; but dere wuz de ham. Co'se Dave 'nied it ter de las', but dere wuz de ham. Mars Walker say it wuz des ez he 'spected: he did n' b'lieve in dese yer readin' en prayin' niggers; it wuz all 'pocrisy, en sarve' Mars Dugal' right fer 'lowin' Dave ter be readin' books w'en it wuz 'g'in' de law.

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"W'en Mars Dugal' hearn 'bout de ham, he say he wuz might'ly 'ceived en disapp'inted in Dave. He say he would n' nebber hab no mo' conferdence in no nigger, en Mars Walker could do des ez he wuz a mineter wid Dave er any er de res' er de niggers. So Mars Walker tuk'n tied Dave up en gin 'im forty; en den he got some er dis yer wire clof w'at dey uses fer ter make sifters out'n, en tuk'n wrap' it roun' de ham en fasten it tergedder at de little een'. Den he tuk Dave down ter de blacksmif-shop, en had Unker Silas, de plantation blacksmif, fasten a chain ter de ham, en den fasten de yuther een' er de chain roun' Dave's neck. En den he says ter Dave, sezee: —

"'Now, suh, yer 'll wear dat neckliss fer de nex' six mont's; en I 'spec's yer ner none er de yuther niggers on dis plantation won' steal no mo' bacon dyoin' er dat time.'

"Well, it des 'peared ez if fum dat time Dave did n' hab nuffin but trouble. De niggers all turnt ag'in' 'im, caze he be'n de 'casion er Mars Dugal' turnin' 'em all ober ter Mars Walker. Mars Dugal' wa'n't a bad marster hisse'f, but Mars Walker wuz hard ez a rock. Dave kep' on sayin' he did n' take de ham, but none un 'em did n' b'lieve 'im.

"Dilsey wa'n't on de plantation w'en Dave wuz 'cused er stealin' de bacon. Ole mist'iss had sont her ter town fer a week er so fer ter wait on one er her darters w'at had a young baby, en she did n' fine out nuffin 'bout Dave's trouble 'tel she got back ter de plantation. Dave had patien'ly endyoed de finger er scawn, en all de hard words w'at de niggers pile' on 'im, caze he wuz sho' Dilsey would stan' by 'im, en would n' b'lieve he wuz a rogue, ner none er de yuther tales de darkies wuz tellin' 'bout 'im.

"W'en Dilsey come back fum town, en got down fum behine de buggy whar she b'en ridin' wid ole mars, de fus' nigger 'ooman she met says ter her, —

"'Is yer seed Dave, Dilsey?'

"'No, I ain' seed Dave,' says Dilsey.

"'Yer des oughter look at dat nigger; reckon yer would n' want 'im fer yo' junesey no mo'. Mars Walker cotch 'im stealin' bacon, en gone en fasten' a ham roun' his neck, so he can't git it off'n hisse'f. He sut'nly do look quare.' En den de 'ooman bus' out laffin' fit ter kill herse'f. W'en she got thoo laffin' she up'n tole Dilsey all 'bout de ham, en all de yuther lies w'at de niggers be'n tellin' on Dave.

"W'en Dilsey started down ter de quarters, who should she meet but Dave, comin' in fum de cotton-fiel'. She turnt her head ter one side, en purten' lack she did n' seed Dave.

"'Dilsey!' sezee.

"Dilsey walk' right on, en did n' notice 'im.

"'*Oh*, Dilsey!'

"Dilsey did n' paid no 'tention ter 'im, en den Dave knowed some er de niggers be'n tellin' her 'bout de ham. He felt monst'us bad, but he 'lowed ef he could des git Dilsey fer ter listen ter 'im fer a minute er so, he could make her b'lieve he did n' stole de bacon. It wuz a week er two befo' he could git a chance ter speak ter her ag'in; but fine'ly he cotch her down by de spring one day, en sezee: —

"'Dilsey, w'at fer yer won' speak ter me, en purten' lack yer doan see me? Dilsey, yer knows me too well fer ter b'lieve I 'd steal, er do dis yuther wick'ness de niggers is all layin' ter me, — yer *knows* I would n' do dat, Dilsey. Yer ain' gwine back on yo' Dave, is yer?'

"But w'at Dave say did n' hab no 'fec' on Dilsey. Dem lies folks b'en tellin' her had p'isen' her min' 'g'in' Dave.

"'I doan wanter talk ter no nigger,' says she, 'w'at be'n whip' fer stealin', en w'at gwine roun' wid sich a lookin' thing ez dat hung roun' his neck. I 's a 'spectable gal, *I* is. W'at yer call

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dat, Dave? Is dat a cha'n fer ter keep off witches, er is it a noo kine er neckliss yer got?'

"Po' Dave did n' knowed w'at ter do. De las' one he had 'pended on fer ter stan' by 'im had gone back on 'im, en dey did n' 'pear ter be nuffin mo' wuf libbin' fer. He could n' hol' no mo' pra'r-meetin's, fer Mars Walker would n' 'low 'im ter preach, en de darkies would n' 'a' listen' ter 'im ef he had preach'. He did n' eben hab his Bible fer ter comfort hisse'f wid, fer Mars Walker had tuk it erway fum 'im en burnt it up, en say ef he ketch any mo' niggers wid Bibles on de plantation he 'd do 'em wuss'n he done Dave.

"En ter make it still harder fer Dave, Dilsey tuk up wid Wiley. Dave could see him gwine up ter Aun' Mahaly's cabin, en settin' out on de bench in de moonlight wid Dilsey, en singin' sinful songs en playin' de banjer. Dave use' ter scrouch down behine de bushes, en wonder w'at de Lawd sen' 'im all dem tribberlations fer.

"But all er Dave's yuther troubles wa'n't nuffin side er dat ham. He had wrap' de chain roun' wid a rag, so it did n' hurt his neck; but w'eneber he went ter wuk, dat ham would be in his way; he had ter do his task, howsomedever, des de same ez ef he did n' hab de ham. W'eneber he went ter lay down, dat ham would be in de way. Ef he turn ober in his sleep, dat ham would be tuggin' at his neck. It wuz de las' thing he seed at night, en de fus' thing he seed in de mawnin'. W'eneber he met a stranger, de ham would be de fus' thing de stranger would see. Most un 'em would 'mence' ter laf, en whareber Dave went he could see folks p'intin' at him, en year 'em sayin': —

"'W'at kine er collar dat nigger got roun' his neck?' er, ef dey knowed 'im, 'Is yer stole any mo' hams lately?' er 'W'at yer take fer yo' neckliss, Dave?' er some joke er 'nuther 'bout dat ham.

"Fus' Dave did n' mine it so much, caze he knowed he had n' done nuffin. But bimeby he got so he could n' stan' it no longer, en he 'd hide hisse'f in de bushes w'eneber he seed anybody comin', en alluz kep' hisse'f shet up in his cabin atter he come in fum wuk.

"It wuz monst'us hard on Dave, en bimeby, w'at wid dat ham eberlastin' en etarnally draggin' roun' his neck, he 'mence' fer ter do en say quare things, en make de niggers wonder ef he wa'n't gittin' out'n his mine. He got ter gwine roun' talkin' ter hisse'f, en singin' cornshuckin' songs, en laffin' fit ter kill 'bout nuffin. En one day he tole one er de niggers he had 'skivered a noo way fer ter raise hams, — gwine ter pick 'em off'n trees, en save de expense er smoke-'ouses by kyoin' 'em in de sun. En one day he up'n tole Mars Walker he got sump'n pertickler fer ter say ter 'im; en he tuk Mars Walker off ter one side, en tole 'im he wuz gwine ter show 'im a place in de swamp whar dey wuz a whole trac' er lan' covered wid hamtrees.

"W'en Mars Walker hearn Dave talkin' dis kine er fool-talk, en w'en he seed how Dave wuz 'mencin' ter git behine in his wuk, en w'en he ax' de niggers en dey tole 'im how Dave be'n gwine on, he 'lowed he reckon' he 'd punish' Dave ernuff, en it mou't do mo' harm dan good fer ter keep de ham on his neck any longer. So he sont Dave down ter de blacksmif-shop en had de ham tuk off. Dey wa'n't much er de ham lef' by dat time, fer de sun had melt all de fat, en de lean had all swivel' up, so dey wa'n't but th'ee er fo' poun's lef'.

"W'en de ham had be'n tuk off'n Dave, folks kinder stopped talkin' 'bout 'im so much. But de ham had be'n on his neck so long dat Dave had sorter got use' ter it. He look des lack he 'd los' sump'n fer a day er so atter de ham wuz tuk off, en did n' 'pear ter know w'at ter do wid hisse'f; en fine'ly he up'n tuk'n tied a lighterd-knot ter a string,

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en hid it under de flo' er his cabin, en w'en nobody wuz n' lookin' he 'd take it out en hang it roun' his neck, en go off in de woods en holler en sing; en he allus tied it roun' his neck w'en he went ter sleep. Fac', it 'peared lack Dave done gone clean out'n his mine. En atter a w'ile he got one er de quarest notions you eber hearn tell un. It wuz 'bout dat time dat I come back ter de plantation fer ter wuk, — I had be'n out ter Mars Dugal's yuther place on Beaver Crick for a mont' er so. I had hearn 'bout Dave en de bacon, en 'bout w'at wuz gwine on on de plantation; but I did n' b'lieve w'at dey all say 'bout Dave, fer I knowed Dave wa'n't dat kine er man. One day atter I come back, me'n Dave wuz choppin' cotton tergedder, w'en Dave lean' on his hoe, en motion' fer me ter come ober close ter 'im; en den he retch' ober en w'ispered ter me.

"'Julius', sezee, 'did yer knowed yer wuz wukkin' long yer wid a ham?'

"I could n' 'magine w'at he meant. 'G'way fum yer, Dave,' says I. 'Yer ain' wearin' no ham no mo'; try en fergit 'bout dat; 't ain' gwine ter do yer no good fer ter 'member it.'

"'Look a-yer, Julius,' sezee, 'kin yer keep a secret?'

"'Co'se I kin, Dave,' says I. 'I doan go roun' tellin' people w'at yuther folks says ter me.'

"'Kin I trus' yer, Julius? Will yer cross yo' heart?'

"I cross' my heart. 'Wush I may die ef I tells a soul,' says I.

"Dave look' at me des lack he wuz lookin' thoo me en 'way on de yuther side er me, en sezee: —

"'Did yer knowed I wuz turnin' ter a ham, Julius?'

"I tried ter 'suade Dave dat dat wuz all foolishness, en dat he ought n't ter be talkin' dat-a-way, — hit wa'n't right. En I tole 'im ef he 'd des be patien', de time would sho'ly come w'en eve'ything would be straighten' out, en folks would fine out who de rale rogue wuz w'at stole de bacon. Dave 'peared ter listen ter w'at I say, en promise' ter do better, en stop gwine on dat-a-way; en it seem lack he pick' up a bit w'en he seed dey wuz one pusson did n' b'lieve dem tales 'bout 'im.

"Hit wa'n't long atter dat befo' Mars Archie McIntyre, ober on de Wimbleton road, 'mence' ter complain 'bout somebody stealin' chickens fum his hen-'ouse. De chickens kep' on gwine, en at las' Mars Archie tole de han's on his plantation dat he gwine ter shoot de fus' man he ketch in his hen-'ouse. In less'n a week atter he gin dis warnin', he cotch a nigger in de hen-'ouse, en fill' 'im full er squir'l-shot. W'en he got a light, he 'skivered it wuz a strange nigger; en w'en he call' one er his own sarven's, de nigger tole 'im it wuz our Wiley. W'en Mars Archie foun' dat out, he sont ober ter our plantation fer ter tell Mars Dugal' he had shot one er his niggers, en dat he could sen' ober dere en git w'at wuz lef' un 'im.

"Mars Dugal' wuz mad at fus'; but w'en he got ober dere en hearn how it all happen', he did n' hab much ter say. Wiley wuz shot so bad he wuz sho' he wuz gwine ter die, so he up'n says ter ole marster: —

"'Mars Dugal',' sezee, 'I knows I 's be'n a monst'us bad nigger, but befo' I go I wanter git sump'n off'n my mine. Dave did n' steal dat bacon w'at wuz tuk out'n de smoke-'ouse. *I* stole it all, en I hid de ham under Dave's cabin fer ter th'ow de blame on him — en may de good Lawd fergib me fer it.'

"Mars Dugal' had Wiley tuk back ter de plantation, en sont fer a doctor fer ter pick de shot out'n 'im. En de ve'y nex' mawnin' Mars Dugal' sont fer Dave ter come up ter de big house; he felt kinder sorry fer de way Dave had be'n treated. Co'se it wa'n't no fault er Mars Dugal's, but he wuz gwine ter do w'at he could fer ter make up fer it. So he sont word down ter de quarters

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fer Dave en all de yuther han's ter 'semble up in de yard befo' de big house at sun-up nex' mawnin'.

"Yearly in de mawnin' de niggers all swarm' up in de yard. Mars Dugal' wuz feelin' so kine dat he had brung up a bairl er cider, en tole de niggers all fer ter he'p deyselves.

"All de han's on de plantation come but Dave; en bimeby, w'en it seem lack he wa'n't comin', Mars Dugal' sont a nigger down ter de quarters ter look fer 'im. De sun wuz gittin' up, en dey wuz a heap er wuk ter be done, en Mars Dugal' sorter got ti'ed waitin'; so he up'n says: —

"'Well, boys en gals, I sont fer yer all up yer fer ter tell yer dat all dat 'bout Dave's stealin' er de bacon wuz a mistake, ez I s'pose yer all done hearn befo' now, en I 's mighty sorry it happen'. I wants ter treat all my niggers right, en I wants yer all ter know dat I sets a heap by all er my han's w'at is hones' en smart. En I want yer all ter treat Dave des lack yer did befo' dis thing happen', en mine w'at he preach ter yer; fer Dave is a good nigger, en has had a hard row ter hoe. En de fus' one I ketch sayin' anythin' 'g'in' Dave, I 'll tell Mister Walker ter gin 'im forty. Now take ernudder drink er cider all roun', en den git at dat cotton, fer I wanter git dat Persimmon Hill trac' all pick' ober ter-day.'

"W'en de niggers wuz gwine 'way, Mars Dugal' tole me fer ter go en hunt up Dave, en bring 'im up ter de house. I went down ter Dave's cabin, but could n' fine 'im dere. Den I look' roun' de plantation, en in de aidge er de woods, en 'long de road; but I could n' fine no sign er Dave. I wuz 'bout ter gin up de sarch, w'en I happen' fer ter run 'cross a foot-track w'at look' lack Dave's. I had wukked 'long wid Dave so much dat I knowed his tracks: he had a monst'us long foot, wid a holler instep, w'ich wuz sump'n skase 'mongs' black folks. So I follered dat track 'cross de fiel' fum de quarters 'tel I got ter de smoke-'ouse. De fus' thing I notice' wuz smoke comin' out'n de cracks: it wuz cu'ous, caze dey had n' be'n no hogs kill' on de plantation fer six mont' er so, en all de bacon in de smoke-'ouse wuz done kyoed. I could n' 'magine fer ter sabe my life w'at Dave wuz doin' in dat smoke-'ouse. I went up ter de do' en hollered: —

"'Dave!'

"Dey did n' nobody answer. I did n' wanter open de do', fer w'ite folks is monst'us pertickler 'bout dey smoke-'ouses; en ef de oberseah had a-come up en cotch me in dere, he mou't not wanter b'lieve I wuz des lookin' fer Dave. So I sorter knock at de do' en call' out ag'in: —

"'O Dave, hit 's me — Julius! Doan be skeered. Mars Dugal' wants yer ter come up ter de big house, — he done 'skivered who stole de ham.'

"But Dave did n' answer. En w'en I look' roun' ag'in en did n' seed none er his tracks gwine way fum de smoke-'ouse, I knowed he wuz in dere yit, en I wuz 'termine' fer ter fetch 'im out; so I push de do' open en look in.

"Dey wuz a pile er bark burnin' in de middle er de flo', en right ober de fier, hangin' fum one er de rafters, wuz Dave; dey wuz a rope roun' his neck, en I did n' haf ter look at his face mo' d'n once fer ter see he wuz dead.

"Den I knowed how it all happen'. Dave had kep' on gittin' wusser en wusser in his mine, 'tel he des got ter b'lievin' he wuz all done turnt ter a ham; en den he had gone en built a fier, en tied a rope roun' his neck, des lack de hams wuz tied, en had hung hisse'f up in de smoke-'ouse fer ter kyo.

"Dave wuz buried down by de swamp, in de plantation buryin'-groun'. Wiley did n' died fum de woun' he got in Mars McIntyre's hen-'ouse; he got well atter a w'ile, but Dilsey would n' hab nuffin mo' ter do wid 'im, en 't wa'n't long 'fo' Mars Dugal' sol' 'im ter a spekilater on his way souf, — he say

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he did n' want no sich a nigger on de plantation, ner in de county, ef he could he'p it. En w'en de een' er de year come, Mars Dugal' turnt Mars Walker off, en run de plantation hisse'f atter dat.

"Eber sence den," said Julius in conclusion, "w'eneber I eats ham, it min's me er Dave. I lacks ham, but I nebber kin eat mo' d'n two er th'ee poun's befo' I gits ter studyin' 'bout Dave, en den I has ter stop en leab de res' fer ernudder time."

There was a short silence after the old man had finished his story, and then my wife began to talk to him about the weather, on which subject he was an authority. I went into the house. When I came out, half an hour later, I saw Julius disappearing down the lane, with a basket on his arm.

At breakfast, next morning, it occurred to me that I should like a slice of ham. I said as much to my wife.

"Oh, no, John," she responded, "you should n't eat anything so heavy for breakfast."

I insisted.

"The fact is," she said, pensively, "I could n't have eaten any more of that ham, and so I gave it to Julius."

Charles W. Chesnutt.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ITS CREDITORS.

THE government of the United States had been in operation for sixty-five years, and the Constitution was sixty-seven years old, before a private person, citizen or alien, was permitted to demand justice of the republic. Here was a nation founded on the idea that the law is supreme; that the rich and the poor stand on an equal footing in the courts of justice. With a few conspicuous exceptions, like Washington, Franklin, and Robert Morris, the civil chiefs of its first days were lawyers. The congresses of the colonies, the Confederation, and the States were dominated by lawyers. Lawyers were the authors of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution; and yet, so far as its own obligations are concerned, ours has been the most lawless government in the civilized world. It has persistently refused to pay debts which it owed. It has even gone so far as to deny a hearing to claimants, although the Constitution provides that the right of petition shall not be denied nor abridged. It is but a sorry right which permits one who has been aggrieved to hide a petition in a wooden box in one or the other House of Congress, but which does not include a determination of the grievance; yet that is what the right of petition now means; and not many years ago, before the Court of Claims was established, it was mainly through the wooden box that creditors of the government appealed to Congress, then the only tribunal with jurisdiction over the demands of individuals against the Treasury. How inadequate a tribunal it was, how frequently unjust, how occasionally corrupt, how impossible it has always been for it to perform judicial functions, are known to all who have any acquaintance with the facts and the law of claims against the government. Congress absolutely broke down under the burden which it had assumed. At first it simply neglected to perform the stupendous task, but finally it created a court whose jurisdiction and usefulness have been steadily widening ever since the passage of the first organizing act.

It was in 1854 that this law was

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enacted. Before then the best men in Congress had felt the necessity of creating a tribunal into which the government could be haled as defendant in an action brought by an individual. The act was very tardy, and even at this day we are far behind other civilized nations in our methods for the collection of claims against the government. In the first half of the century we were almost barbarous. We were ruled by a principle which we had inherited from our English ancestors, and we were accepting literally a fiction which had been circumvented in the home of its nativity. We had taken as true the maxim which declares that the king can do no wrong, and for the king we had substituted the government, with all its complicated machinery and its variety of officials. We seemed, nation of jurists as we were, to have forgotten that our British cousins had set up a responsible committee who might be punished for whatever wrong the king really committed. As our government could do no wrong, it was right in refusing to recognize the justice of a claim, in declining to grant to its creditors a hearing, in denying an adverse judgment or an execution upon its goods. Upon this theory we lived for nearly two thirds of a century, in the rear of the civilized world, committing acts of gross injustice that would have consigned an individual to a penitentiary, and stripped from a merchant every shred of his credit. Even now we have very little to boast of, although Lord Campbell told no more than the truth when he said, "Jurisprudence is the department of human knowledge to which our brothers in the United States of America have chiefly devoted themselves, and in which they have chiefly excelled."

An excellent authority has recently said that "the United States holds itself, of nearly all governments, the least amenable to law." The justice of this remark, which was made by one of our own judges, who has had a very long experience with the class of cases that come before the Court of Claims, may be demonstrated by a brief examination of the law and of the methods pursued under it.

Until 1854 there was no judicial tribunal for the trial of a case of debt between an individual and the government. We were nearly singular in this respect. In Germany either a citizen or a foreigner could sue, recover judgment, and levy an execution against the *fiscus*. Execution ran also against the governments of Hanover and Bavaria. A writ of replevin could be issued against the English king. The United States alone could not be compelled to pay its debts, and it still refuses to permit the forcible collection of a judgment. In 1848, the Hon. J. N. Rockwell, a member of the House of Representatives, made a report on this subject in behalf of the Committee on Claims. In it he stated that of 17,537 private claims which had been presented to Congress within ten years, 8948 had never been acted on, and but 910 had passed both Houses. No government could have made a more shameful confession than was involved in that report. Within ten years nearly 9000 persons had been denied justice, had been refused even a hearing; and of the 8589 who had received any hearing whatever, only 910 had prevailed. The result of this was inevitable. Only the impecunious or the corrupt would consent to have business relations with so dishonest a debtor as the United States government. Reputable merchants would not sell their goods to it, and honest contractors would not expend their money in its service. Corruption flourished. The lobby grew in numbers and influence. Schemes and schemers succeeded, and accounts against the government were made large enough to cover the expense of their collection. The United States was discredited at home and abroad. In a very able opinion in which

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the law for collecting claims against the government is discussed, Judge Nott, of the Court of Claims, recites an interesting illustration of the condition of mind which prevailed among our own people. A citizen of the United States recovered a judgment against Spain for $373,880. It was suggested, in the course of some diplomatic negotiations, that this government should be substituted as the debtor. The creditor refused, electing to retain Spain, notwithstanding its low credit, rather than run the risk of subjecting himself to the dishonest waywardness of the legislature of his own country. Nevertheless, and against his consent, the transfer was made, and the wisdom of the claimant in refusing to trust his own government is shown by the fact that Congress has never appropriated the money to pay the debt.

What was true in those early days is true now. Indeed, the difficulties in the way of collecting debts that depend upon congressional action have been increased. There has been a struggle between politicians of a certain low order to win a reputation for economy. That is, they strive to keep the totals of appropriations as low as is consistent with the waste of money on rivers and harbors, pensions, public buildings, and a hundred and one other matters in which money is thrown away. In order to accomplish their purpose, they rob the public service of much that it needs, while they cannot be induced to pay a private claim merely because it is just, or because distress will follow its nonpayment. The misery, poverty, desperation, and death that have resulted from the cruel injustice of the selfish politicians who too often rule in Congress are incalculable. Some day the sad story may be told, to the lasting disgrace of many a Congressman who has figured in public life as a "great economist."

But the rivalry of these pigmies does not account for all the ill results of the undertaking of Congress to examine and pass upon private claims. In the first place, a standing committee cannot properly carry on a judicial investigation as to the merits of a controverted account. It does not possess adequate machinery. It cannot try the cases that are submitted to it. The government and the claimants are not represented before it by counsel. It has not the time to do the immense amount of work which is involved in examining all the disputed claims upon the government. Its members have other legislative duties. Moreover, as committee meetings are secret, the temptation to corruption in the transaction of business involving millions of dollars is very great. It is impossible to overcome it. Every opportunity for bribery and its kindred knaveries is afforded by the claims system which prevailed in this country for many years, and is still more followed than it ought to be. The truth is that the corruption which grew up about the prosecution of claims before Congress was one of the causes which led to the establishment of the Court of Claims. That and the loss of credit by the government were probably the controlling reasons that induced Congress to create a tribunal before which the government might appear as a defendant, with counsel for both sides, to try the questions in open court, with all the safeguards by which the common law has surrounded the administration of justice.

All the evils incident to the system of turning Congress into a court of equity sprang from the theory that the government is too sacred to be sued; that it ought not to be compelled to do right, because it can do no wrong. One of the results of this theory is a belief, still the possessor of many an otherwise honest mind, that all persons who assert that the government owes them money are, *prima facie*, robbers.

The manner in which claimants have

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been treated by Congress is illustrated by a case which was before the legislative and judicial branches of the government for sixty years. Its history may be read in the reports of the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims.

In 1814, John H. Piatt resigned his commission as a commissary in the army, and became a contractor. He entered into an agreement with the Secretary of War to supply the army of the Northwest with rations at the rate of twenty cents a ration. On the 1st of January, 1815, the government had defaulted, refused to pay Piatt's drafts, and was in debt to him in the sum of $210,000. Piatt could not afford to feed the army for nothing, and stopped supplying the rations. Secretary of War Monroe thereupon admitted that the government was without money, that it could not pay its debt, and that there was no prospect that the Treasury would be in a condition to pay for further supplies under the contract. Nevertheless, it was necessary to care for the troops who were guarding the frontier, and the Secretary appealed to Piatt to continue to furnish the rations. As compensation for losses and for the uncertainty of payment, he made a verbal agreement with the contractor to pay "whatever price the rations might be reasonably worth" at the time and place of delivery. Under this new agreement, Piatt furnished rations which were adjudged to be worth forty-five cents each. The aggregate of his claim against the United States was $328,532.

Piatt now encountered the accounting officers of the Treasury. These people, acting in the name of and for the United States, refused to recognize the agreement which Secretary Monroe had made with Piatt. They found it was not binding on the government because it was not in writing. The rations had been furnished and eaten, and they were admitted to be worth the forty-five cents charged; but these accounting officers sent the claimant back to his first contract, on which the government was already in default to the amount of $210,000. They said that he could have only twenty cents for each ration, and computed the amount due at $148,792, leaving a disallowed balance of $179,740.

While this balance was in controversy, the government discovered, probably through the same accounting officers, that Piatt's commissary accounts were unsettled, and that he owed to the Treasury $48,251. Suit for this sum was immediately brought against the unfortunate man, who doubtless now sincerely regretted that he had ever had any business relations with the United States. So fierce was the claimant in this case, the very claimant that had wronged its victim out of a fortune, that the defendant was arrested. Five years had now elapsed since the making of the first contract. It was 1819. Congress took part in the game, and lent to the Executive Department its aid in crushing the creditor who wanted to be paid. It passed an act providing that Piatt's claim for $179,740 should be paid after it had been reduced by computations, to be invented and applied by the Treasury Department, to $48,251, the exact amount claimed by the government on the commissary accounts. If an individual creditor, having the power, should be guilty of such conduct, it would be charged, and generally believed, that he had trumped up his own claim for the sake of wiping out the score against him without paying it in money. Be that as it may, Congress provided that the discontinuance of the suit against Piatt was to satisfy his claim for rations. There was another undisputed claim for $63,620, for transportation, and this was generously allowed. The Treasury officers made the deductions required by the act. At first they undertook to follow a rule, but the rule they adopted did not produce the desired result; it did not

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sufficiently reduce the claim of the creditor whom they had in the gripe of a statute alleged to be for his "relief." Another rule was adopted to wipe out the remaining excess over the amount of the government's claim. Again the competition fell short. There was still a balance. The last time, all attempts to invent a reasonable way to rob the creditor were abandoned, and the Treasury officers simply rubbed out the score. If they had done this in the first place, they would have saved themselves time and trouble, and left less evidence of the baseness of the executive and legislative branches of the government.

It was now 1820. Congress, by its statute, had declared that $63,620 was due to Piatt, but it made no appropriation for its payment. It is one of the almost singular characteristics of our government that it may acknowledge in the most formal way that a debt is due, and then calmly decline payment. The recognized creditor is without remedy. He cannot receive what is due to him unless Congress sees fit to make the necessary appropriation. In this case, the refusal to appropriate the money found to be due Piatt led to serious results. His creditors had waited patiently for the government to put him in possession of the sum that he needed to meet his own obligations. They now became impatient, and threw him into the debtor's prison. Two years later, after ten years of hard experience as a government creditor, Piatt died. He was still under arrest, and on the prison bounds of Washington.

But the tragedy did not end with Piatt's death, for the government subsequently emphasized its cruel injustice to its creditor by paying to his heirs the money that might have saved his life, and given to him the wealth he had earned by liberal treatment of the soldiers of the country in a time of peril and distress. Two years after his death, in 1824, Congress made an appropriation for the payment of the $63,620. In 1874, more than fifty years after his death, and nearly sixty years after the debt became due, the Supreme Court decided that the verbal agreement made in 1815 between Secretary Monroe and Piatt was valid; that the latter was entitled to receive forty-five cents for each ration furnished by him to the army of the Northwest; and that his heirs should be paid the whole amount of the claim of $179,740, less the government's demand of $48,251. Of course no interest was allowed. The United States is not yet honest enough to pay interest, although it exacts every penny from its own debtors.

This is an especially hard case, but it represents what Congress could and did do when there was no judicial tribunal for the trial of actions of debt against the government. It also indicates the good that has been accomplished by the establishment of a Court of Claims. It seems to be the truth that the government will not be honest except under compulsion. It is true that it does not refuse or neglect to pay judgments which are rendered by the Court of Claims, for there is something sacred in a judgment, to the mind of the common-lawyer. It cannot be attacked in a collateral proceeding, and although the obligation exists prior to the judgment, it does not appeal to the honor of the government, because the government is without honor.

The Court of Claims was established for the purpose of hearing and determining claims against the government, based upon contracts express or implied, the laws of Congress, or regulations of the Executive Department. Outside of such cases are others, referred to the court by special acts of Congress. Under the Bowman Act, Congress has referred a large number of claims which do not arise from contracts or statutes. These are known, technically, as "congressional cases." They will be spoken

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of further on. At first, the court acted as a referee to report the facts and the law, and the evidence and findings were transmitted to Congress. This did not afford much relief to the legislative branch of the government, for the reports were laboriously studied, and the public creditors found themselves almost as badly off as they had been before the court was established. It seemed very difficult for Congress to consent to make the government a real defendant in a real court having the power to pronounce judgment in favor of an individual suitor, and it was not until 1863 that the court, enlarged by the addition of two judges, was clothed with full judicial powers and made part of the federal system, at the head of which is the Supreme Court; though it was not until the law was amended, in 1866, that the latter court recognized the Court of Claims as a tribunal from which appeals might be taken to the court of last resort.

There are many questions of law determined by the Court of Claims. Indian treaties, treaties with foreign powers, and statutes, as well as contracts, are interpreted by its judges. The court has listened to cases arising under the general land laws, the patent laws, — for the United States sometimes infringes upon its own patents, — the land-grant, railroad, and post-office laws. Its establishment has resulted in the doing of much justice that might have gone undone, and the prevention of much injustice that would have been done under the old system. Congress relieved itself of a great part of a task that it had never performed well, and recognized the principle that the government's executive officers who refuse to pay a private person's demand may possibly be wrong. The law permits not only citizens, but certain aliens, whose governments accord like privileges to our own citizens, to bring actions in the Court of Claims. Congress, however, has not done all that it ought to do, or all that must be done before the United States will become wholly amenable to law.

We have now a court into which the government can be summoned as a defendant. But while this court can render judgment against the defendant, it cannot issue a writ of execution to enforce the judgment. It is true that this has not been necessary, for Congress has paid all the judgments which the court has rendered. At one time a general annual appropriation was made for this purpose on estimates furnished by the clerk of the court, but for about fifteen years it has been the practice to make the appropriations after the judgments have been rendered. The result is that a claimant whose demand has been determined to be just may be compelled to wait a year or more for the money due him. In view of the fact that the government pays no interest except in certain specified cases, this is a serious hardship.

Notwithstanding the existence of this tribunal, there are many cases that must go before Congress unless they are referred to the court by special acts. A statute of limitations provides that petitions must be filed within six years of the accruing of the cause of action. This rule is reasonable enough, but it does not govern. Congress continues to examine claims that are barred by this statute of limitations. The court is bound to follow the statutes, and wherever a claim is based on pure principles of equity it must fail or go to Congress, unless it may come under the Tucker Act of 1887.

It is impossible, however, for Congress to do even and exact justice. When it undertakes to settle a claim that does not come within a general law, it is likely to err one way or the other. It throws out a just claim, and allows one that is dishonest, while, as a rule, it is supine and helpless before a case which involves any serious question of

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law or fact, or any considerable amount of money. There are many cases still pending in Congress which ought to be referred to the court for final action, and there are many more which have been referred for a report on the facts and the law. Experience shows that while these reports are helpful to some extent, they do not usually result in the payment of debts that are owed by the government. Congress still clings to the notion that the payment of a claim is in the nature of a gift to the person receiving it; and the delay of justice, which often brings great suffering to individuals, does not very greatly trouble the congressional conscience, if there is such a thing, so far as the relations between the government and its creditors are concerned. There are cases now before Congress which are peculiarly hard and oppressive. They were sent to the Court of Claims for report, and in many instances the court found that the government was indebted to the claimants. Most of these were loyal citizens of the border States during the war of the rebellion. Many of them are poor farmers of West Virginia and East Tennessee. Some of them claim under the Abandoned and Captured Property Act of 1863, which provided that the petition should be filed within two years after the suppression of the rebellion. Many persons did not know of the limitation of the law until it was too late to avail themselves of its benefits. A decision of the Supreme Court held that the general amnesty proclamation of 1868 rendered proof or allegation of loyalty unnecessary in a case brought under the Abandoned and Captured Property Act. This decision was rendered in 1871, three years after the expiration of the time within which claims might be filed. It brought to Congress a large number of cases which ought to be examined by a judicial tribunal. Many of these, for property taken by our troops during the war in Southern States, have been referred to the Court of Claims. A Northern contractor, who sold supplies to the army under agreements which made him rich, received payment promptly on the presentation of his voucher to the proper officer of the Treasury or the Quartermaster Department. If there occurred any difference of opinion between the contractor and the officer, the former had his remedy by a petition to the Court of Claims. If the property of a Southern Union farmer was taken by the army for its needs, the government's creditor, who is merely seeking pay for his own, must wait until Congress is ready to appropriate the money that is his due. His case may have been passed upon by the Court of Claims; the findings may be in his favor; nevertheless, the claim remains unsettled, because Congress is not in a hurry to pay debts that have not been perfected by a judgment. The war has been over for nearly twenty-five years, but there are still very many people in the border States who are creditors of the government for supplies furnished to the army, and who cannot prevail upon Congress to appropriate the money necessary to discharge the honest debts of the country, — debts of honor, debts that were contracted for the necessities of the Union troops. Of this dishonest neglect of ordinary obligations that must be recognized by every business man, a refusal to observe which is equivalent to ruin, Congress must always be guilty. Injustice will be the rule so long as Congress undertakes to adjudicate upon claims; and this is true although a very large majority of Congressmen are honest. Even men who do all in their power to delay the creditors of the government would not think of committing a dishonest act in their own behalf.

The manner in which Congress has dealt with the French Spoliation Claims is another admirable illustration of the difficulties which lie in the way of a

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government creditor. It is unnecessary to say anything concerning the merits of these claims. Every honest man who understands the subject realizes the dishonorable attitude which the United States has maintained towards them. Having assumed the obligations of France, our government refuses to perform them, and even now Congress declines to make provision for payment. It will be recollected that after the government had failed to pass a law for the settlement of the claims, the subject was referred to the Court of Claims for a report. At once the government raised the question that nothing was due from the United States; but the court decided against this pretension, and the indebtedness of the United States was established. Then the claimants, by invitation of the act of Congress, went into court. The court reported, and the sums found to be due were provided for, last winter, in the Deficiency Bill, not by the House, but by the Senate. The items of the bill were thrown out in conference, however, because some of the members of the House who are most bitterly opposed to the public creditor threatened to filibuster against the Deficiency Bill, and to kill the Sundry Civil Bill which was behind, if the attempt to pay the debts, which had been declared due by the Court of Claims, was not abandoned.

This is the most recent of important instances of the dishonesty of the United States; and what makes it the more shameful is the fact that much of the opposition to the Spoliation Claims is sectional. More than one member is opposed to the payment of this debt because the creditors are principally from the Atlantic seaboard. It is true that Congress allows a great many private claims upon the government. Many of these are dishonest. Some of the awards have been the fruit of bribery and corruption. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the government's creditor must seek his dues in pain and disappointment, if his case does not come within the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims. He must have influence to secure the introduction of his bill, and it will require many a day of toil and much persistent eloquence to prevail upon some member to take an interest in it. Many a claimant has failed to obtain justice because he has had no friend in Congress or on terms with a Congressman. It will cost him much loss of time and a great expenditure of money to secure a hearing before the committee. And even after the bill is on the calendar there will be long delays, and the creditor will be very fortunate if his bill is passed within six or eight years of its first introduction. He may see it safely on the calendar of one House in this Congress; in the next he may hear it discussed; in the next it may pass one House, and not the other; in the fourth it may become a law. During all this time he must watch it industriously. He must make frequent visits to Washington, in order that the interest of the member who has charge of it may not flag. If it involves an important sum of money, he must employ counsel familiar with the devious paths of congressional legislation. From the beginning to the end, he will find that he is regarded with suspicion; that the men who hold the purse-strings are busily searching for reasons which will sustain a disallowance of his claim. The man with whom he made his contract will endeavor to find a statute which invalidates the agreement. In this he will be helped by the accounting officers of the Treasury and by Congress. The man who collects a disputed claim from the United States must have courage, tact, great persistence, and competent counsel.

One fact should not be lost sight of by those who are in any danger of becoming creditors of the government: no one

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but a lawyer thoroughly versed in the federal statutes and the decisions of the federal courts can be trusted to prepare a contract that will be binding on the government. Scattered throughout the volumes of general acts and the Revised Statutes are sections and paragraphs which limit the powers of officers of the government in the transaction of the public business. One officer may draw the plans and specifications for a public building, while another may be charged with the task of construction. Although it may be the former who procures the estimates of the builders, it is only with the latter that a valid contract can be made. The courts have decided that officers of the government are agents with limited powers, and that as these limitations are stated in the law every one dealing with the government is charged with notice of them.

Thus it has been decided by the Court of Claims that a laborer who chopped wood for the government could not recover the contract price because his contract was not in writing; that a farmer who sold and delivered hay must lose the price because, before the performance of the contract, he transferred an interest in it; that a builder who constructed barracks for the army could not be paid because he dealt with an officer of engineers instead of with an officer of the Quartermaster Department; that a contractor who furnished fuel for troops could not recover the price of it because the military emergency that required it was not declared by the commanding general; and that a grain dealer who delivered his corn to a quartermaster must stand the loss of its destruction in the hands of government officers because his agreement was not founded on advertisement.

There is at present a tendency to broaden the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims, and the time is doubtless approaching when the injustice practiced by the government in the cases just quoted will be impossible. The Tucker Act of 1887 is an effort in this direction. Under it, the court has some equity jurisdiction. How great is the remedy given by the law is still undetermined, for it has not received a judicial interpretation. There is a tendency, also, among the lawyers who practice at the claims bar, to hold that in cases of tort there is an implied contract on the part of the United States to pay whatever damages may have been caused by the wrongful acts of the officers of the government. Cases of collision, for example, in which the United States vessels are in the wrong, may now be referred to the court by special acts of Congress; but there are lawyers who assert that these special acts are not necessary, and that the government should be held to a perpetual agreement to pay for the wrongs which it does. There can come no danger to the government from increasing the jurisdiction of the court, the judges of which are exceptionally able men. It is true that many of the claims now resting in the files of Congress would be paid if the court could render judgment upon them; but it is right that they should be paid, and the fact that the claimants are still begging for their due is a crying dishonor to the country. Congress is not economical nor conservative in dealing with claimants. It is an unjust spendthrift. Most of its energies are devoted to the consideration of private acts. Of the 966 laws enacted by the forty-eighth Congress, 682 were private. Of the 1442 acts of the forty-ninth Congress, 1019 were for individuals. But of all this vast number of special acts, very few provided for the payment of debts. Most of them were for pensions, and for the relief of officers from the consequences of their own or their subordinates' neglect. As to special pensions granted in contravention of the general law, the presumption is against their honesty. They are the discoveries of pension agents, whose oc-

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cupation will be gone when the government insists upon rewarding its old soldiers and sailors on a principle that shall guard both from fraud and exaction. That time will come when Congress becomes conscious of the discreditable character which the United States sustains as a debtor.

The task of providing a remedy for the prevailing evils may be full of difficulties, but the difficulties are not so great that they cannot be overcome. It may be that there will come a time, looked for by many who are distinguished in law and government, when actions for the collection of debts will be abolished. It may be that the individual debtor can some day be left wholly to his honor, but there are very few signs that it will be possible to treat the government so trustfully. The experiment has been tried, and it is a failure. The government will not pay so long as Congress is the court. Once disputed, the claim must go to judgment, or the creditor must go without his money. The government can be made an honest debtor only by taking from its legislature all jurisdiction over claims founded in law or equity.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

SUNSET.

Slowly on all attainment or defeat
The day dies out far in the darkening west;
Leaving the earth, its golden stage complete,
To muse an hour away, then sink to rest;
Dark earth, — the heavens yet touched with sunset glow;
Brightness above, and hushed, submissive calm below.

Hushed is the world of toil. In every place
A wealth of healing silentness doth lie
Or sounds more still than silence fill the space
Beneath that far infinity of sky;
And softly shines the evening star on one
Whose day lies spent, a chronicle of things undone.

Even regret, in this calm air and mild,
Bears little of its wonted anguish deep:
One long-drawn breath of sorrow, as the child
Preludes a sad, sweet sinking into sleep,
Then peace. Night registers defeat again;
But what was I, that I should struggle and attain?

Mary Colborne-Veel.

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LADIES AND LEARNING.

No more agreeable consequence of the influence of civilization and culture upon prejudice and narrow-mindedness can be shown than the liberality with which, during the last few generations, men have regarded the mental growth and intellectual activity of women. It is not a little amusing, as well as edifying, to recall the primitive ideas which for a long period, it must be confessed, they cherished on the subject of feminine education, and the mingled anxiety and distrust with which they viewed the aspirations of the misguided women who yearned for knowledge and learning. "Seek to be good, but aim not to be great," urged the guardians of the weaker portion of humanity; and the philosopher succinctly expressed the feeling of his sex, regardless of time, place, or circumstance, when he declared that the two chief duties of a virtuous woman were "to keep at home and be silent."

Among many primitive peoples we find proverbs on the subject, most of them in the same key and couched in like admonitory terms. Here are two from the Saxon, plainly showing how advisable it was that a woman should be strictly domestic: —

"It beseems a damsel to be at her table." "A rambling woman scatters words; a man thinks of her with contempt, and" (no trifling being permitted at that era) "oft her cheek smites."

It is only honorable, however, to mention an exception to the general feminine illiteracy in the person of Queen Edith, who, according to Ingulf, the historian, was quite learned. He relates that when he happened to meet her, on his way from school, she would stop and put him through an impromptu examination, rewarding him at the end by the regulation English school-boy "tip," and, moreover, sending him to the royal larder to refresh himself. Here was real encouragement to learning, — an example which English sovereigns of a later date might have followed, to the benefit of other men of letters, with full heads and empty pockets.

Next to silence and a love of domesticity, a regard for cleanliness and good manners was to be enforced. Already were the small decorums of life relegated to womanly protection, and praise or blame was liberally bestowed according to the measure of obedience paid by the ladies to the rules of gentility laid down by their wise and complacent guardians. Chaucer's Prioress shows her good-breeding in other ways than by an insular knowledge of the French tongue, inasmuch as she let no morsels fall from her lips during a meal, could convey her victuals to her mouth without dropping any on the way, and, to crown all, —

> "Hire over-lippe wiped she so clene
> That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
> Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught."

Probably this nicety in manners had been imported from the other side of the Channel, where, from quite an early period in the history of French civilization, the Trouvères — the critics and editors of their day — were never weary of recommending cleanliness, decorum, and reserve as highly desirable virtues in well-bred ladies. The precepts they give sound somewhat oddly to modern ears, and show how frank and ingenuous were the habits of good society at that time in La Belle France.

Women and girls of good-breeding, it was declared, should not run to church, boast of attentions received from men, nor tell fibs; moreover, they ought to eschew swearing, avoid over-eating and over-drinking, remember to wipe their mouths after meals, keep their hands

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and nails clean, and not permit the latter to grow beyond the finger-ends. Above all, they should not talk too much. A century or so later, we find the author of the Doctrinal des Filles giving pretty much the same sort of counsel; cautioning girls not to be too eager in dancing, not to believe in dreams, nor talk scandal, nor drink too much wine. He also hints that a certain degree of bashfulness would add a charm, by its novelty, to their personal attractions. Submission to parental, later to marital, authority was conscientiously impressed on the youthful feminine mind on both sides of the Channel. In an educational treatise which the Chevalier de Tour Landry wrote for his daughters, he tells the story of a woman who persisted in contradicting her husband, until, weary of remonstrance, he knocked her down and broke her nose. The count makes the following pathetic comment upon the sad occurrence: —

"Thus through her bad temper she had her nose spoiled, which was a great misfortune to her. It would have been better for her to have been submissive, for it is right that words of authority should belong only to her lord and master, and the wife's honor requires that she should listen in peace and obedience."

"Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband,"

declares that reformed shrew Katherine; and indeed long after Shakespeare's time, theoretically speaking, women merely exchanged one servitude for another, when they married. It is reassuring, however, to find many exceptions to a rule which a modern Anglo-Saxon would, of course, remember with a blush of shame.

In that very curious and interesting collection, the Paston Letters, we find rather a strange picture of the relations existing between parents and children as shown in Mistress Elizabeth Paston's suffering at the hands of her shrewd, respectable, and respected mother. Not only does Mrs. Paston seem to lavish on her daughter, in the harshest language, a wealth of personal abuse (in the style, perhaps, in which the Capulets vituperate their only and beloved child, when she differs from them in her matrimonial views), but this pious lady descends to personal chastisement. Although Elizabeth is between twenty and thirty years of age, she is not only forbidden to speak with any man, including the servants of the Paston household, but "she hath since Easter been beaten once in the week, or twice, and sometimes twice on a day, and her head broken in two or three places." "Burn this letter," concludes the cousin who, with more sorrow than surprise, is confiding Elizabeth's tribulations to an absent brother; "for if my cousin, your mother, knew that I had sent you this letter she should never love me." It is pleasant to know that a few years later Mistress Elizabeth marries, and that her husband, her "master" and her "best beloved," as she terms him, is "full kind" to her, and apparently not inclined to break either the head or heart of this poor meek fifteenth-century damsel.

A somewhat more modern example of the parental severity, which seems to have been merely part of the feminine educational regimen of ancient days, is related by the author of the Schole-Master. Before visiting Germany, Master Roger Ascham goes to take leave of Lady Jane Grey, even then famous for her classical learning, and to whom he says he was "exceeding moch beholding." He found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, while the rest of the household were hunting in the park. Upon his expressing astonishment that she should prefer solitude to companionship "under the greenwood tree," she answered him in this wise, — for the story must be told in Master Roger's own quaint diction:

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"Alas *goode* folke, they never felt what trewe pleasure ment. . . . I will tell you, quoth she. . . . One of the greatest benefites that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharpe and severe parents and so gentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, eate, drinke, be merie or sad, be sowing, plaieing, dauncing, or doeing anie thing els, I must do it . . . even so perfitely as God made the world, or els I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea, sometimes with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies which I will not name for the honour I beare them, that I thinke myselfe in hell, till tyme cum that I must goe to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, with soch faire allurement to learning, that when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do els . . . is full of grief, feare, and whole misliking unto me."

One cannot help wishing that the poor soul could have been left to pore over her big, dusty tomes in peace, — not fated to receive at the hands of a harsh world severer "nippes" and "bobbes" than were meted out to her at home by hypercritical parents. Lady Jane, by the way, must have had a softening influence on this instructor of hers, for he was possessed of a spicy temper, and was noted for expressing himself with a bluntness which gained him many enemies in his day. Although not exactly pertaining to our subject, we cannot refrain from inserting the bishop's opinion of the fair sex, — the majority of them. We presume the minority would include the lady pupils of this "gentle scholemaster," or else it would be hard to understand Lady Jane's enthusiasm.

"Women are of two sorts," he says. "Some of them are wiser, better learned, discreeter, and more constant than a number of men. But the most part are fond, foolish, talkers, triflers, wavering, witless, feeble, careless, rash, proud, dainty, talebearers, eavesdroppers, rumour-raisers, evil-tongued, worse-minded, and in every respect doltified with the dregs of the devil's dunghill!"

This short synopsis of the female character is really a good example of the coarse, pungent, breathless English of the time, — a time when people were never weary of slandering each other at the point of the pen, and never happier than when knee-deep in disputes of the noisiest, most unending, "Dryasdust" nature.

The custom of sending young women of the middle class to reside for a time in the houses of the nobility was an ancient one, and seems to have obtained both in France and England. Perhaps the position of maid of honor may be considered a remnant of this curious habit. Still, the idea was no stranger than the modern plan of sending girls to herd together in boarding-schools, under the imperfect sway of a directress who has neither time nor ability to study the individual characters of her charges.

In France the young ladies were called *chambrières;* they were frequently selected for good looks or sprightliness of demeanor, and were given better matrimonial opportunities than could be offered in their secluded homes. As in England, they were taught spinning, the finer kinds of sewing-work and embroidery, cooking, conserving, and sometimes music, especially if their lady-patronesses took a fancy to them. They were also supposed to acquire good manners, and fit themselves for a possible rise in life, should fortune favor them. Their hostesses very often, if not always, received a fixed sum in return for the board and instruction of their charges, and the young ladies thought it no degradation to sell their needle-work in order to assist in the payment of their personal expenses. Thus, in the beforementioned Paston Letters, we find an "Item," noted down by Elizabeth's redoubtable mother, "to say to Elizabeth

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Paston that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen do, and help herself therewith. Item. To pay Lady Pole" (Elizabeth's patroness) "twenty-six shillings eight pence for her board."

Needle-work, indeed, ranked next to housewifery as the most important point in feminine education. If a young lady were preëminent in these two things, little more was needed to make her "a perfect woman, nobly planned," at least in masculine eyes.

"Good housewifery is the supreme quality of a woman," observes old Fuller, who is so dogmatic in his opinions as to what women should or should not be that one cannot help thinking he must have been pretty well henpecked. "Let men say what they will," he continues, "I require in women the economical virtue above all other virtues. . . . I am ashamed to see, in several families I know, monsieur, about dinner-time, come home all dirt from trotting amongst his labourers, when madam is perhaps scarcely out of bed . . . and is pouncing and tricking herself up!"

Even during the Elizabethan era, when pedantry was very fashionable among ladies of breeding, the aforesaid practical arts were sturdily insisted on. The ladies might, like their queen, — who, according to Ascham, "atteyned . . . to such a readie utterance of the latine as they be fewe in nomber in both the universities that can be comparable with her maiestie," — become classical scholars of no mean order, but they must combine with learning the ability personally to manage their large household, pursue fancy-work with untiring energy, and find time to concoct those marvelous dishes which would fill the mind of the most enthusiastic modern housekeeper with dismay.

Shakespeare makes his Imogen familiar with household duties, although she is a reader, and indulges in the delightful but pernicious habit of reading in bed. "How angel-like he sings!" exclaims Arviragus, in admiration of the supposed youth. Then the more practical Guiderius observes: —

"But his neat cookery! he cut our roots in characters,
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter."

The very learned heroine in Pericles is described as weaving silk "with fingers long, small, white as milk;" and, moreover,

"She would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it."

And with the same useful implement she "composes nature's own shape of bud, bird, branch or berry," which shows her to have been more of an adept than some of the decorative artists of the present day, who certainly cannot be said to be base imitators of Dame Nature's handiwork.

Helena says prettily, —

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion."

Sir Thomas More has been credited with having given a much-needed impulse towards the higher education of women, and it is probable that his mode of educating his daughters served as an example, and made a sufficiently deep impression at the time. Greek and Latin authors were as familiar to these ladies as household words; they studied astronomy, rhetoric, and logic, played on the various musical, or rather *un*musical, instruments of the time, while Chaucer was chosen as a mental relaxation in place of the tedious romances of the day, of which Tindal speaks in such scornful terms: "Robin Hood, Bevis of Hampton, Hercules, Hector, and Troilus, — histories and fables of love and ribaldry!"

But though mention of learned ladies becomes rather more frequent during the century that followed, it must be remem-

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bered that to have a girl well educated meant, as a rule, that the parents were people of position and affluence. While there were plenty of free schools, Latin and English, for boys, young ladies needs must study at home, either with the chaplain or through the expensive medium of visiting tutors, unless, as in the case of the More family, the parent had a passion for instructing everybody within reach, willy-nilly. Thus we see, in the short autobiography prefixed to Mrs. Hutchinson's beautiful memoirs of her husband, that at seven years of age she had at one time eight tutors, "in languages, music, dancing, writing, and needle-work," besides receiving instruction in Latin from her father's chaplain. She had a French nurse, and learned to speak in two languages. It is noticeable that the precocious little girl's love for her book and hatred of her needle became a source of vexation to her parents: the consistency of popular opinion in regard to the end and aim of feminine education was not disturbed by the appearance of any brilliant and bewildering exception to the ordinary run of well-bred women.

In a curious treatise called The Art of Thriving, published in 1636, the author observes sternly: —

"Instead of song and music, let them" (the ladies) "learn cookery and laundry. . . . For I like not a female Poetesse, nor a precise she-Hypocrite, who overflows so with the Bible that she will not cudgil her maids without scripture!"

Another writer in the same century gives the following programme for female education, which is really liberal when contrasted with the narrow popular views on the subject.

"I would have them well read," he begins, with an affability which is born of a sense of innate superiority, — "I would have them well read, but in scripture and goode bookes, not in playbookes and lovebookes." (Alas for the seventeenth-century novel-reading damsels!) "To learn the use of the needle, but chiefly in useful kindes of workes — others, more curious, are to be learned — if at alle — onely to keepe them out of harm's way." (Mark the benevolence of this concession!) "To learn alle pointes of good housewifery, spining of linen, the ordering of dairies, to see to the salting of meate, brewing, bakery, and to understand the common prices of alle household provisions. To keepe account of alle things, to know the condition of the poultry — for it misbecomes no woman to be a hen-wife. To know how to order your clothes and with frugality to mend them, and to buy but what is necessary and with ready money. To love to keep at home."

This last injunction certainly seems superfluous: any woman who fulfilled the duties prescribed by this stoical adviser would not have much spare time on her hands. The masculine aversion to fancy-work and the masculine terror of feminine bill-making are plainly shown. The programme is doubtless an excellent one, — only, a little awful to our modern ideas, in its stern practicality and placid rejection of any æsthetic coloring to the routine of daily toil. One cannot help exclaiming with Sir Toby, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

A little later in the same century there flourished — if one can use the term of so sedate a flower of learning — an instructress who seems to have taken a different view of the nature of feminine education. Mrs. Makin was a linguist of no small celebrity in her day, and at one time held the position of governess to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I. She wrote an essay on The Education of Gentlewomen, in Religion, Manners, Arts, and Tongues, in which she dolorously notes that "the barbarous custom of breeding women low hath progressed so far that it is verily be-

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lieved that women are not endowed with such reason as man!"

This astonishing conclusion she endeavors to refute by showing how many learned women had lived in former times, and to what heights of knowledge they had climbed, and then gives as a modern example her quondam pupil Elizabeth, who at nine years could read and write, and had a fair acquaintance with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, and Italian. The prospectus of her school, which was "within four miles of London, on the road to Ware," tells us that, "by the blessing of God, gentlewomen may be instructed in the principles of religion, and all manner of sober and virtuous education; works of all sorts, dancing, music, singing, writing, keeping accounts. Half the time is to be spent in these things, the other half to be employed in gaining the Latine and French tongues, and those that please may learn Greek and Hebrew, the Italian and Spanish, in which this gentlewoman hath complete knowledge. Those that think one tongue enough for a woman," she continues, as though in pathetic forbearance of the prejudices of the day, "may learn only [!] Experimental Philosophy, and more or fewer of the other things as they incline. Those that please may learn Preserving, Pastry, and Cookery."

There is not much heartiness in the recommendation of the last three studies; but Mrs. Makin was a very learned lady, and very anxious to elevate her sex. We should like to know what was her notion of "Experimental Philosophy." The programme, however, is an interesting one, and shows what a confusion of ideas then existed as to what a woman should or should not learn, and lets us into the secret of the "high" as opposed to the "low" breeding of that era. The fee for this generous allowance of tuition was twenty pounds a year, though it is hinted that if the pupil made marked improvement "something more" was expected, the amount being left, in the circular, to the discretion and liberality of the parents.

"Those that think these things improbable," concludes this ancient schoolma'am with a certain degree of *naïveté*, "may have further account every Tuesday at Mr. Mahon's Coffee-House in Cornhill, and Thursdays at the 'Bolt and Tun' in Fleete Streete, by some person whom Mrs. Makin shall appoint."

Let us hope that this decayed and accomplished gentlewoman met with due success in her endeavors to raise the educational status of her sex, and did not starve genteelly in doing it.

Toward the latter part of the seventeenth century, the study of the modern languages, as well as of art and music, began to be more fashionable among ladies of the upper middle class, as well as with those of higher birth. In Evelyn's pathetic description of the acquirements and virtues of his daughter Mary, we have an interesting sketch of a genteel, well-trained young lady of the period, — a period when, it must be confessed, society damsels were more noted for the eagerness with which they indulged in the somewhat wild and unrestrained pleasures of the world of fashion than for their absorption in the sober and chastened delights of book-learning. Mr. Evelyn's parental feelings break through his usual reserve and dignity, as he tells us how pious Mary was, how she would read and pray with the servants when they were sick, and how she was but nineteen when she died; she fasted and read good books, keeping a commonplace-book on religious subjects. "She daunced with the greatest grace I had ever seene, and so would her master say," observes the writer; for it is to be noted that religion was no bar to dancing, in those days.

Mistress Mary understood French and Italian, was a great reader of history, and was considered the best pupil of the two most notable music-masters of the

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day, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo; "had an excellent voice to which she played a thorough bass on the harpsichord."

"But alle these are vaine trifles to the virtues which adorn'd her soule . . . deare, sweete, and desirable child," cries the sedate man of the world, whose pride, as well as affection, was wounded by the loss.

Cultivated as Mary Evelyn was, however, it is to be observed that her education was far less deep than that of the learned ladies of a generation or so previous. Accomplishments began to be more thought of, and it not infrequently happened that ladies who could not spell correctly nor cast up the simplest accounts were, according to a certain standard, proficient in music and art, and had a fair if superficial knowledge of the French and Italian languages. An amusing example of this is to be found in the wife of a noted contemporary of Evelyn's, Mr. Samuel Pepys.

It is hard to say which is the more comical, Mr. Pepys's doubts concerning his spouse's yearnings after a higher education, or that lady's spasmodic endeavors to acquaint herself with the accomplishments of polite society. In a desultory way she seems to have attended pretty faithfully to her household duties; but as Mr. Pepys becomes a person of importance, he complains bitterly of her shortcomings in the three R's, though, as he confesses, he had himself considerable difficulty in conquering the mysteries of the "multiplicacion" table. He undertakes, with much condescension, however, to teach her "the globes," and as a preliminary introduces her to arithmetic. "She takes it very well," he remarks affably, as though he knew what a nauseous dose it was. "I hope I shall bring her to understand many fine things." The enthusiasm of both teacher and pupil continued, apparently, for some time afterwards we find husband and wife passing a whole Sunday afternoon in this exciting study, "and she is come to do addition, subtraction and multiplication very well," he observes. This success leads them on to astronomy, in which we hope Mrs. Pepys also arrived at the understanding of "many fine things;" but her matrimonial tutor grows a trifle uneasy at finding his student as eager in the pursuit of the art of dancing as in that of mathematics.

"A little angry with my wife for minding nothing but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly!" And, "In the evening merrily practicing the dance my wife had begun to learn this day, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it because she is conceited that she do it well already, though I think no such thing."

We fear Mrs. Pepys got not a few small snubs of this kind; but she seems to have been of a sanguine and unsnubable disposition, and we next hear of her as an artist, in which *rôle* she appears to have pleased her lord and master better.

"By her beginning, upon some eyes, I think she will do some very fine things," he writes, and afterwards waxes almost enthusiastic over her success, — "beyond what I could have expected of her," he adds frankly, — and is delighted to find that Mrs. Pegg Penn's productions (Mrs. Pegg was William Penn's sister) "fall so far short of my wife's as no comparison."

But we must not linger any longer with the ingenuous Mr. Pepys, tempting though he be with his delightful egotism, his simple frankness, his unblushing criticisms on himself and everybody else. Alas that there should be but one Pepys, as but one Shakespeare!

This airy and superficial style of education continued to be the popular one; pedantry in the fair sex grew still more unfashionable, and in the early part of the next century we find Dr. Johnson thus commenting on the general condi-

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tion of feminine education in his time: "At the time the Tatler first appeared in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured." The doctor, who had no little indulgence for the sex he bullied so unmercifully, and which adored him so generously in return, had rather liberal ideas concerning feminine education.

"Turn your daughter loose into your library," he is reported to have said to Mrs. Sheridan, whose father considered reading and writing quite unnecessary accomplishments for a woman. "If she is well inclined, she will choose only nutritious food; if otherwise, all your precautions will avail nothing at all."

Dick Steele, with the deep interest he always took in the fair sex, — nothing can be more edifying than his moral precepts to the ladies of his day, — wonders why learning is not considered appropriate to women of quality. "Why should reason be left to take care of itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?" he inquires, pertinently enough, it is to be confessed. Then he goes on to show why ladies should be learned; giving their ample leisure, their domesticity, natural or enforced, the *copia verborum* which they possess above the other sex, as reasons for their advancement in different branches of knowledge. "Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbors. Could they talk of the aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they might not comment upon ugliness and clandestine marriages." All which is ingenious and witty enough; but we fear this whimsical cure for gossiping was no more of a success in Steele's day than it would be in ours, notwithstanding the popularity of the higher education of women.

"If truly women had the same advantages" (of education), "I dare not say but they would make as good returns of it as men," cautiously observes the anonymous author of The Ladies' Calling, companion piece to The Whole Duty of Man, whom Ballard declares to have been "a Lady of Quality."

It was a long while, however, before the idea that the ordinary run of womankind could or should have the same advantages as men took any palpable form or gained ground in popular opinion. The Vicar says of Mrs. Primrose that "for breeding there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her." Doubtless this picture was a truthful one. Even in the towns of England the best girls' schools, for the main part, taught little else but fancy-work, dancing, pastry-making, and "deportment;" and well-bred ladies continued to read and spell in a manner that would shame many a servant-girl of to-day. Swift describes the method of feminine education in his time as being "unaccountably wild." Here is the way in which the learned Mrs. Montague talks of contemporary boarding-schools: —

"I believe all boarding-schools are much on the same plan, so you may place the young lady wherever there is a good air and a good dancing-master." And, "What girls learn at boarding-schools is trifling, but they *un*learn what would be of great disservice, — a provincial dialect, which is extremely ungenteel. The carriage of the person is well attended to, and dancing is well taught. As for the French language, I do not think it necessary unless for persons in high life." Although Dr. Johnson considered this lady possessed of the "most amazing powers of ratiocination" and "radiations of intellectual eminence," she seems to have shared the popular prejudices concerning her sex, and declared it more important for a woman to dance a minuet well than to know a foreign language.

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During this era a passion for fancy-work of the most pernicious nature — decorative art of the most Brummagen type — seems to have filled the feminine breast to overflowing. Here is an advertisement of a school kept by a London "gentlewoman," taken from a gazette of 1703, which gives an idea of the way in which school-girls passed their time, and makes one shudder to think of the power they possessed to inflict such works of art on their friends and relations during the remainder of their genteel existences: —

"There is to be taught wax-works of all sorts, — fruits upon trees or in dishes, all manner of confections, flesh, fish, fowl, or anything that can be made of wax." (Here speaks the dauntless artist. Observe, too, the fine indifference as to the natural or artificial affinities of fruit in general!) "Philligree work of any sort; . . . Japanese work; painting on glass; sashes for windows upon sarsnet or transparent paper; straw-work of any sort, as horses, birds, or beasts; shell-work in sconces or flowers; quill-work; gum-work; transparent-work; puff-work; paper-work; tortoise-work; gimp or bugle-work; silver landskips; a sort of work in imitation of Japan" (as if the real Japan would not be bad enough!); "tape-lace; cutting glass; washing lace; pastry of all sorts, with the finest shapes that 's used in London; boning fowl without cutting the back; butter-work; conserving and candying; all sorts of English wines; writing and arithmetic; music and the great end of dancing, which is a good carriage; and several other things. Any who are desirous to learn the above may board with herself at a reasonable rate, or board themselves and come to her."

We have omitted some of the "works" taught at this notable establishment, but have given them in the original order. Without danger of being considered hypercritical, one might venture to think that the ornamental somewhat usurped the useful, in this cheerful curriculum. Note how modestly the humdrum accomplishments of writing and arithmetic bring up the rear. As reading is not mentioned, we presume that the young ladies were supposed already possessed of that art; in fact, that they were merely to be "finished." It is not a little interesting to notice that some of these artistic acquirements have retained their charms, in feminine opinion, to the present day; that "gentlewomen" are still to be found who adorn their homes with shell-work, paper-flowers, and wax-work, even to "fruit in dishes." Certainly Mrs. Makin's endeavors to educate and elevate her sex were better than anything this programme offers; and from other advertisements of the same era, we find it was no exception to the general rule as far as the spirit of the thing went.

"There will be taught the needle, Dauncing, The French tongue, a little music on the Harpsichord, to read, to cast accounts in a small way," runs another, and in all may be observed a curious hesitation in offering to the fair sex anything but the mildest infusion of the rudiments of education or learning, interspersed with what the author of The Ladies' Calling terms "ornamental improvements." To make girls "discreet," the same writer recommends a course of writing, languages, needle-work, a little music, "or the like;" but this difficult and dangerous regimen is to be pursued with caution, as "the proper Feminine business" is the art of "Œconomy and Household Managery."

At a much later date it is a little strange to hear Mrs. Barbauld expressing the same doubt regarding the notion of enlarging the sphere of feminine acquirements: "Young ladies ought only to have such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to men of sense;" and the best mode of gaining such knowledge was, she considered, by means of conversation

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with a father, brother, or friend of the sterner sex. Such sentiments as these must, of course, forever blacken this misguided woman's memory with her sex, especially when we learn further that she thought the notion of colleges for women not only unfeminine, but almost indelicate!

Swift somewhere draws a satirical picture of a girls' college, where, "instead of scissors, needles, and samplers, pens, compasses, quadrants, Greek, Latin, and Hebrew books," are to occupy the time of the fair students. What an amazing change has taken place since those words were written! Little did the ironical dean imagine that such a wild conception would in reality fall far short of the truth; that collegiate training for girls would be an every-day fact; and that a large proportion of the sex would not only cast aside scissors, needles, and samplers as totally unnecessary adjuncts to feminine education, but would become familiar with learning and its implements after a fashion which would seem to the doctor simply miraculous.

L. D. Morgan.

FICTION IN THE PULPIT.

One of the most curious and depressing things about our modern literary criticism is the tendency it has to slide into an ethical criticism before we know what to expect. We go to a Browning Society, for example, — at least some of us who are stout-hearted go, — presumably to hear about Mr. Browning's poetry. What we do hear about is his ethics. Insinuate a doubt as to the artistic setting of a poem, and you are met at once by the spirited counter-statement that the poet has taught us a particularly noble lesson in that particularly noble verse. Push your heresy a step further by hinting that the question at issue is not so much the nobility of the lesson taught as the degree of beauty which has been made manifest in the teaching, and you find yourself in much the same position as that unfortunate Epicurean who strayed wantonly into the lecture-hall of Epictetus, and got philosophically crushed for his presumption. The fiction of the day, a commonplace product for the most part, which surely merits lighter treatment at our hands than poetry even, is subjected to a similar discipline; and the novelist, finding his own importance immensely increased thereby, rises promptly to the emergency, and, with characteristic diffidence, consents to be our guide, philosopher, and friend. It is amusing to hear Bishop Copleston, writing for that young and vivacious generation who knew not the seriousness of life, remind them pointedly that "the task of pleasing is at all times easier than that of instructing." It is delightful to think that there ever was a period when people preferred to be pleased rather than instructed. It is refreshing to go back in spirit to those halcyon days when poets sang of their ladies' eyebrows rather than of the inscrutable problems of fate, and when Mrs. Battle relaxed herself, after a game of whist, over that genial and unostentatious trifle called a novel. Fancy Mrs. Battle relaxing herself to-day over Daniel Deronda, or The Ordeal of Richard Feveril, or The Story of an African Farm!

Vernon Lee, speaking by the mouth of Marcel, that shadowy young Frenchman, who is none the less unpleasant for being so indistinct, would have us believe that this incorrigible habit of ap-

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plying ethical standpoints to artistic questions is merely an English idiosyncrasy, one of those "weird and exquisite moral impressions" which can be gathered only from contact with British soil. But in view of the deductions recently drawn from French and Russian fiction by a leading American critic, we are forced to conclude that true didacticism is an exotic of such rare and subtle excellence as frequently to be mistaken for vice. In fact, it is not its least advantageous peculiarity that a novelist may, on high moral grounds, treat of a great many subjects which he would be compelled rigorously to let alone, if he had no nobler object before him than the mere pleasure and entertainment of his readers. There are no improper novels any longer, because even those that strike the uninitiated as admirably adapted to the spiritual requirements of Commodus or Elagabalus are, in truth, far more moral than morality itself, being set up, like the festering heads of old-time criminals, as a stern warning in the market-place. Zola, we all know, aspires as much to be a teacher as George Eliot. His methods are different, to be sure, but the directing principle is the same. He can neither amuse nor please, but he can and will instruct. "When I have once shown you," he seems to say, "every known detail of every known sin, — and the list, it must be confessed, is a long one, — you will then be glad to walk purely on your appointed path. You will remember what I have described to you, and be cautious." But it may fairly be doubted whether the Spartan boys, whose anxious fathers exhibited to them the drunken Helots sprawling swine-like in the sun, were quite as deeply shocked at the sight as classical history would give us to understand. There are some old-fashioned lines by an old-fashioned poet to the effect that the ugliness of Vice is no especial detriment to her seductions, if we will only look at her often enough to forget it. Probably those Spartan lads, after a few educational experiments, began to think that the Helots, in their reeking filth and bestiality, were rather interesting studies; were experiencing new and perhaps pleasurable emotions; were more comfortable, at all events, than they themselves, sitting stiff and upright at the public table, with a scanty plateful of unpalatable broth; were, in short, having a jolly good time of it, — and why not try for once what such thorough-going drunkenness was like?

This point of view, however, is far too shallow and frivolous to find favor with the serious apostles who are regenerating the world by the simple process of calling old and evil things by new and beautiful names. In the days of our great-grandfathers a novel was simply a novel. Ten chances to one it was not as virtuous as it should have been, in which case the great-grandfathers laughed over it jovially, if they chanced to be light-minded, or shook their heads impressively, if they were disposed to be grave; perhaps even going so far as to lock it up, having previously satisfied their own curiosity, from their equally curious families. But it never occurred to them to make a merit of reading Tom Jones or Humphry Clinker, any more than it occurred to the authors of those ingenious books to pose as illustrative moralists before the world. The men of that robust generation were better able to bear the theory of their amusements, and vices were quite content to flourish shamelessly under their proper names. Cruelty then took the form of pastime, — bear-baiting, badger-drawing, cock-fighting; questionable pleasures, doubtless, yet gentle as the sports of cherubs when compared with the ever-increasing agonies of vivisection, with the ceaseless and nameless experiments of German and Italian scientists, the Fisiologia del Dolore of Professor Mantegazza, all of which horrors are justified and turned into painful duties by our

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new evolutionary morality. Sensuality, too, which used to show itself coarse, smiling, unmasked, and unmistakable, is now serious, analytic, and so burdened with a sense of its responsibilities that it passes muster half the time as a new type of asceticism. The moral animus with which Frenchmen write immoral books is one of the paradoxes of our present system of ethics; and it occasionally happens that the simple-minded reader, failing to appreciate the shadowy elevation of their platform, fancies they are working *con amore* amid their unpromising and unsavory materials. So it was that Mr. Howells startled a great many respectable people by the assurance that Madame Bovary was "one impassioned cry of the austerest morality," when they had innocently supposed it to be something vastly different. Even respectable critics, unemancipated English critics in particular, seem to have been somewhat taken back by the breadth of this definition. Perhaps they recalled Epictetus, — "Austerity should be both cleanly and pleasing," — and considered that Madame Bovary was neither. Perhaps they thought, and with some reason, that never, since Swift's angry eyes were closed in death, has any writer expressed a more harsh and cruel scorn for his fellow-men than Gustave Flaubert, and that concentrated contempt is seldom the most effective weapon for an apostle. Perhaps they were merely conventional enough to fancy that a novel against which even wicked Paris protested was hardly decorous enough for sober London. At all events, it would appear as though a goodly number of stragglers along the path of virtue felt themselves insufficiently advanced for such a difficult and abstruse text-book of ethics.

But in the midst of this universal disclaimer, it never seems to occur to anybody to ask the simple question, Why should Madame Bovary be an impassioned cry of the austerest morality, — why should any novel undertake to be an impassioned cry of morality at all? It is not the office of a novelist to show us how to behave ourselves; it is not the business of fiction to teach us anything. Scientific truths, new forms of religion, the humorous eccentricities of socialism, the countless fads of radical reformers, the proper way to live our own lives, — these matters, which are now objects of such tender regard to the story-teller, form no part of his rightful stock-in-trade. His task is simply to give us pleasure, and his duty is to give it within the not very Puritanical limits prescribed by our modern notions of decency. If he chooses to overstep these limits, an offense against propriety, it is exasperating to have him defended on the score of an ethical purpose, an offense against art; for there is nothing so hopelessly inartistic as to represent the world as worse than it is, or to express a too vehement dissatisfaction with the men who dwell in it. Art is never didactic, does not take kindly to facts, is helpless to grapple with theories, and is killed outright by a sermon. Its knowledge is not that of a school-master, and is not imparted through the severe medium of lessons. It assumes no responsibilities, undertakes no reformation, and, as George Sand neatly points out, proves nothing. What are we to learn, she asks, from Paul and Virginia? Merely that youth, friendship, love, and the tropics are beautiful things when St. Pierre describes them. What from Faust? Only that science, human life, fantastic images, profound, graceful, or terrible ideas, are wonderful things when Goethe makes out of them a sublime and moving picture. This sounds like high authority for Mr. Oscar Wilde's latest and most ingenious heresy, that Nature gains her true distinction from being reproduced, with necessary modifications, by Art; that too close a copy of the original is fatal to the perfection of the younger and fairer sister; that the insignificant

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and sordid types in which Nature takes such reprehensible delight are to be, if possible, forgotten, rather than dandled into insulting prominence; and that not all the dreary vices of the most drearily vicious man or woman whom Zola ever drew can give that man or woman a right to breathe in the tranquil air of fiction. As for accepting inartistic and repellent sinners for the sake of the moral lesson which may or may not be drawn from their sin, Mr. Wilde is as prompt as De Quincey himself to repudiate any such utilitarian theory. "If you insist on my telling you what is the moral of the Iliad," says De Quincey, "I must insist on your telling me what is the moral of a rattlesnake or the moral of Niagara. I suppose the moral is, that you must get out of their way if you mean to moralize much longer."

But this light-hearted flippancy on the part of the critic was only possible, or at least was only acceptable, in those days when the novelist had not yet awakened to his serious duties in life. Content, for the most part, to tell a story, he barely remembered now and then, in the beginning may be, or at the end, that there was such a thing as an ethical purpose in existence. Even Richardson, the father of English didactic fiction, was but an indifferent parent, starting out with a great many gallant promises on behalf of his offspring, and easily forgetting all about them. Miss Burney was as cheerfully unconscious of her own grave obligations to society as was Miss Austen; while in those few lines with which Sir Walter Scott closes The Heart of Mid-Lothian — lines addressed to the "reader," and containing some irrefutable but not very original remarks about the happiness of virtue and the infelicity of vice — we see an almost pathetic avowal on the part of the great novelist that, in the mere delight of telling his beautiful and best loved tale, he had well-nigh lost sight of any moral lesson it might be fitted to convey, and was trying at the last moment to make amends for this deficiency. Imagine George Eliot forgetting, or permitting her readers to forget, the moral lesson of Adam Bede, when every fresh development of character or of narrative has for its conscious purpose the driving home of hard and bitter truths. No need for the authoress of Romola to wind up her story with that paragraph of excellent advice to poor little Lillo, who is after all rather young to profit by it; while we who have followed Tito from his first joyous entrance into Florence to that last dreadful moment when, floating, bruised, beautiful, and helpless, down the Arno, he opens his dying eyes to meet the horror of Baldassarre's vengeance, — we surely do not require to be warned afresh against the unpardonable sin of making things easy for ourselves. In the pathetic history of the marred and broken lives of Middlemarch, in the darker and harsher tragedy of Daniel Deronda, we see forever present upon each succeeding page the underlying motive of the tale; we hear George Eliot listening, as Morley says, to the sound of her own voice, and announcing as distinctly as she announced in life that her function is that of the æsthetic teacher, to rouse the nobler emotions which make mankind desire the social right.

If the test of the true artist be to conceal his art, then this transparently didactic purpose is fatal to the perfection of any work claiming to spring from the imagination. It is impossible to preach a sermon out of the mouth of fiction without making the fiction subordinate to the sermon, and thus at once destroying the just proportions of a story, and forfeiting that subtle sympathy with life as it is which gives to every artistic masterpiece its admirable air of self-sufficing and harmonious repose. "I always tremble when I see a philosophical idea attached to a novel,"

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said Sainte-Beuve, who was spared by the kindly hand of death from the sight of countless novels attached to philosophical ideas. Charles Lamb, with that unerring intuition which was the most wonderful thing about his indolent, luminous genius, recognized, even in the comparative sunlight of his day, the growing shadow of a speculative, disciplinal, analytic literature which should sadly overrate its own responsibilities and importance. "We turn away," he said, "from the real essences of things to hunt after their relative shadows, moral duties; whereas, if the truth of things were fairly represented, the relative duties might be safely trusted to themselves, and moral philosophy lose the name of a science." No one understood more thoroughly than Lamb that the purely natural point of view, as apart from the purely ethical point of view, supplies the proper basis for all imaginative writing. "I have lived to grow into an indecent character," he sighed, struggling with whimsical dejection to comprehend the new forces at work; sometimes protesting angrily against the "Puritanical obtuseness, the stupid, infantile goodness, which is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions and virtues clad in flesh and blood;" sometimes contemplating, with humorously lowered eyelids, "the least little men who spend their time and lose their wits in chasing nimble and retiring Truth, to the extreme perturbation and drying up of the moistures."

"On court, hélas! après la vérité;
Ah! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite."

But if modern novelists are disposed to sacrifice their art to a conscious ethical purpose, to write fiction, as Mr. Oscar Wilde wittily says, "as though it were a painful duty," it can hardly be denied that they are giving the public what the public craves; that they are on the safe side of criticism, and have chosen their position wisely, if not well. Should any one feel inclined to doubt this, it might be a convincing and salutary exercise to re-read as swiftly as possible a few of the numerous essays and reviews which followed closely on George Eliot's death, and which have not altogether vanished from the literary market now. With one or two distinct and admirable exceptions, they deal almost exclusively with the didactic aspect of her novels; they weigh and balance every social theory, every spiritual problem, every moral lesson, to be extracted from her pages; they take her as seriously as she took herself, and give their keenest praise to those precise qualities which marred the artistic perfection of her work. I have myself counted the obnoxious word "ethics" six times repeated in the opening paragraph of one review, and have felt too deeply disheartened by such an outset to penetrate any further. On the other hand, her dramatic power, her subtle insight, her masterly style, her warm and vivid pictures of a life that has touched us so closely, the exquisite art with which her earlier tales are constructed, and, above and beyond all, her delicious and inimitable humor, — these things appear to be regarded as mere minor details, useful perhaps and pleasing, but strictly subordinate to the nobler endowments of her spirit. That some of us endure George Eliot the teacher for the sake of George Eliot the story-teller is a truth too painful to be put often into words. That little Maggie Tulliver spelling out the examples in the Latin grammar, and secretly delighted at her own amazing cleverness, enables some of us to support the processional virtues of Romola and the deadly priggishness of Daniel Deronda is a melancholy fact which perhaps it would be wiser to ignore. Maggie, as we are aware, has deeply shocked the sensitive nature of Mr. Swinburne by her grossness in falling in love with Stephen, for no better reason, apparently, than because he was the first big, and strong, and handsome man she had ever known. That wonderful scene on the boat, with

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its commonplace setting and strained intensity of emotion; the short, sad, rapturous flight; the few misty hours of passionate dreaming which made poor Maggie's little share of earthly happiness, have branded her so deeply in the sight of this hardened moralist that even her bitter agony of renunciation and her final triumph have failed to win her pardon. With what chastened severity and with what an animated vocabulary he condemns the "revolting avowal" of her love, the "hideous transformation," the "vulgar and brutal outrage," the "radical and moral plague-spot," which debases her into something too vile for pity or redemption! Verily this is the squeamishness of the true ascetic who has somehow mistaken his vocation, and there will be a scant allowance of cakes and ale for any of us when it is Mr. Swinburne's turn to be virtuous.

As for the humor of George Eliot's novels, that mysterious humor which she herself was not humorous enough to appreciate, it deserves better treatment at our hands, were it only for the sake of its valuable adaptability, were it only because it is pliant enough to fit in all the time with our own duller imaginings, and to afford a basis and an illustration for our own inadequate thoughts. From what depths of her sombre nature came those arrow-points tipped with fire, or, choicer still, those tempered shafts of reflective ridicule which are kindly enough to win our unhesitating acquiescence? With what pleasure we are reminded that "people who live at a distance are naturally less faulty than those immediately under our own eyes, and it seems superfluous, when we consider the geographical position of the Ethiopians, and how very little the Greeks had to do with them, to inquire further why Homer calls them 'blameless'"! Surely, to express a truth humorously is to rob that truth of all offensive qualities, and Lucian himself would be prepared to admit that, in a case like this, it is almost as pleasant as falsehood. But to beguile us into the grateful shades of fiction, as Jael beguiled Sisera into the shelter of her tent, and then, with deadly purpose, to transfix us with a truth as sharp and cruel as the nail with which Jael slew her guest, is a dastardly betrayal of confidence. When a novelist undertakes to sit in judgment upon his characters for the sake of illustrating some moral lesson with which he has no need to concern himself, he rudely breaks the mystic web of illusion, and destroys the charm which binds us to his side. What is it that gives to Henry Esmond its supreme artistic value, if not the fact that Thackeray for once sank himself out of sight; was content for once to look at things with Esmond's gentler eyes, to judge of things with Esmond's tolerant soul; and for once forbore to whip his actors through the play like criminals at the cart-tail? On the other hand, what whimsical sense of responsibility induced Bulwer to elaborate a character like Randal Leslie, only to make of him an educational sign-post, after the approved fashion of Miss Edgeworth's Early Lessons? Judged by a purely ethical standard, Randal no doubt merited his failure; judged by the standard of his ability and energy, Reynard the Fox was as little likely to fail; and though Mr. Froude tells us that "women, with their clear moral insight, have no sympathy with Reynard's successful villainy," yet I doubt whether we should really like to see him outwitted by a fool like Bruin, or beaten by a bully like Isegrim. He is a terrible scamp, to be sure, but the charm of the situation is that we are not compelled to watch it from a jury-box.

Now the disadvantage of being at once a novelist and a teacher is that you have no neutral ground from which to observe your characters, no friendly appreciation of things or people as you find them. What the artist accepts with

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delicate sympathy, though with no pretense at justification, the moralist must either justify or condemn. The first course is common enough, and produces a class of literature essentially vicious because of its very limitations, — six deadly sins held up to public execration, and the seventh presented to us tenderly as an ill-understood and sadly calumniated virtue. The second course — that of implied condemnation — is equally open to a Sunday-school story or to the least decorous of French novels; both have for their avowed object the pillorying of vice, and both put forward this claim as a reasonable excuse for existence. But art has no pillory, no stocks, no whipping-post, no exclusive methods for fixing our attention upon sin. Art gives us Lady Macbeth and Iago, and gives them to us without reproaches, without extenuation, and without any attempt to reform. It is less painful to watch the irresistible development of their respective crimes than to hear Thackeray lashing with bitter scorn some poor sinner stumbling through the mazes of worldly wickedness, or to see George Eliot pursuing one of her own creations with inextinguishable severity and contempt. There is something paralyzing in the cold anger with which Rosamond Vincy is branded and shamed; there is something appalling in the conscientious vindictiveness with which Tito is hunted down, step by step, to his final retribution. That delightful essayist, Mr. Karl Hillebrand, whose keenly artistic nature is about as much at home among modern theories as a strayed Faun in a button factory, has given us a half-humorous, half-despairing picture of some old acquaintances under the new dispensation: of Manon Lescaut threatened with Charlotte Brontë's birch-rod; of Squire Western opening his startled eyes as Zola proceeds to detail for his benefit the latest and most highly realistic study of delirium tremens; of Falstaff, whom that losel Shakespeare treated so indulgently, listening abashed to George Eliot's scathing denunciations. "For really, Sir John," he hears her say, "you have no excuse whatever. If you were a poor devil who had never had any but bad examples before your eyes! — but you have had all the advantages which destiny can give to man on his way through life. Are you not born of a good family? Have you not had at Oxford the best education England is able to give to her children? Have you not had the highest connections? And, nevertheless, how low you have fallen! Do you know why? I have warned my Tito over and over again against it: because you have always done that only which was agreeable to you, and have shunned everything that was unpleasant."

This sounds like sad trifling to our sober and orthodox ears, but it is not more audacious, on the whole, than the pathetic lamentations of Mr. Oscar Wilde over the career of Charles Reade: the most disheartening, he protests, in all literature; "wasted in a foolish attempt to be modern, and to draw attention to the state of our convict prisons and the management of private lunatic asylums. Charles Dickens was depressing enough, in all conscience, when he tried to arouse our sympathy for the victims of the poor-law administration; but Charles Reade, an artist, a scholar, a man with a true sense of beauty, raging and roaring over the abuses of modern life like a common pamphleteer or a sensational journalist, is really a sight for the angels to weep over." It is just possible that whatever personal interest the angelic hosts take in our earthly lot may be directed to philanthropy rather than to literature; but for the idle and inglorious mortal the protest holds a world of truth and meaning. Reade, as a reformer, is melancholy company; and Dickens is inexpressibly dismal when he drags the Chancery business into Bleak House, and the pauper dinner-

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table into Oliver Twist, and that dreary caricature, the Circumlocution Office, into Little Dorrit. If these things really accomplished the good that is claimed for them, it was dearly bought by the weariness of so many millions of readers. "A fiction contrived to support an opinion is a vicious composition," said Jeffrey, who was as apt in his general criticisms as he was awkward in their particular applications, and who lived before the era of serious and educational novels. To-day we have the unhesitating assertion of Mr. Howells that one of Tolstoï's highest claims to our consideration is his steadfast teaching "that all war, private and public, is a sin." Mr. Ruskin, it may be remembered, holds somewhat different views: "There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on war." Yet as every man is entitled to his own opinion in such matters, there is no reason why we should quarrel with either the Russian or the Englishman for their chosen principles. But Ruskin is no greater as an essayist because he approves of war, and Tolstoï gains nothing as a novelist because he adheres to peace. The glory of the battle-field, its pathos and its horror, are all fitting subjects for the artist's pen or pencil. He may stir our blood and rouse our fighting instincts, like Homer or Scott; or he may move us to pity, and sorrow, and shame by the revelation of all the shattered hopes and bitter agonies that lie beyond. But his own greatness depends exclusively on his treatment of the subject, and not on his point of view. Who knows and who cares what De Neuville thinks of war? He paints for us a handful of men roused at dawn, and rushing gallantly to their deaths, and we feel our hearts beat high as we look at them. The terror, the awfulness, the self-forgetting courage, the gay defiance of battle, all are there, imprisoned mysteriously in the artistic grouping of a few blue-coated soldiers. But Verestchagin, who aspires to teach us the wickedness of war, is powerless to thrill us in this manner. He is probably sincere in his opinions, and he has striven hard to give them form and expression, but, lacking the artistic impulse, he has for the most part striven in vain. His huge canvases, packed with dead and dying, are less impressive, less solemn, less painful even, from their monotonous overcrowding, than a single zouave, whose wounds De Neuville has no need to emphasize with vast expenditure of vermilion, when the faintness of a mortal agony draws his weary body to the earth. "All real power," says Ruskin, "lies in delicacy." To trouble the senses is an easy task, but it is through the imagination only that we receive any strong and lasting impressions, and no sincerity of purpose can suffice to turn a crude didacticism into art.

It is hard to analyze the peculiar nature of the claims asserted and upheld by the disciples of modern realism. They are not content with the splendid position which is theirs by right, — not content with the admirable work they have done, and the hold they have secured on the sympathies of our earnest, rationalistic, and unimaginative age; but they assume in some subtle and incomprehensible way that their school is based upon man's love and appreciation for his fellow-creatures. If we would but look upon all men as our brothers, it is plainly hinted, all men would be of equal interest to us, and it is our duty, as nineteenth-century citizens, to accept and cherish this universal relationship. To the perpetual sounding of the humanitarian note there are some, it is true, who answer, with Vernon Lee's very amusing and very wicked skeptic, that "the new-fangled bore called mankind is as great a plague as the old-fashioned nuisance called a soul;" but there are others who, finding themselves in full possession of a conscience, stoutly maintain that they love their undis-

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tinguished brother none the less because they weary of his society in literature and art. It was Ruskin, for example, who sneered at George Eliot's characters as the "sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus," — a terrible misapplication of an inspired phrase; but Ruskin is the last man in Christendom who can be accused of an indifference to his fellow-men. His whole life is a sufficient refutation of the charge. Voltaire is responsible for the statement that the world is full of people who are not worth knowing. Yet Voltaire was forever restlessly espousing some popular cause, forever interesting himself in the supposed welfare of these eminently undesirable associates. What he thought, and what he was quite right in thinking, is that we gain nothing, intellectually or spiritually, from the mass of men and women with whom we come in contact; and that it is wiser to fix our attention upon graceful and exalted types than to go on forever, as Charles Lamb expressed it, "encouraging each other in mediocrity."

The present stand of realism, however, is but one more phase of the intrusion of ethics upon art, — the assumption that I cannot have a sincere regard for the welfare of my washerwoman if I do not care for her company either in a book or out of it. Tubs have grown in favor since the day when Wordsworth was compelled, "in deference to the opinion of friends," to substitute an impossible turtle-shell for the homely vessel in which the blind Highland boy set sail on Loch Leven. All classes and all people, I am now given to understand, are of supreme interest to the loving student of human nature, and it is a "narrow conservatism" — chilling phrase — that seeks to limit the artist's field of action. But as limiting the artist's field of action is practically impossible, and not often essayed, it is hard to understand what the respective schools of fiction find to fight over, and why this new battle of the books should be raging as fiercely as if there were any visible cause of war. It is not an orderly and well-appointed battle, either, confined to the ranks of critics and reviewers, but a free skirmish, where everybody who has written a novel rushes in and plays an active part. Conflicting opinions rattle around our heads like hail, and the voice of the peacemaker, — Mr. Andrew Lang, — protesting that all schools are equally good, is lost in the universal clamor. The only point on which any two sharp-shooters appear to agree is in laying the blame for the "unmanly timidity of English fiction" — a timidity not always so apparent as it might be — on the shoulders of women, who, it seems, will have all novels modeled to suit themselves, and who, with the arrogance of supreme power, have reversed the political situation, and deprived mankind of their vote. This is the opinion of Rider Haggard, and also of Vernon Lee, who asserts that "the ethics of fiction are framed entirely for the benefit or the detriment of women," and that its enforced morality — a defect which, to do her justice, she is striving her best to eradicate — is fatal to its mission in life.

But that fiction has a mission nobody dares to doubt; that its ethics are of paramount importance nobody dares to deny. It devotes itself in all seriousness to our moral and intellectual welfare; and if, now and then, we are reminded of Sydney Smith, who would rather Mr. Perceval had whipped his boys and saved his country, we stifle the sinful impulse, and turn to biography and history for recreation, for that purely imaginative element which places no tax upon our conscience or credulity. Yet we may at least remember that all natures do not develop on the same lines; that all goodness is not comprised within certain recognized virtues, or limited to certain fields of thought. Tolstoï, a figure on a grand scale, "filled with

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pity for the oppressed, the poor, and the lowly," has manifested the sincerity of his creed by a life of hard work and hearty renunciation. But Sir Walter Scott, the Tory, the "feudalist," content to take the world as he found it, and to believe that whatever is is right, proved himself no less the friend and benefactor of his kind. The halo round his head is not that of genius only, but of love, — love freely given and abundantly returned. The anxious whisper of the London workmen, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where *he* is lying?" the rapturous cry of the little deformed tailor who, with his last breath, sobbed out, "The Lord bless and reward you!" and, falling back, expired, — these are the sounds that ring through generations to bear witness to man's fidelity to man.

> "For the might
> Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes,"

sang Wordsworth, with whom affectionate hyperbole was hardly a common fault. It cannot be that Mr. Howells believes in his heart that American children need to be warned against Sir Walter's errors, and that it is the duty of American parents to give this solemn warning. Consider that it is only in youth that our imagination triumphs vividly over realities, — a triumph short-lived enough, but rich in fruits for the future. The time comes all too soon when we doubt, and question, and make room in our puzzled minds for the opinions of many men. Ah, leave to the child at least his clear, intuitive, unbiased enjoyment, his sympathy with things that have been! He is not so easily hurt as we suppose; he is strong in his elastic ignorance, and has no need of a pepsin pill with every mouthful of literary food he swallows. Mental hygiene, it is said, is apt to lead to mental valetudinarianism; but if we are to turn our very nurseries into hot-beds of prigs, we may say once more what was said when Chapelain published his portentous epic, that "a new horror has been added to the accomplishment of reading."

Agnes Repplier.

THE PLAINT OF THE ROSE.

SAID the budding Rose, "All night
Have I dreamed of the joyous light:
How long doth my lash delay!
Come, Dawn, and kiss from mine eyes away
The dewdrops cold and the shadows gray,
That hide thee from my sight!"

Said the full-blown Rose, "O Light!
(So fair to the dreamer's sight!)
How long doth the day delay!
Come back, sweet sister, shadows gray,
And lead me home from the world away,
To the calm of the cloister Night!"

John B. Tabb.

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THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XXVIII.

On their way to Florence, Julia Dallow and Mrs. Gresham spent three days in Paris, where Peter Sherringham had as much conversation with his sister as it often befell one member of that family to have with another. That is, on two different occasions he enjoyed half an hour's gossip with her in her sitting-room at the hotel. On one of these occasions he took the liberty of asking her whether or no, definitely, she meant to marry Nick Dormer. Julia expressed to him that she was much obliged for his interest, but that Nick and she were nothing more than relations and good friends. "He wants to marry you, tremendously," Peter remarked; to which Mrs. Dallow simply made answer, "Well, then, he may want."

After this they sat silent for some moments, as if the subject had been quite threshed out between them. Peter felt no impulse to penetrate further, for it was not a habit of the Sherringhams to talk with each other of their love-affairs; and he was conscious of the particular deterrent that he and Julia had, in general, so different a way of feeling that they could never go far together in discussion. He liked her and was sorry for her, thought her life lonely, and wondered she did n't make a "great" marriage. Moreover, he pitied her for being without the interests and consolations that he had found substantial: those of the intellectual, the studious order he considered these to be, not knowing how much she supposed that she reflected and studied, or what an education she had found in her political aspirations, regarded by him as scarcely more a personal part of her than the livery of her servants or the jewels George Dallow's money had bought. Her relations with Nick were unfathomable to him; but they were not his affair. No affair of Julia's was sufficiently his to justify him in an attempt to understand it. That there should have been any question of her marrying Nick was the anomaly to him, rather than that the question should have been dropped. He liked his clever cousin very well as he was — enough to have a vague sense that he might be spoiled by being altered into a brother-in-law. Moreover, though he was not perhaps distinctly conscious of this, Peter pressed lightly on Julia's doings, from a tacit understanding that in this case she would let him off as easily. He could not have said exactly what it was that he judged it pertinent to be let off from; perhaps from irritating inquiry as to whether he had given any more tea-parties for young ladies connected with the theatre.

Peter's forbearance, however, did not bring him all the security he prefigured. After an interval he indeed went so far as to ask Julia if Nick had been wanting in respect to her; but this was a question intended for sympathy, not for control. She answered, "Dear, no — though he 's very provoking." Thus Peter guessed that they had had a quarrel, in which it did n't concern him to interpose: he added the epithet and her flight from England together, and they made up, to his perception, one of the little magnified embroilments which do duty for the real in superficial lives. It was worse to provoke Julia than not, and Peter thought Nick's doing so not particularly characteristic of his versatility for good. He might wonder why she did n't marry the member for Harsh, if the subject had come up; but he wondered still more why Nick did n't marry

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her. Julia said nothing, again, as if to give him a chance to make some inquiry which would save her from gushing; but as his idea appeared to be to change the subject, and as he changed it only by silence, she was reduced to resuming presently —

"I should have thought you would have come over to see your friend the actress."

"Which of my friends? I know so many actresses," Peter rejoined.

"The woman you inflicted on us in this place a year ago — the one who is in London now."

"Oh, Miriam Rooth? I should have liked to come over, but I have been tied fast. Have you seen her?"

"Yes, I've seen her."

"Do you like her?"

"Not at all."

"She has a lovely voice," Peter hazarded, after a moment.

"I don't know anything about her voice — I have n't heard it."

"But she does n't act in pantomime, does she?"

"I don't know anything about her acting. I saw her in private — in Nick Dormer's studio."

"In Nick Dormer's studio? What was she doing there?"

"She was sprawling over the room and staring at me."

If Mrs. Dallow had wished to "draw" her brother, it is probable that at this point she suspected she had succeeded, in spite of the care he took to divest his tone of everything like emotion in uttering the words: "Why, does he know her so well? I did n't know."

"She is sitting to him for her portrait; at least she was then."

"Oh, yes, I remember: I put him up to that. I 'm greatly interested. Is the portrait good?"

"I have n't the least idea — I did n't look at it. I dare say it 's clever," Julia added.

"How in the world does Nick find time to paint?"

"I don't know. That horrid man brought her."

"What horrid man?" Peter demanded.

"The one Nick thinks so clever — the fat, vulgar man who was at your place that day and tried to talk to me. I remember he abused theatrical people to me — as if I cared anything about them. But he has, apparently, something to do with this girl."

"Oh, I recollect him — I had a discussion with him," Peter said.

"How could you? I must go and dress," Julia went on.

"He *was* clever, remarkably. Miss Rooth and her mother were old friends of his, and he was the first person to speak of them to me."

"What a distinction! I thought him disgusting!" exclaimed Mrs. Dallow, who was pressed for time and who had now got up.

"Oh, you 're severe," said Peter; but as they separated she had given him something to think of.

That Nick was painting a beautiful actress was, no doubt, in part at least, the reason why he was provoking and why his most intimate female friend had come abroad. The fact did not render him provoking to Peter Sherringham: on the contrary, Peter had been quite sincere when he qualified it as interesting. It became, indeed, on reflection, so interesting that it had perhaps almost as much to do with Sherringham's rush over to London as it had to do with Julia's coming away. Reflection taught Peter, further, that the matter was altogether a delicate one, and suggested that it was odd he should be mixed up with it, in fact, when, as Julia's business, he had wished only to keep out of it. It was his own business a little, too: there was, somehow, a still more pointed implication of that in his sister's saying to him the next day that she wished immensely

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he would take a fancy to Biddy Dormer. She said more: she said there had been a time when she believed he *had* done so — believed too that the poor child herself had believed the same. Biddy was far away the nicest girl she knew — the dearest, sweetest, cleverest, *best*, and one of the prettiest creatures in England, which never spoiled anything. She would make as charming a wife as ever a man had, suited to any position, however high, and (Julia did n't mind mentioning it, since Peter would believe it whether she mentioned it or no) was so predisposed in his favor that he would have no trouble at all. In short, she herself would see him through — she would answer for it that he would only have to speak. Biddy's life at home was horrid: she was very sorry for her; she was worthy of a better fate. Peter wondered what constituted the horridness of Biddy's life, and perceived that it mainly arose from the fact that Julia disliked Lady Agnes and Grace; profiting comfortably by the freedom to do so conferred upon her by her having given them a house of which she had perhaps not felt the want till they were in possession of it. He knew she had always liked Biddy, but he asked himself (this was the rest of his wonder) why she had taken to liking her so extraordinarily just now. He liked her himself — he even liked to be talked to about her, and he could believe everything Julia said: the only thing that mystified him was her motive for suddenly saying it. He assured her that he was infinitely indebted to her for her expenditure of imagination on his behalf, but that he was very sorry if he had ever put it into any one's head (most of all into the girl's own) that he had looked at Biddy with a covetous eye. He knew not whether she would make a good wife, but he liked her quite too much to wish to put such a delicate matter to the test. She was surely not intended for rough experiments. As it happened, he was not thinking of marrying any one — he had ever so many reasons against it. Of course one was never safe against accidents, but one could at least take precautions, and he did n't mind telling her that there were several he *had* taken.

"I don't know what you mean, but it seems to me quite the best precaution would be to care for a charming, steady girl like Biddy," Mrs. Dallow replied. "Then you would be quite in shelter, you would know the worst that can happen to you, and it would n't be bad." The objection Peter had made to this argument is not important, especially as it was not remarkably candid; it need only be mentioned that before he and Julia parted she said to him, still in reference to Bridget Dormer: "Do go and see her, and be nice to her: she 'll save you disappointments."

These last words reverberated in Sherringham's mind; there was a shade of the portentous in them, and they seemed to proceed from a larger knowledge of the subject than he himself as yet possessed. They were not absent from his memory when, in the beginning of May, availing himself, to save time, of the night service, he crossed from Paris to London. He arrived before the breakfast hour, and went to his sister's house in Great Stanhope Street, where he always found quarters, whether she were in town or not. If she were at home she welcomed him, and if she were not the unoccupied, bored servants hailed him as a godsend. In either case his allowance of space was large and his independence complete. He had obtained permission, this year, to take in fractions instead of as a single draught the leave of absence to which he was entitled; and there was, moreover, a question of his being transferred to another embassy, in which event he believed that he might count upon a month or two in England before proceeding to his new post.

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He waited, after breakfast, but a very few minutes before jumping into a hansom and rattling away to the north. A part of his waiting, indeed, consisted of a fidgety walk up Bond Street, during which he looked at his watch three or four times while he paused at shop windows for fear of being a little early. In the cab, as he rolled along, after having given an address — Balaklava Place, St. John's Wood — the fear that he should be too early took, curiously, at moments, the form of a fear that he should be too late: a symbol of the inconsistencies of which his spirit at present was full. Peter Sherringham was nervous, too nervous for a diplomatist, and haunted with inclinations, and indeed with purposes, which contradicted each other. He wanted to be out of it and yet he dreaded not to be in it, and on this particular occasion the sense of exclusion made him sore. At the same time he was not unconscious of the impulse to stop his cab and make it turn round and drive due south. He saw himself launched in the fact while he sat morally ensconced in the theory, and he had the intelligence to perceive how little these two faces of the same idea had in common. However, as the sense of movement encouraged him to reflect, theory was a poor affair if it remained mere inaction. Yet from the moment it turned to action it manifestly could only be the particular action in which he was engaged; so that he was in the absurd position of thinking his behavior more complete for the reason that it was directly opposed to his intentions.

He had kept away from London ever since Miriam Rooth came over; resisting curiosity, sympathy, importunate haunting passion, and considering that his resistance, founded, to be salutary, on a general scheme of life, was the greatest success he had yet achieved. He was deeply occupied with plucking up the feeling that attached him to her, and he had already, by various little ingenuities, loosened some of its roots. He suffered her to make her first appearance on any stage without the comfort of his voice or the applause of his hand; saying to himself that the man who could do the more could do the less, and that such an act of fortitude was a proof he should keep straight. It was not exactly keeping straight to run over to London three months later, and, the hour he arrived, scramble off to Balaklava Place; but, after all, he pretended only to be human, and aimed, in behavior, only at the heroic, not at the monstrous. The highest heroism was half tact. He had not written to Miriam that he was coming to England and would call upon her at eleven o'clock in the morning, because it was his secret pride that he had ceased to correspond with her. Sherringham took his prudence where he could find it, and in doing so was rather like a drunkard who should flatter himself that he had forsworn liquor because he did n't touch lemonade.

It is an example of how much he was drawn in different directions at once that when, on reaching Balaklava Place, and alighting at the door of a small much-ivied house which resembled a gate-lodge bereft of its park, he learned that Miss Rooth had only a quarter of an hour before quitted the spot with her mother (they had gone to the theatre, to a rehearsal, said the maid who answered the bell he had set tinkling behind a dingy plastered wall) — when at the end of his pilgrimage he was greeted by a disappointment he suddenly found himself relieved and, for the moment, even saved. Providence was after all taking care of him, and he submitted to Providence. He would still be watched over, doubtless, even if he should follow the two ladies to the theatre, send in his card, and obtain admission to the histrionic workshop. All his old technical interest in the girl's development flamed up again, and he wondered what she

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was rehearsing, what she was to do next. He got back into his hansom and drove down the Edgware Road. By the time he reached the Marble Arch he had changed his mind again — he had determined to let Miriam alone for that day. The day would be over at eight o'clock in the evening (he hardly played fair), and then he should consider himself free. Instead of going to the theatre he drove to a shop in Bond Street, to take a place for the play. On first coming out he had tried, at one of those establishments strangely denominated "libraries," to get a stall, but the people to whom he applied were unable to accommodate him — they had not a single seat left. His second attempt, at another "library," was more successful; he was unable to obtain a stall, but by a miracle he might have a box. There was a certain wantonness in paying for a box to see a play on which he had already expended four hundred pounds; but while he was mentally measuring this abyss an idea came into his head which flushed the extravagance with a slight rose-tint.

Peter came out of the shop with the voucher for the box in his pocket, turned into Piccadilly, noted that the day was growing warm and fine, felt glad that this time he had no business, unless it were business to leave a card or two on official people, and asked himself where he should go if he did n't go after Miriam. Then it was that it struck him as most acutely desirable, and even most important, that he should see Nick Dormer's portrait of her. He wondered which would be the natural place at that hour of the day to look for the artist. The House of Commons was perhaps the nearest one, but Nick, incongruous as his proceedings certainly were, probably did n't keep the picture there; and, moreover, it was not generally characteristic of him to be in the nearest place. The end of Peter's debate was that he again entered a hansom and drove to Calcutta Gardens. The hour was early for calling, but cousins with whom one's intercourse was mainly conducted by chaff would accept it as a practical illustration of that method. And if Julia wanted him to be nice to Biddy (which was exactly, though with a different view, what he wanted himself), what could be nicer than to pay his visit to Lady Agnes (he would have, in decency, to go to see her some time), at a friendly, fraternizing hour, when they would all be likely to be at home?

Unfortunately, as it turned out, they were not at home, and Peter was reduced to conversation with the butler, who was, however, more luckily, an old friend. Her ladyship and Miss Dormer were absent from town, paying a visit; and Mr. Dormer was also away, or was on the point of going away for the day. Miss Bridget was in London, but was out: Peter's informant mentioned with earnest vagueness that he thought she had gone somewhere to take a lesson. On Peter's asking what sort of lesson he meant, he replied, "Oh, I think — a — the — a — sculpture, you know, sir." Peter knew, but Biddy's lesson in "a — sculpture" (it sounded, on the butler's lips, like a fashionable new art) struck him a little as a mockery of the benevolent spirit in which he had come to look her up. The man had an air of participating respectfully in his disappointment, and, to make up for it, added that he might perhaps find Mr. Dormer at his other address. He had gone out early, and had directed his servant to come to Rosedale Road in an hour or two with a portmanteau; he was going down to Beauclere in the course of the day, Mr. Carteret being ill — perhaps Mr. Sherringham did n't know it. Perhaps, too, Mr. Sherringham would catch him in Rosedale Road before he took his train — he was to have been busy there for an hour. This was worth trying, and Peter immediately drove to Rosedale Road; where, in answer to his

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ring, the door was opened to him by Biddy Dormer.

XXIX.

When Biddy saw him her cheek exhibited the prettiest pleased, surprised red that he had ever observed there, though he was not unacquainted with its fluctuations, and she stood still, smiling at him with the outer dazzle in her eyes, making no motion for him to enter. She only said, "Oh, Peter!" And then, "I 'm all alone."

"So much the better, dear Biddy. Is that any reason I should n't come in?"

"Dear, no — do come in. You 've just missed Nick; he has gone to the country — half an hour ago." She had on a large apron, and in her hand she carried a small stick, besmeared, as his quick eye saw, with modeling-clay. She dropped the door and fled back before him into the studio, where, when he followed her, she was in the act of flinging a cloth over a rough head, in clay, which, in the middle of the room, was supported on a high wooden stand. The effort to hide what she had been doing before he caught a glimpse of it made her redder still, and led to her smiling more, to her laughing with a charming confusion of shyness and gladness. She rubbed her hands on her apron, she pulled it off, she looked delightfully awkward, not meeting Peter's eye, and she said: "I 'm just scraping here a little — you must n't mind me. What I do is awful, you know. Peter, please don't look. I 've been coming here lately to make my little mess, because mamma does n't particularly like it at home. I 've had a lesson from a lady who exhibits; but you would n't suppose it, to see what I do. Nick 's so kind; he lets me come here; he uses the studio so little; I do what I please. What a pity he 's gone — he would have been so glad. I 'm really alone — I hope you don't mind. Peter, *please* don't look."

Peter was not bent upon looking; his eyes had occupation enough in Biddy's own agreeable aspect, which was full of an unusual element of domestication and responsibility. Though she had taken possession, by exception, of her brother's quarters, she struck her visitor as more at home and more herself than he had ever seen her. It was the first time she had been, to his vision, so separate from her mother and sister. She seemed to know this herself, and to be a little frightened by it — just enough to make him wish to be reassuring. At the same time, Peter also, on this occasion, found himself touched with diffidence, especially after he had gone back and closed the door and settled down to a regular visit; for he became acutely conscious of what Julia had said to him in Paris, and was unable to rid himself of the suspicion that it had been said with Biddy's knowledge. It was not that he supposed his sister had told the girl that she meant to do what she could to make him propose to her: that would have been cruel to her (if she liked him enough to consent), in Julia's uncertainty. But Biddy participated by imagination, by divination, by a clever girl's secret tremulous instincts, in her good friend's views about her, and this probability constituted, for Sherringham, a sort of embarrassing publicity. He had impressions, possibly gross and unjust, in regard to the way women move constantly together amid such considerations, and subtly intercommunicate, when they do not still more subtly dissemble, the hopes or fears of which persons of the opposite sex form the subject. Therefore poor Biddy would know that if she failed to strike him in the right light it would not be for want of his attention having been called to her claims. She would have been tacitly rejected, virtually condemned. Peter could not, without a slight sense of fatuity, endeavor to make up for this to her by kindness; he was aware that if any one knew it a

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man would be ridiculous who should take so much as that for granted. But no one would know it; oddly enough, in this calculation of security he left Biddy herself out. It did not occur to him that she might have a secret small irony to spare for his ingenious and magnanimous impulse to show her how much he liked her in order to make her forgive him for not liking her more. This magnanimity, at any rate, colored the whole of Sherringham's visit to Rosedale Road, the whole of the pleasant, prolonged chat that kept him there for more than an hour. He begged the girl to go on with her work, not to let him interrupt it; and she obliged him at last, taking the cloth off the lump of clay, and giving him a chance to be delightful by guessing that the shapeless mass was intended, or would be intended after a while, for Nick. He saw that she was more comfortable when she began to smooth it and scrape it with her little stick again, to manipulate it with an ineffectual air of knowing how; for this gave her something to do, relieved her nervousness, and permitted her to turn away from him when she talked.

Peter walked about the room and sat down; got up and looked at Nick's things; watched her at moments in silence (which made her always say, in a minute, that he was not to look at her so, or she could do nothing); observed how her position, before her high stand, her lifted arms, her turns of the head, considering her work this way and that, all helped her to be pretty. She repeated again and again that it was an immense pity about Nick, till he was obliged to say he did n't care a straw for Nick; he was perfectly content with the company he found. This was not the sort of thing he thought it right, under the circumstances, to say; but then even the circumstances did not require him to pretend he liked her less than he did. After all, she was his cousin; she would cease to be so if she should become his wife; but one advantage of her not entering into that relation was precisely that she would remain his cousin. It was very pleasant to find a young, bright, slim, rose-colored kinswoman all ready to recognize consanguinity when one came back from cousinless foreign lands. Peter talked about family matters; he did n't know, in his exile, where no one took an interest in them, what a fund of latent curiosity about them was in him. It was in him to gossip about them, and to enjoy the sense that he and Biddy had indefeasible properties in common — ever so many things as to which they would understand each other *à demi-mot*. He smoked a cigarette, because she begged him to, said that people always smoked in studios — it made her feel so much more like an artist. She apologized for the badness of her work on the ground that Nick was so busy he could scarcely ever give her a sitting; so that she had to do the head from photographs and occasional glimpses. They had hoped to be able to put in an hour that morning, but news had suddenly come that Mr. Carteret was worse, and Nick had hurried down to Beauclere. Mr. Carteret was very ill, poor old dear, and Nick and he were immense friends. Nick had always been charming to him. Peter and Biddy took the concerns of the houses of Dormer and Sherringham in order, and the young man felt, after a little, as if they were as wise as a French *conseil de famille*, settling what was best for every one. He heard all about Lady Agnes, and manifested an interest in the detail of her existence that he had not supposed himself to possess, though indeed Biddy threw out intimations which excited his curiosity, presenting her mother in a light that might call upon his sympathy.

"I don't think she has been very happy or very pleased, of late," the girl said. "I think she has had some disappointments, poor dear mamma; and Grace has made her go out of town for

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three or four days, for a little change. They have gone down to see an old Lady St. Dunstans, who never comes to London now, and who, you know — she 's tremendously old — was papa's godmother. It 's not very lively for Grace, but Grace is such a dear she 'll do anything for mamma. Mamma will go anywhere to see people she can talk with about papa."

Biddy added, in reply to a further inquiry from Peter, that what her mother was disappointed about was — well, themselves, her children and all their affairs; and she explained that Lady Agnes wanted all kinds of things for them that did n't come to them, that they did n't get or seem likely to get, so that their life appeared altogether a failure. She wanted a great deal, Biddy admitted; she really wanted everything, and she had thought in her happier days that everything was to be hers. She loved them all so much, and then she was proud: she could n't get over the thought of their not being successful. Sherringham was unwilling to press, at this point, for he suspected one of the things that Lady Agnes wanted; but Biddy relieved him a little by saying that one of these things was that Grace should get married.

"That 's too unselfish of her," rejoined Peter, who did n't care for Grace. "Cousin Agnes ought to keep her near her always, if Grace is so obliging and devoted."

"Oh, mamma would give up anything of that sort for our good; she would n't sacrifice us that way!" Biddy exclaimed. "Besides, I 'm the one to stay with mamma; not that I can manage and look after her and do everything so well as Grace. But, you know, I want to," said Biddy, with a liquid note in her voice, giving her lump of clay a little stab.

"But does n't your mother want the rest of you to get married — Percival and Nick and you?" Peter asked.

"Oh, she has given up Percy. I don't suppose she thinks it would do. Dear Nick, of course — that 's just what she does want."

Sherringham hesitated. "And you, Biddy?"

"Oh, I dare say; but that does n't signify — I never shall."

Peter got up, at this; the tone of it set him in motion, and he took a turn round the room. He said something to her about her being too proud; to which she replied that that was the only thing for a girl to be, to get on.

"What do you mean by getting on?" Peter demanded, stopping, with his hands in his pockets, on the other side of the studio.

"I mean crying one's eyes out!" Biddy unexpectedly exclaimed; but she drowned the effect of this pathetic paradox in a foolish laugh and in the quick declaration, "Of course it 's about Nick that poor mother 's really broken-hearted."

"What 's the matter with Nick?" Sherringham asked, diplomatically.

"Oh, Peter, what 's the matter with Julia?" Biddy quavered, softly, back to him, with eyes suddenly frank and mournful. "I dare say you know what we all hoped — what we all supposed, from what they told us. And now they won't!" said Biddy.

"Yes, Biddy, I know. I had the brightest prospect of becoming your brother-in-law: would n't that have been it — or something like that? But it is indeed visibly clouded. What 's the matter with them? May I have another cigarette?" Peter came back to the wide, cushioned bench where he had been lounging: this was the way they took up the subject he wanted most to look into. "Don't they know how to love?" he went on, as he seated himself again.

"It seems a kind of fatality!" sighed Biddy.

Peter said nothing for some moments,

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at the end of which he inquired whether his companion were to be quite alone during her mother's absence. She replied that her mother was very droll about that — she would never leave her alone; she thought something dreadful would happen to her. She had therefore arranged that Florence Tressilian should come and stay in Calcutta Gardens for the next few days, to look after her and see she did no wrong. Peter asked who Florence Tressilian might be; he greatly hoped, for the success of Lady Agnes's precautions, that she was not a flighty young genius like Biddy. She was described to him as tremendously nice and tremendously clever, but also tremendously old and tremendously safe; with the addition that Biddy was tremendously fond of her, and that while she remained in Calcutta Gardens they expected to enjoy themselves tremendously. She was to come that afternoon, before dinner.

"And are you to dine at home?" said Peter.

"Certainly; where else?"

"And just you two, alone? Do you call that enjoying yourselves tremendously?"

"It will do for me. No doubt I ought n't, in modesty, to speak for poor Florence."

"It is n't fair to her; you ought to invite some one to meet her."

"Do you mean you, Peter?" the girl asked, turning to him quickly, with a look that vanished the instant he caught it.

"Try me; I 'll come like a shot."

"That 's kind," said Biddy, dropping her hands and now resting her eyes on him gratefully. She remained in this position a moment, as if she were under a charm; then she jerked herself back to her work with the remark, "Florence will like that immensely."

"I 'm delighted to please Florence, your description of her is so attractive," Sherringham laughed. And when the girl asked him if he minded if there were not a great feast, because when her mother went away she allowed her a fixed amount for that sort of thing, and, as he might imagine, it was n't millions — when Biddy, with the frankness of their pleasant kinship touched anxiously on this economical point (illustrating, as Peter saw, the lucidity with which Lady Agnes had had, in her old age, to learn to recognize the occasions when she could be conveniently frugal), he answered that the shortest dinners were the best, especially when one was going to the theatre. That was his case to-night, and did Biddy think he might look to Miss Tressilian to go with him? They would have to dine early; he wanted not to miss a moment.

"The theatre — Miss Tressilian?" Biddy stared, interrupted and in suspense again.

"Would it incommode you very much to dine say at 7.15, and accept a place in my box? The finger of Providence was in it, when I took a box an hour ago. I particularly like your being free to go — if you are free."

Biddy became fairly confused with pleasure. "Dear Peter, how good you are! They 'll have it at any hour. Florence will be so glad."

"And has Florence seen Miss Rooth?"

"Miss Rooth?" the girl repeated, redder than before. He perceived in a moment that she had heard that he had devoted much time and attention to that young lady. It was as if she were conscious that he would be conscious in speaking of her, and there was a sweetness in her allowance for him on that score. But Biddy was more confused for him than he was for himself. He guessed in a moment how much she had thought over what she had heard; this was indicated by her saying vaguely, "No, no, I 've not seen her." Then she became aware that she was answering a question he had not asked her, and she went on: "We shall be too de-

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lighted. I saw her — perhaps you remember — in your rooms in Paris. I thought her so wonderful then! Every one is talking of her here. But we don't go to the theatre much, you know; we don't have boxes offered us except when *you* come. Poor Nick is too much taken up in the evening. I've wanted awfully to see her. They say she's magnificent."

"I don't know," said Peter. "I haven't seen her."

"You haven't seen her?"

"Never, Biddy. I mean on the stage. In private, often — yes," Sherringham added, conscientiously.

"Oh!" Biddy exclaimed, bending her face on Nick's bust again. She asked him no question about the new star, and he offered her no further information. There were things in his mind that pulled him different ways, so that for some minutes silence was the result of the conflict. At last he said, after an hesitation caused by the possibility that she was ignorant of the fact he had lately elicited from Julia, though it was more probable she might have learned it from the same source —

"Am I perhaps indiscreet in alluding to the circumstance that Nick has been painting Miss Rooth's portrait?"

"You are not indiscreet in alluding to it to me, because I know it."

"Then there's no secret nor mystery about it?"

Biddy considered a moment. "I don't think mamma knows it."

"You mean you have been keeping it from her because she would n't like it?"

"We are afraid she may think that papa would n't have liked it."

This was said with an absence of humor, which for an instant moved Sherringham to mirth; but he quickly recovered himself, repenting of any apparent failure of respect to the high memory of his late celebrated relative. He rejoined quickly, but rather vaguely, "Ah, yes, I remember that great man's ideas;" and then he went on, "May I ask if you know it, the fact that we are talking of, through Julia or through Nick?"

"I know it from both of them."

"Then, if you are in their confidence, may I further ask whether this undertaking of Nick's is the reason why things seem to be at an end between them?"

"Oh, I don't think she likes it," returned Biddy.

"Is n't it good?"

"Oh, I don't mean the picture — she has n't seen it; but his having done it."

"Does she dislike it so much that that's why she won't marry him?"

Biddy gave up her work, moving away from it to look at it. She came and sat down on the long bench on which Sherringham had placed himself. Then she broke out, "Oh, Peter, it's a great trouble — it's a very great trouble; and I can't tell you, for I don't understand it."

"If I ask you, it's not to pry into what does n't concern me; but Julia is my sister, and I can't, after all, help taking some interest in her life. But she tells me very little. She does n't think me worthy."

"Ah, poor Julia!" Biddy murmured, defensively. Her tone recalled to him that Julia had thought him worthy to unite himself to Bridget Dormer, and inevitably betrayed that the girl was thinking of that also. While they both thought of it they sat looking into each other's eyes.

"Nick, I'm sure, does n't treat *you* that way; I'm sure he confides in you; he talks to you about his occupations, his ambitions," Peter continued. "And you understand him, you enter into them, you are nice to him, you help him."

"Oh, Nick's life — it's very dear to me," said Biddy.

"That must be jolly for him."

"It makes *me* very happy."

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Peter uttered a low, ambiguous groan; then he exclaimed, with irritation, "What the deuce is the matter with them, then? Why can't they hit it off, and be quiet and rational, and do what every one wants them to do?"

"Oh, Peter, it's awfully complicated," said Biddy, with sagacity.

"Do you mean that Nick's in love with her?"

"In love with Julia?"

"No, no, with Miriam Rooth."

Biddy shook her head slowly; then with a smile which struck him as one of the sweetest things he had ever seen (it conveyed, at the expense of her own prospects, such a shy, generous little mercy of reassurance), "He is n't, Peter," she declared. "Julia thinks it's trifling — all that sort of thing," she added. "She wants him to go in for different honors."

"Julia's the oddest woman. I thought she loved him," Sherringham remarked. "And when you love a person" — He continued to reflect, leaving his sentence impatiently unfinished, while Biddy, with lowered eyes, sat waiting (it interested her) to hear what you did in that case. "I can't conceive her giving him up. He has great ability, besides being such a good fellow."

"It's for his happiness, Peter — that's the way she reasons," Biddy explained. "She does it for an idea; she has told me a great deal about it, and I see the way she feels."

"You try to, Biddy, because you are such a dear good-natured girl, but I don't believe you do in the least. It's too little the way you yourself would feel. Julia's idea, as you call it, must be curious."

"Well, it is, Peter," Biddy mournfully admitted. "She won't risk not coming out at the top."

"At the top of what?"

"Oh, of everything." Biddy's tone showed a trace of awe of such high views.

"Surely one's at the top of everything when one's in love."

"I don't know," said the girl.

"Do you doubt it?" Sherringham demanded.

"I have never been in love, and I never shall be."

"You're as perverse, in your way, as Julia. But I confess I don't understand Nick's attitude any better. He seems to me, if I may say so, neither fish nor flesh."

"Oh, his attitude is very noble, Peter; his state of mind is wonderfully interesting," Biddy pleaded. "Surely *you* must be in favor of art," she said.

Sherringham looked at her a moment. "Dear Biddy, your little digs are as soft as zephyrs."

She colored, but she protested. "My little digs? What do you mean? Are you not in favor of art?"

"The question is delightfully simple. I don't know what you're talking about. Everything has its place. A parliamentary life scarcely seems to me the situation for portrait-painting."

"That's just what Nick says."

"You talk of it together a great deal?"

"Yes, Nick is very good to me."

"Clever Nick! And what do you advise him?"

"Oh, to *do* something."

"That's valuable," Peter laughed. "Not to give up his sweetheart for the sake of a paint-pot, I hope?"

"Never, never, Peter! It's not a question of his giving up, for Julia has herself drawn back. I think she never really felt safe; she loved him, but she was afraid of him. Now she is only afraid — she has lost the confidence she tried to have. Nick has tried to hold her, but she has jerked herself away. Do you know what she said to me? She said, 'My confidence has gone forever.'"

"I did n't know she was such a prig!" Sherringham exclaimed. "They

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are queer people, verily, with water in their veins instead of blood. You and I would n't be like that, should we? though you *have* taken up such a discouraging position, about caring for a fellow."

"I care for art," poor Biddy returned.

"You do, to some purpose," said Peter, glancing at the bust.

"To that of making you laugh at me."

"Would you give a good man up for that?"

"A good man? What man?"

"Well, say me — if I wanted to marry you."

Biddy hesitated a little. "Of course I would, in a moment. At any rate, I 'd give up the House of Commons. That 's what Nick 's going to do now — only you must n't tell any one."

Sherringham stared. "He 's going to chuck up his seat?"

"I think his mind is made up to it. He has talked me over — we have had some deep discussions. Yes, I 'm on the side of art!" said Biddy, ardently.

"Do you mean in order to paint — to paint Miss Rooth?" Peter went on.

"To paint every one — that 's what he wants. By keeping his seat he has n't kept Julia, and she was the thing he cared most for, in public life. When he has got out of the whole thing, his attitude, as he says, will be clear. He is tremendously interesting about it, Peter; he has talked to me wonderfully; he *has* won me over. Mamma is heart-broken; telling her will be the hardest part."

"If she does n't know, why is she heart-broken?"

"Oh, at the marriage not coming off — she knows that. That 's what she wanted. She thought it perfection. She blames Nick immensely. She thinks he held the whole thing in his hand, and that he has thrown away a magnificent opportunity."

"And what does Nick say to her?"

"He says, 'Dear old mummy!'"

"That 's good," said Sherringham.

"I don't know what will become of her when this other blow arrives," Biddy pursued. "Poor Nick wants to please her — he does, he does. But, as he says, you can't please every one, and you must, before you die, please yourself a little."

Peter Sherringham sat looking at the floor; the color had risen to his face while he listened to the girl. Then he sprang up and took another turn about the room. His companion's artless but vivid recital had set his blood in motion. He had taken Nick Dormer's political prospects very much for granted, thought of them as definite and brilliant and seductive. To learn there was something for which he was ready to renounce such honors, and to recognize the nature of that bribe, affected Sherringham powerfully and strangely. He felt as if he had heard the sudden blare of a trumpet, and he felt at the same time as if he had received a sudden slap in the face. Nick's bribe was "art" — the strange temptress with whom he himself had been wrestling, and over whom he had finally ventured to believe that wisdom and exercise had won a victory. Now there was something in the conduct of his old friend and playfellow that made all his reasonings small. Nick's unexpected choice acted on him as a reproach and a challenge. He felt ashamed at having placed himself so unromantically on his guard, and rapidly said to himself that if Nick could afford to allow so much for "art" he might surely exhibit some of the same confidence. There had never been the least avowed competition between the cousins, — their lines lay too far apart for that; but nevertheless they rode in sight of each other, and Sherringham had at present the sensation of suddenly seeing Nick Dormer give his horse the spur, bound forward and fly over a wall. He

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was put on his mettle, and he had not to look long to spy an obstacle that *he*, too, might ride at. High rose his curiosity to see what warrant his kinsman might have for such risks — how he was mounted for such exploits. He really knew little about Nick's talent — so little as to feel no right to exclaim, "What an ass!" when Biddy gave him the news which only the existence of real talent could redeem from absurdity. All his eagerness to ascertain what Nick had been able to make of such a subject as Miriam Rooth came back to him; though it was what mainly had brought him to Rosedale Road, he had forgotten it in the happy accident of his encounter with Biddy. He was conscious that if the surprise of a revelation of power were in store for him Nick would be justified more than he himself would feel reinstated in his self-respect. For the courage of renouncing the forum for the studio hovered before him as greater than the courage of marrying an actress whom one was in love with; the reward, in the latter case, was so much more immediate. Peter asked Biddy what Nick had done with his portrait of Miriam. He had n't seen it anywhere in rummaging about the room.

"I think it's here somewhere, but I don't know," Biddy replied, getting up and looking vaguely round her.

"Have n't you seen it? Has n't he shown it to you?"

The girl rested her eyes on him strangely a moment; then she turned them away from him with a mechanical air of seeking for the picture. "I think it's in the room, put away with its face to the wall."

"One of those dozen canvases with their backs to us?"

"One of those, perhaps."

"Have n't you tried to see?"

"I have n't touched them," said Biddy, coloring.

"Has n't Nick had it out to show you?"

"He says it's in too bad a state — it is n't finished — it won't do."

"And have n't you had the curiosity to turn it round for yourself?"

The embarrassed look in poor Biddy's face deepened, and it seemed to Sherringham that her eyes pleaded with him a moment; that there was a menace of tears in them, a gleam of anguish. "I have had an idea he would n't like it."

Her visitor's own desire, however, had become too lively for easy forbearance. He laid his hand on two or three canvases which proved, as he extricated them, to be either blank or covered with rudimentary forms. "Dear Biddy, are you as docile, as obliging, as that?" he asked, pulling out something else.

The inquiry was meant in familiar kindness, for Peter was struck, even to admiration, with the girl's having a sense of honor which all girls have not. She must in this particular case have longed for a sight of Nick's work — the work which had brought about such a crisis in his life. But she had passed hours in his studio, alone, without permitting herself a stolen peep; she was capable of that if she believed it would please him. Sherringham liked a charming girl's being capable of that (he had known charming girls who would not have been), and his question was really an expression of respect. Biddy, however, apparently discovered some light mockery in it, and she broke out, incongruously —

"I have n't wanted so much to see it. I don't care for her so much as that."

"So much as that?"

"I don't care for his actress — for that vulgar creature. I don't like her!" said Biddy, unexpectedly.

Peter stared. "I thought you had n't seen her."

"I saw her in Paris — twice. She was wonderfully clever, but she did n't charm me."

Sherringham quickly considered, and then he said, benevolently, "I won't

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inflict the picture upon you, then; we 'll leave it alone for the present." Biddy made no reply to this at first, but after a moment she went straight over to the row of stacked canvases and exposed several of them to the light. "Why did you say you wished to go to the theatre to-night?" her companion continued.

Still the girl was silent; then she exclaimed, with her back turned to him and a little tremor in her voice, while she drew forth one of her brother's studies after the other, "For the sake of your company, Peter! Here it is, I think," she added, moving a large canvas with some effort. "No, no, I 'll hold it for you. Is that the light?"

She would not let him take it; she bade him stand off and allow her to place it in the right position. In this position she carefully presented it, supporting it, at the proper angle, from behind, and showing her head and shoulders above it. From the moment his eyes rested on the picture Sherringham accepted this service without protest. Unfinished, simplified, and in some portions merely suggested, it was strong, brilliant, and vivid, and had already the look of life and the air of an original thing. Sherringham was startled, he was strangely affected — he had no idea Nick moved on that plane. Miriam was represented in three quarters, seated, almost down to her feet. She leaned forward, with one of her legs crossed over the other, her arms extended and foreshortened, her hands locked together round her knee. Her beautiful head was bent a little, broodingly, and her splendid face seemed to look down at life. She had a grand appearance of being raised aloft, with a wide regard, from a height of intelligence, for the great field of the artist, all the figures and passions he may represent. Peter wondered where his kinsman had learned to paint like that. He almost gasped at the composition of the thing, at the drawing of the moulded arms. Biddy Dormer abstained from looking round the corner of the canvas as she held it; she only watched, in Peter's eyes, for *his* impression of it. This she easily caught, and he could see that she had done so when, after a few minutes, he went to relieve her. She let him lift the thing out of her grasp; he moved it, and rested it, so that they could still see it, against the high back of a chair. "It 's tremendously good," he said.

"Dear, dear Nick," Biddy murmured, looking at it now.

"Poor, poor Julia!" Sherringham was moved to exclaim, in a different tone. His companion made no rejoinder to this, and they stood another minute or two, side by side, in silence, gazing at the portrait. Then Sherringham took up his hat — he had no more time, he must go. "Will you come to-night, all the same?" he asked, with a laugh that was somewhat awkward, putting out his hand to Biddy.

"All the same?"

"Why, you say she 's a terrible creature," Peter went on, with his eyes on the painted face.

"Oh, anything for art," said Biddy, smiling.

"Well, at seven o'clock, then." And Sherringham went away immediately, leaving the girl alone with the Tragic Muse, and feeling again, with a quickened rush, a sense of the beauty of Miriam, as well as a new comprehension of the talent of Nick.

XXX.

It was not till noon, or rather later, the next day, that Sherringham saw Miriam Rooth. He wrote her a note, that evening, to be delivered to her at the theatre, and during the performance she sent round to him a card with "All right — come to luncheon to-morrow," scrawled upon it in pencil.

When he presented himself in Bala-

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klava Place he learned that the two ladies had not come in — they had gone again, early, to rehearsal; but they had left word that he was to be pleased to wait — they would come in from one moment to the other. It was further mentioned to him, as he was ushered into the drawing-room, that Mr. Dashwood was on the ground. This circumstance, however, Sherringham barely noted; he had been soaring so high for the past twelve hours that he had almost lost consciousness of the minor differences of earthly things. He had taken Biddy Dormer and her friend Miss Tressilian home from the play, and after leaving them he had walked about the streets, he had roamed back to his sister's house, in a state of exultation deepened by the fact that all the evening he had contained himself, thinking it more decorous and considerate, less invidious, not to "rave." Sitting there in the shade of the box with his companions, he had watched Miriam in attentive but inexpressive silence, glowing and vibrating inwardly, but, for these fine, deep reasons, not committing himself to the spoken rapture. Delicacy, it appeared to him, should rule the hour; and indeed he had never had a pleasure more delicate than this little period of still observation and repressed ecstasy. Miriam's art lost nothing by it, and Biddy's mild nearness only gained. This young lady was silent also — wonderingly, dauntedly, as if she too were conscious, in relation to the actress, of various other things beside her mastery of her art. To this mastery Biddy's attitude was a candid and liberal tribute: the poor girl sat quenched and pale, as if in the blinding light of a comparison by which it would be presumptuous even to be annihilated. Her subjection, however, was a gratified, a charmed subjection: there was a beneficence in such beauty — the beauty of the figure that moved before the footlights and spoke in music — even if it deprived one of hope. Peter did n't say to her, in vulgar elation and in reference to her whimsical profession of dislike at the studio, "Well, do you find this artist so disagreeable now?" and she was grateful to him for his forbearance, for the tacit kindness of which the idea seemed to be: "My poor child, I would prefer you if I could; but — judge for yourself — how can I? Expect of me only the possible. Expect that, certainly, but only that." In the same degree Peter liked Biddy's sweet, hushed air of judging for herself, of recognizing his discretion and letting him off, while she was lost in the illusion, in the convincing picture, of the stage. Miss Tressilian did most of the criticism: she broke out cheerfully and sonorously from time to time, in reference to the actress. "Most striking, certainly," or, "She *is* clever, is n't she?" It was a manner to which her companions found it impossible to respond. Miss Tressilian was disappointed in nothing but their enjoyment: they did n't seem to think the exhibition as amusing as she.

Walking away through the ordered void of Lady Agnes's quarter, with the four acts of the play glowing again before him in the smokeless London night, Sherringham found the liveliest thing in his impression the certitude that if he had never seen Miriam before, and she had had for him none of the advantages of association, he would still have recognized in her performance the most interesting thing that the theatre had ever offered him. He floated in a sense of the felicity of it, in the general encouragement of a thing perfectly done, in the almost aggressive bravery of still larger claims for an art which could so triumphantly, so exquisitely, render life. "Render it?" Peter said to himself. "Create it and reveal it, rather; give us something new and vast and of the first order!" He had *seen* Miriam now; he had never seen her before; he had never seen her till he saw her in her conditions. Oh, her conditions — there

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were many things to be said about them; they were paltry enough as yet, inferior, inadequate, obstructive, as compared with the right, full, finished setting of such a talent; but the essence of them was now, irremovably, in Sherringham's eye, the vision of how the uplifted stage and the listening house transformed her. That idea of her having no character of her own came back to him with a force that made him laugh in the empty street: this was a disadvantage she was so exempt from that he appeared to himself not to have known her till to-night. Her character was simply to hold you by the particular spell; any other — the good-nature of home, the relation to her mother, her friends, her lovers, her debts, the practice of virtues or industries or vices — was not worth speaking of. These things were the fictions and shadows; the representation was the deep substance.

Sherringham had, as he went, an intense vision (he had often had it before) of the conditions which were still absent, the great and complete ones, those which would give the girl's talent a superior, glorious stage. More than ever he desired them, mentally invoked them, filled them out, in imagination, cheated himself with the idea that they were possible. He saw them in a momentary illusion and confusion: a great academic, artistic theatre, subsidized and unburbened with money-getting, rich in its repertory, rich in the high quality and the wide array of its servants, pouring forth a continuity of tradition, striving for perfection, laying a splendid literature under contribution. He saw the heroine of a hundred "situations," variously dramatic and vividly real; he saw comedy and drama and passion and character and English life; he saw all humanity and history and poetry, and perpetually, in the midst of them, shining out in the high relief of some great moment, an image as fresh as an unveiled statue. He was not unconscious that he was taking all sorts of impossibilities and miracles for granted; but it really seemed to him for the time that the woman he had been watching three hours, the incarnation of the serious drama, would be a new and vivifying force. The world was just then so bright to him that Basil Dashwood struck him at first as an harmonious minister of that force.

It must be added that before Miriam arrived the breeze that filled Sherringham's sail began to sink a little. He passed out of the eminently "let" drawing-room, where twenty large photographs of the young actress bloomed in the desert; he went into the garden by a glass door that stood open, and found Mr. Dashwood reclining on a bench and smoking cigarettes. This young man's conversation was a different music — it took him down, as he felt; showed him, very sensibly and intelligibly, it must be confessed, the actual theatre, the one they were all concerned with, the one they would have to make the best of. It was fortunate for Sherringham that he kept his intoxication mainly to himself; the Englishman's habit of not being effusive still prevailed with him, even after his years of exposure to the foreign contagion. Nothing could have been less exclamatory than the meeting of the two men, with its question or two, its remark or two, about Sherringham's arrival in London; its offhand "I noticed you last night. I was glad you turned up at last," on one side, and its attenuated "Oh, yes, it was the first time. I was very much interested," on the other. Basil Dashwood played a part in Yolande, and Sherringham had had the satisfaction of taking the measure of his aptitude. He judged it to be of the small order, as indeed the part, which was neither that of the virtuous nor that of the villainous hero, restricted him to two or three inconspicuous effects and three or four changes of dress. He represented an ardent but

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respectful young lover whom the distracted heroine found time to pity a little and even to rail at; but it was impressed upon Sherringham that he scarcely represented young love. He looked very well, but Peter had heard him already in a hundred contemporary pieces; he never got out of rehearsal. He uttered sentiments and breathed vows with a nice voice, with a shy, boyish tremor in it, but as if he were afraid of being chaffed for it afterwards; giving the spectator, in the stalls, the feeling of holding the prompt-book and listening to a recitation. He made one think of country-houses and lawn-tennis and private theatricals; than which there could not be, to Sherringham's sense, an association more disconnected with the actor's art.

Dashwood knew all about the new thing, the piece in rehearsal; he knew all about everything — receipts and salaries and expenses and newspaper articles, and what old Baskerville said and what Mrs. Ruffler thought: matters of superficial concern to Sherringham, who wondered, before Miriam appeared, whether she talked with her "walking-gentleman" about them by the hour, deep in them and finding them not vulgar and boring, but the natural air of her life and the essence of her profession. Of course she did — she naturally would; it was all in the day's work, and he might feel sure she would n't turn up her nose at the shop. He had to remind himself that he did n't care if she did n't — that he would think worse of her if she should. She certainly had much confabulation with her competent playfellow, talking shop by the hour: Sherringham could see that from the familiar, customary way Dashwood sat there with his cigarette, as if he were in possession and on his own ground. He divined a great intimacy between the young artists, but asked himself at the same time what he, Peter Sherringham, had to say about it. He did n't pretend to control Miriam's intimacies, it was to be supposed; and if he had encouraged her to adopt a profession which abounded in opportunities for comradeship, it was not for him to cry out because she had taken to it kindly. He had already descried a fund of utility in Mrs. Lovick's light brother; but it irritated him, all the same, after a while, to hear Basil Dashwood represent himself as almost indispensable. He was practical — there was no doubt of that; and this idea added to Sherringham's paradoxical sense that as regards the matters actually in question he himself had not this virtue. Dashwood had got Mrs. Rooth the house; it happened by a lucky chance that Miss Laura Lumley, to whom it belonged (Sherringham would know Miss Laura Lumley?), wanted to get rid, for a mere song, of the remainder of a lease. She was going to Australia, with a troupe of her own. They just stepped into it; it was good air — the best sort of air to live in, to sleep in, in London, for people in their line. Sherringham wondered what Miriam's personal relations with this deucedly knowing gentleman might be, and was again able to assure himself that they might be anything in the world she liked, for any stake he, Peter, had in them. Dashwood told him of all the smart people who had tried to take up the new star — the way the London world had already held out its hand; and perhaps it was Sherringham's irritation, the crushed sentiment I just mentioned, that gave a little heave in the exclamation, "Oh, that — that 's all rubbish: the less of that the better!" At this Basil Dashwood stared; he evidently felt snubbed; he had expected his interlocutor to be pleased with the names of the eager ladies who had "called" — which proved to Sherringham that he took a low view of his art. The secretary of embassy explained, rather priggishly, that this art was serious work, and that society was humbug and imbecility; also that of old the

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great comedians would n't have known such people.

"No, I suppose they did n't call in the old narrow-minded time," said Basil Dashwood.

"Your profession did n't call. They had better company — that of the romantic, gallant characters they represented. They lived with *them*, and it was better all round." And Peter asked himself — for the young man looked as if that struck him as a dreary period — if *he* only, for Miriam, in her new life, or among the futilities of those who tried to find her accessible, expressed the artistic idea. This, at least, Sherringham reflected, was a situation that could be improved.

He learned from Dashwood that the new play, the thing they were rehearsing, was an old play, a romantic drama of thirty years before, very frequently revived and threadbare with honorable service. Dashwood had a part in it, but there was an act in which he did n't appear, and that was the act they were doing that morning. Yolande had done all Yolande could do: Sherringham was mistaken if he supposed Yolande was such a tremendous hit. It had done very well, it had run three months, but they were by no means coining money with it. It would n't take them to the end of the season; they had seen, for a month past, that they would have to put on something else. Miss Rooth, moreover, wanted a new part; she was impatient to show what a range she was capable of. She had grand ideas; she thought herself very good-natured to repeat the same thing for three months. Basil Dashwood lighted another cigarette, and described to his companion some of Miss Rooth's ideas. He gave Sherringham a great deal of information about her — about her character, her temper, her peculiarities, her little ways, her manner of producing some of her effects. He spoke with familiarity and confidence, as if he knew more about her than any one else — as if he had invented or discovered her, were in a sense her proprietor or guarantor. It was the talk of the shop, with a perceptible shrewdness in it and a touching young candor; the expansiveness of the commercial spirit when it relaxes and generalizes, is conscious it is safe with another member of the guild.

Sherringham could not help protesting against the lame old war-horse whom it was proposed to bring into action, who had been ridden to death and had saved a thousand desperate fields; and he exclaimed on the strange passion of the good British public for sitting again and again through expected situations, watching for speeches they had heard and surprises that struck the hour. Dashwood defended the taste of London, praised it as loyal, constant, faithful; to which Sherringham retorted with some vivacity that it was faithful to rubbish. He justified this sally by declaring that the play in rehearsal was rubbish, clumsy mediocrity which had outlived its convenience, and that the fault was the want of life in the critical sense of the public, which was ignobly docile, opening its mouth for its dose, like the pupils of Dotheboys Hall; not insisting on something different, on a fresh preparation. Dashwood asked him if he then wished Miss Rooth to go on playing forever a part she had repeated more than eighty nights on end: he thought the modern "run" was just what he had heard him denounce, in Paris, as the disease the theatre was dying of. This imputation Sherringham gainsaid; he wanted to know if she could n't change to something less stale than the piece in question. Dashwood opined that Miss Rooth must have a strong part, and that there happened to be one for her in the before-mentioned venerable novelty. She had to take what she could get; she was n't a girl to cry for the moon. This was a stop-gap — she would try other things later; she

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would have to look round her; you could n't have a new piece left at your door every day with the milk. On one point Sherringham's mind might be at rest: Miss Rooth was a woman who would do every blessed thing there was to do. Give her time, and she would walk straight through the repertory. She was a woman who would do this — she was a woman who would do that: Basil Dashwood employed this phrase so often that Sherringham, nervous, got up and threw an unsmoked cigarette away. Of course she was a woman; there was no need of Dashwood's saying it a hundred times.

As for the repertory, the young man went on, the most beautiful girl in the world could give but what she had. He explained, after Sherringham sat down again, that the noise made by Miss Rooth was not exactly what this admirer appeared to suppose. Sherringham had seen the house the night before; would recognize that, though good, it was very far from great. She had done very well, very well indeed, but she had never gone above a point which Dashwood expressed in pounds sterling, to the edification of his companion, who, vaguely, thought the figure high. Sherringham remembered that he had been unable to get a stall, but Dashwood insisted that the girl had not leaped into commanding fame: that was a thing that never happened in fact; it happened only in ridiculous works of fiction. She had attracted notice, unusual notice for a woman whose name, the day before, had never been heard of; she was recognized as having, for a novice, extraordinary cleverness and confidence — in addition to her looks, of course, which were the thing that had really fetched the crowd. But she had n't been the talk of London; she had only been the talk of Gabriel Nash. He was n't London, more was the pity. He knew the æsthetic people — the worldly, semi-smart ones, not the frumpy, sickly lot, who wore dirty drapery; and the æsthetic people had run after her. Basil Dashwood instructed Sherringham, sketchily, as to the different sects in the great religion of beauty, and was able to give him the particular "note" of the critical clique to which Miriam had begun so quickly to owe it that she had a vogue. The information made the secretary of embassy feel very ignorant of the world, very uninitiated and buried in his little professional hole. Dashwood warned him that it would be a long time before the general public would wake up to Miss Rooth, even after she had waked up to herself; she would have to do some really big thing first. *They* knew it was in her, the big thing — Sherringham and he, and even poor Nash — because they had seen her as no one else had; but London never took any one on trust — it had to be cash down. It would take their young lady two or three years to pay out her cash and get her receipt. Then, of course, the receipt would be for a big sum, a great fortune. Within its limits, however, her success was already quite a fairy-tale: there was magic in the way she had concealed, from the first, her want of experience. She absolutely made you think she had a lot of it, more than any one else. Mr. Dashwood repeated several times that she was a cool hand — a deucedly cool hand; and that he watched her himself, saw ideas come to her, saw her try different dodges on different nights. She was always alive — she liked it herself. She gave *him* ideas, long as he had been on the stage. Naturally she had a great deal to learn — a tremendous lot to learn; a cosmopolite like Sherringham would understand that a girl of that age, who had never had a friend but her mother — her mother was greater far than ever now — naturally *would* have. Sherringham winced at being called a "cosmopolite" by his young companion, just as he had winced a moment before at hearing himself lumped, in esoteric knowledge, with Dashwood

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and Gabriel Nash; but the former of these gentlemen took no account of his sensibility while he enumerated a few of the things that the young actress had to learn. Dashwood was a mixture of acuteness and innocent fatuity; and Sherringham had to recognize that he had some of the elements of criticism in him when he said that the wonderful thing in the girl was that she learned so fast — learned something every night, learned from the same old piece, a lot more than any one else would have learned from twenty. "That 's what it is to be a genius," Sherringham remarked. "Genius is only the art of getting your experience fast, of stealing it, as it were; and in this sense Miss Rooth is a perfect brigand." Dashwood assented good-humoredly; then he added, "Oh, she 'll do!" It was exactly in these simple words, in speaking to her, that Sherringham had phrased the same truth; yet he did n't enjoy hearing them on his neighbor's lips: they had a profane, patronizing sound, suggestive of displeasing equalities.

The two men sat in silence for some minutes, watching a fat robin hop about on the little seedy lawn; at the end of which they heard a vehicle stop on the other side of the garden wall and the voices of people descending from it. "Here they come, the dear creatures," said Basil Dashwood, without moving; and from where they sat Sherringham saw the small door in the wall pushed open. The dear creatures were three in number, for a gentleman had added himself to Mrs. Rooth and her daughter. As soon as Miriam's eyes fell upon her Parisian friend she stopped short in a large, droll theatrical attitude, and, seizing her mother's arm, exclaimed, passionately, "Look where he sits, the author of all my woes, cold, cynical, cruel!" She was evidently in the highest spirits; of which Mrs. Rooth partook as she cried, indulgently, giving her a slap, "Oh, get along, you gypsy!"

"She 's always up to something," Basil Dashwood commented, as Miriam, radiant and with a conscious stage tread, glided toward Sherringham as if she were coming to the footlights. He rose slowly from his seat, looking at her and struck with her beauty: he had been impatient to see her, yet in the act his impatience had had a disconcerting check.

Sherringham had had time to perceive that the man who had come in with her was Gabriel Nash, and this recognition brought a low sigh to his lips as he held out his hand to her — a sigh expressive of the sudden sense that his interest in her now could only be a gross community. Of course that did n't matter, since he had set it, at the most, such rigid limits; but none the less he stood vividly reminded that it would be public and notorious, that inferior people would be inveterately mixed up with it, that she had crossed the line and sold herself to the vulgar, making him, indeed, only one of an equalized multitude. The way Gabriel Nash turned up there just when he did n't want to see him made Peter feel that it was a complicated thing to have a friendship with an actress so clearly destined to be famous. He quite forgot that Nash had known Miriam long before his own introduction to her and had been present at their first meeting, which he had in fact in a measure brought about. Had Sherringham not been so cut out to make trouble of this particular joy, he might have found some adequate assurance that she distinguished him in the way in which, taking his hand in both of hers, she looked up at him and murmured, "Dear old master!" Then, as if this were not acknowledgment enough, she raised her head still higher, and whimsically, gratefully, charmingly, almost nobly, she kissed him on the lips, before the other men and the good mother, whose "Oh, you honest creature!" made everything regular.

Henry James.

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THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

REMINISCENCES.

THE late President Woolsey illustrated as it is given to but few men to do in any generation the significance of the familiar phrase "weight of character;" and in his case, as in some others, the effect of his personality was heightened by an unimposing physique. His person, indeed, though slight, was shapely, and his whole bearing and air expressive of courtesy and refinement; but not until the casual observer noticed his finely-formed head and clear-cut features, and looked into his full-orbed, soulful eyes, did he come to a recognition of the fact that he was in the presence of no common man. Who that has ever felt it can forget that direct, thoughtful, kindly look of his? The Franklin glasses which he wore lent his gaze a semi-mysterious power, as though he scanned alike the distant and the near in you, your lineaments and the recesses of your inner being. For an acquaintance, the look was the precursor of a quiet smile, full of sympathy and good-will; not the smile of good-breeding merely, but the expression of the hidden man of the heart. By the men of New Haven of the last decade or so, he is remembered as a slight figure, passing with short, quick steps to and from the post-office; more often as one who, with head bowed low and thoughtful mien, his right hand perhaps passed behind his back and locked in the bend of the left elbow, brought to mind the college witticism that "President Woolsey and" — another highly esteemed university dignitary "are the *stoopedest* men in New Haven."

The casket hardly prepared you for the jewel; and the jewel did not flash upon you with any diamond-like corruscations. One of the peculiar charms of President Woolsey was that he seemed so much like an ordinary man. This companionableness was due alike to the simplicity of his character and the symmetry of his culture. No man could be more free, not only from every taint of the vulgar vices of display and pretense, but from that self-consciousness which unintentionally engenders in others self-recognition. As you looked back upon an hour spent in his society, you marveled that you had felt so completely at your ease, and had borne your part in the conversation on equal terms. His affability and thorough social considerateness resulted not so much from felicitous endowment or rare equipoise of temperament as from moral traits. It was an illustration of the lesson set forth in that characteristic sermon of his on The Virtues which have Truthfulness for their Basis. His finish of character as respects truthfulness made him one of the noblest specimens of Christian manhood. His loyalty to this virtue was so scrupulous that even in composition, it is said, he would not for the sound's sake change his word, unless there were also a change in his thought. His more noteworthy exemplifications of it were but verifications of that law which makes little things in the realm of character the guarantee of greater. Governed as he was habitually by candor and an impersonal estimate of the merits of every matter, his virtue only awaited great occasions to become heroic. These occasions came with a frequency which is a gratifying indirect evidence of the general craving and admiration for justice. To be sure, his breadth of knowledge, his patient attention, his spherical good sense, his intuitive quickness in getting at the pith of

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the matter, were no doubt answerable in part for the fact that he was so often called on to adjust clashing interests and disentangle snarled controversies. But, after all, it was the unfaltering trust in his impartiality which made him to be a judge and a ruler over his fellows. "Ille est Fabricius qui difficilius ab honestate quam sol a cursu suo averti potest:" this was the feeling with which men made their appeal to him. More than once has it started a discreditable presumption in a case that his arbitrament was declined, or the conditions on which he would consent to give it were refused; and in more than one instance of historic note has the gathering verdict of mankind verified the presumption. This investiture with judicial prerogatives never stirred him to the least assumption of judicial authority. He owed his ascendency to that celestial law by which the eternal heavens are strong. He rendered his decisions, and left them to stand or fall on their merits. Nor did he become ambitious to be known of men as a peacemaker. The frequency with which he found himself constrained to withhold thorough approval from both sides made arbitration distasteful to him. More than once, when applied to, has he replied that he must decline unless his friends were clear that it was his duty to serve. Yet this contact with good men at their worst did not render him pessimistic. That spectre of the mind he met and laid, as the following early sonnet from his hand testifies: —

"I thought thy kingdom was in haste to come;
That whatsoe'er was good, or true, or free,
High thought, good life, pure faith, true liberty,
At length had built on earth their lasting home.
But just as this bright dawn I thought to see,
New clouds arose, the sky began to lower,
Doubt strove with faith, religion lost her power,
Freedom grew wild, or brought forth slavery.
'Are these the hopes of man and earth?' I cried.
'Must good and evil bear alternate sway?
Oh, let there shine or one perpetual day,
Or one black night fall on earth's hope and pride.'
'O fool!' the sky gave answer, 'thus to pray;
Darkness and light both speed God's glorious way.'"

To the last he put his trust in good men as the best earthly foundation. Careful restrictions and statutory safeguards, rigorous pledges and elaborate creeds, he had little confidence in. During the disputes, at times heated, which of late years have agitated the ecclesiastical organizations and institutions with which his sympathy was closest, his judgment has leaned to catholicity. "It's the *man* you ordain," he would say, "not the doctrine; the *teacher*, not the creed. Get the best men you can, and then trust them." The doctrinal simplicity of the Yale foundations he held to be consummate wisdom. In at least one noted example, where an individual's faith was generally deemed to be fatally defective, Dr. Woolsey remarked, "There is that in him," to quote his own sweet Biblical phrase, "which convinces me he is a man of God, and I trust him." Accordingly, few persons in recent times have done more than he did to strengthen the moral fibre of good men; to make cowardice, and compromise, and covert or tortuous diplomacy in religious matters disreputable. It is cheering to believe that in some instances, at least, his steadfast loyalty to truth has borne fruit after its kind, and stirred others to "deeds of daring rectitude." In the days when the slavery dispute thrust itself forward on all occasions, he was invited to give an address before a religious organization of young men, and the invitation closed with a caveat against the introduction of the troublesome topic. The invitation was declined significantly; but the young man who sent that caveat has since become one of the most fear-

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less public champions of principle in opposition to current opinion.

The granitic integrity which formed the framework of his character, the truthful simplicity and directness which governed him in word and act, while they contributed to a certain reserve, did not pass over into austerity: a result averted chiefly, as has been intimated, by his principled benevolence, but favored by his sense of humor. To a friend who asked familiarly what he was busied with, he replied, "I 've spent the last month or two in trying to ascertain whether there 's an *i* more or less in a man's name," — Quirinus or Quirinius. (Luke ii. 2.) On being served at a restaurant with an over-bountiful supply of meat, he repeated the line of the hymn, "And gives this day the food of seven." Witty and adroit alike was his answer to a memorial, forwarded to him by the head of one of the higher institutions for the education of girls, which prayed that the privileges of Yale might be thrown open to the female sex: "We 'll admit your pupils when you 'll open your institution to ours."

As a teacher, he was marked — if the recollections of the average Yale graduate may be trusted — by fidelity rather than by buoyant enthusiasm. The thoroughness of his own daily work begat in his students, almost before they were aware of it, the like faithful preparation on their part. There was a quiet, steady push in his class-room which made it a place of moral training no less than intellectual. The treasures of learning at his command for every sudden and casual occasion were such as to create universal and profound respect for his attainments. A waggish student once offered to wager that "he and Woolsey knew more Greek than all the rest of New Haven put together." Nevertheless, the enthusiasm for him among his old pupils would perhaps be a little hard to explain were we to lose sight of the admiration of generous youth for ingenuousness. At a public examination, when a student, faithful but of moderate parts, was evidently much abashed at the muddy translation he had given of a difficult passage, the professor quietly passed on with the comment, "I 'm not quite sure I myself know what that Greek means."

His scholarship combined, to a degree quite exceptional, breadth and thoroughness. His early professional training, first in law, then in theology, then in philological and general studies abroad, fostered a largeness of outlook and variety of interest which he retained to the last, and which his conscientiousness kept from superficiality. In classical philology and epigraphy this pupil of Hermann and Boeckh and Bopp did for American students the work of a pioneer; while in practical ethics and political science, the thoroughness, good sense, and, above all, the noble tone of his discussions have given them a salutary power over young men unequaled, unless perhaps by those of his friend Professor Lieber, whose fertilizing works Dr. Woolsey's editorial labors have recently helped to perpetuate. The revival of learning and comparative religion were among the special topics which he handled with evident mastery; while poetry and botany, as avocations, were subjects in which he took delight. He owned the best books, and he knew how to use them. Patient research, caution, sobriety of judgment, characterized all his work. Νᾶθε καὶ μέμνασ' ἀπιστεῖν was a maxim he bore steadily in mind. Hence — to adapt the remark of Baxter respecting Sir Matthew Hale — one of his queries was often worth as much as an ordinary scholar's opinion.

We hear occasionally, especially from across the water, sickly lamentations over the crudities of American life, and the limited scope it affords for the noblest scholarly gifts and attainments. But academic Europe may be challenged to point to any single scholar of the

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present generation who has rendered more manifold and worthy service alike to the erudite and the layman, both in the realm of knowledge and of affairs. The university, the church, the state, society at large, have all received from him tangible and imperishable benefactions. One of the brightest of Yale's many crowns, his memory is a national possession and an abiding inspiration. Once and again was his advice sought by the authorities at Washington; and that he did not serve his country at the court of St. James was due to the judgment he passed on himself, not to that which President Hayes passed on him.

All his life long he was an earnest student of the Scriptures, and his opinions respecting their teaching on matters which from time to time stirred the special interest of the Christian public — slavery, temperance, divorce, socialism, retribution — were those of an expert. He at one time meditated a commentary on the Book of Acts; a task which, by reason of the extraordinary range of delicate questions it involves, — archæological, historical, topographical, political, apologetic, — he was exceptionally qualified to perform. But he magnanimously abandoned his undertaking on the appearance of the excellent work by the late Professor Hackett, — a book which, as he said, deserved to succeed. For several years he prepared the Critical Notes, published weekly by the Sunday-School Times, on the New Testament portion of the International Lessons, and was chairman of the Committee on Versions of the American Bible Society. But the study of the Scriptures which he himself declared to be the most delightful of his life was that which he undertook while participating in the preparation of the Revised New Testament of 1881. Of the American New Testament Revision Company he was the chairman. Few members of it equaled him in regularity of attendance and thoroughness of preparation. Throughout the eight years and more during which it met monthly, Dr. Woolsey was absent but four times. Its sessions lasted often from nine in the morning till ten at night, the necessary intervals for meals only excepted; and from first to last this adamantine septuagenarian was in the chair, his fairness and patience and tact and learning in constant requisition, and never found wanting. In at least two conspicuous instances it was his scholarship which in the main determined the final decision of the revisers on both sides of the Atlantic; namely, in the preference of *Quirinius* over *Quirinus* as the name of the governor of Syria (a point alluded to above; see Bibliotheca Sacra for 1878, page 499 ff.), and in the adoption, in Matthew xxvi. 50, of a translation which disposes finally of the fallacy that a Greek relative pronoun is used in the New Testament for a direct interrogative (see *ibid.*, 1874, page 314 ff.).

How far it may be seemly to disclose the privacies of those thoroughly familiar conferences may perhaps admit of question; but probably there is not a member of the company living who has not a stock of characteristic reminiscences of its chairman. At one of the very first meetings an extended discussion arose over an English word which, in the progress of centuries, has come to be much more specific in sense than it was when it first found a place in our Bible. Dr. Woolsey argued against a change, but finally confessed frankly, "I don't think I have any other real reason for wishing to retain the word than — timidity." A certain member, in opposing the established phrase "God forbid!" laid great stress on the thoughtless assertion that it is irreverent; whereupon the president broke out, "I don't know that I ever used the expression, in ordinary speech, in my life, but if anybody tells me it's profane I'll use it at once." A far-fetched interpreta-

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tion once elicited from him the quiet comment, "I can hardly believe that thought ever entered any other mind this side the moon." A certain female temperance society, which had previously memorialized the revisers to "make the people's Bible a temperance book," sent a deputation to confer with the Revision Committee; and a prominent reviser, straining a point of politeness, interrupted the proceedings with the announcement that the delegates were in waiting at an apothecary's shop below. "Tell them," was the prompt reply of the chairman, "that we are busy revising the New Testament, and 'cannot come down.'"

Of his private worth this is hardly the place, even were space left, to speak. His scrupulousness was so punctilious that he has been known to decline to use, in completing a personal payment, a small portion of a sum of money in his possession belonging to others, although able to replace the unauthorized loan within five minutes. On one occasion, a foreign laborer, through ignorance of our language and traveling usages, found himself carried by the train beyond his point of transfer, and compelled to find quarters over Sunday, a stranger in a strange city. The man's evident distress moved the compassion of his fellow-travelers seated near him; but Dr. Woolsey, on alighting from the train, was observed to track him through the crowd, and give him the means of meeting his extra outlay. Over a temper naturally vehement President Woolsey had acquired a degree of mastery which to his intimates was often a marvel; and he exhibited sometimes a heroic silence which was more than "golden," — was *saintly*. His unselfishness was ideal. No man, it may be asserted fearlessly, was ever taken to task by him for slighting, either in reality or in appearance, his claims or merits.

In religion, as in everything else, he abhorred pretense and insincerity of every sort. To him Christianity was consummate rationality. Loyalty of heart was in unison with liberty of intellect. Though by constitution and training the whole set of his mind was towards conservatism, his truth-loving study of the Bible brought him to such views of its nature and of its relations to faith that he was bold where many Christians are timid, and discreetly reserved where the average dogmatist is downright. He held, for example, many of the numbers given in the Old Testament to be untrustworthy, the Book of Jonah to be an apologue, etc., years before the Biblical scholarship of his communion could look on such opinions with any allowance. Though a thorough Puritan, he took little interest in ecclesiastical peculiarities or denominational proselytism. On being presented once before a mixed assembly as the representative of Congregationalism, he opened his remarks with a qualified disclaimer. But he had an intense love of all goodness, a keen and subtle sympathy with consecrated souls of all the ages. The thorough naturalness and simplicity of his piety made it especially effective with the more thoughtful young men. One who wandered far and long in skepticism, after regaining his spiritual equipoise, confessed that "there was one thing which, all through, he could never quite get away from, and that was President Woolsey's prayers." His lowly estimate of himself, combined with his lofty conception of Christian possibility and obligation, resulted at times in a self-depreciation which struck the easy-going Christian as almost morbid. On one of the annual days of prayer, his class was taken by surprise when he arose and, instead of uttering words of exhortation, simply asked their intercessions on his own behalf. During his closing days, when, amid its wanderings, his spirit gravitated to its devotional mood, his language became at

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once sequacious and edifying. Amid the rupture of earthly bonds his eternal converse with his Infinite Friend held unbroken. Nay, his very flesh cried out, as it were, for the living God. Once and again during those days of clouded reason did he insist on betaking himself to the familiar place of worship, wondering that it was not thronged. As the thoughts of affection follow his entrance into the upper sanctuary, they discover that he has unconsciously portrayed his own reception in his beautiful sonnet describing the experience of the Grecian sage: —

"I stood, methought, fast by heaven's outer gate,
When Plato, blindfold, humbly to the door
Came with weak steps, if he might venture o'er
The threshold doubting, or without must wait.
When he who in the Master's bosom lay,
And saw the mysteries nearest to the throne,
Drew nigh, and led the mild enthusiast on
Up to th' Eternal Word, heaven's fount of day.
'There,' said th' Apostle to the kindred mind,
'Dwells truth, whose shadows thou wast fain to trace;
There beauty, which thy dreams wandered to find;
There love, which swells beyond the soul's embrace.'
Then loosed the bandage, and the sage — no more
A sage, but saint — beheld and knelt to adore."[1]

Joseph Henry Thayer.

THE BUTTERFLIES OF THE EASTERN UNITED STATES.

FROM looking upon butterflies as merely beautiful insects, which spend their useless lives in aimless flight or search for nectar, it has been an easy step to regard the students of these creatures as harmless enthusiasts, who occupy their purposeless existence in as idle a manner as do the objects of their study. It is true that the great results achieved by investigators in recent years have popularized the study of biology to a wonderful extent; but the general interest has been largely directed toward a few lines of research, as the zoological affinities of man, and those low organisms whose structure appears to be so simple that we have been led to hope that through the study of them we may be able to throw light upon the origin of life itself; while the far greater range of subjects lying between these extremes of the organic series has been left to the naturalists, and to those amateurs who collect and classify their specimens with much the same spirit as that with which our children fill their postage-stamp albums. Fortunately, we have now in the great work by Mr. Scudder on the butterflies of our fauna,[2] which has been appearing in monthly parts and is now completed, a thoroughly scientific treatment of this department of biology, which is presented in a clear, beautiful, and fascinating manner, — a manner that will interest the general reader as well as the entomologist or the collector.

In turning the pages of Mr. Scudder's

[1] This sonnet was first used by Dr. Woolsey, more than a generation ago, in concluding a lecture delivered in Brooklyn, N. Y. A kindred mind in the audience suspected its authorship, and thus it found a limited but anonymous currency in the newspapers. It is given on page 70 of a little volume entitled Eros and Other Poems, privately printed by Dr. Woolsey for a few friends at New Haven in 1880.

[2] *The Butterflies of the Eastern United States and Canada, with Special Reference to New England.* By SAMUEL H. SCUDDER. 3 vols. 4to. Plates. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Published by the Author. 1889.

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work the illustrations naturally first attract attention. These form a volume of ninety-six plates, comprising about two thousand figures. Many of the plates are in color, representing the butterflies with an accuracy of detail and tint never surpassed in illustrations of this kind. In addition to the figures of butterflies there are drawings of eggs, caterpillars, chrysalids, structural details, and the parasites of butterflies. There are also maps indicating the geographical distribution of the species. A small map of North America is given for each species of butterfly; and upon this map the regions in which the insect is known to occur are denoted by a distinct color.

Among the plates are portraits of John Le Conte, Harris, and Abbot. The last is a lithographic reproduction of a water-color sketch, believed to have been executed by Abbot himself. It will therefore be greatly prized by all who have an interest in this pioneer, who did so much, but of whom almost nothing is known except his work and his name, not even his autograph being attainable after the most diligent search.

The text comprises two quarto volumes, including about seventeen hundred pages. In the Introduction the author discusses the general structure of butterflies, both in the adult and adolescent stages, as a basis for a knowledge of their proper classification. Mr. Scudder has long urged the adoption of a more rational classification of our butterflies than that commonly accepted, and has brought out very clearly the necessity of a more careful study of the structure of these insects in the various stages as a basis for such a classification.

It is a suggestive fact that although the Lepidoptera have been collected more than any other insects, except perhaps beetles, the classification of this order is in a less satisfactory state than that of any other. This is due in part to an inadequate knowledge of the early stages of these insects; but it is due to a greater extent to the coat of scales with which their bodies are clothed. Students have not been willing to denude their insects in order to see the structural characters. They have cared more for perfect specimens than for a knowledge of zoölogical affinities. Even today the lepidopterists who would denude a "unique" in order to study its structure are in the minority. As a result we have classifications based upon very superficial characters; and no one has given a satisfactory table of the moths of any fauna by which even the families can be separated. This is said without overlooking the tables of Herrick-Schaeffer and the many changes that have been rung upon them.

But with butterflies it is now far different. Mr. Scudder has given us not only analytical tables by which the families, sub-families, genera, and species can be separated by the characters presented by the adult insects, but in most cases he has given analytical tables for each of the immature stages, — the egg, the caterpillar at birth, the mature caterpillar, and the chrysalis, — a feature never before attempted in a work of this kind.

The principal differences between the classification adopted in this work and that in general use in this country are, first, a change in the sequence of families, the Nymphalidæ being placed highest, and the Papilionidæ next above the Hesperidæ; and second, a multiplication of genera. Both of these changes have been urged by Mr. Scudder in previous publications. The removal of the Papilionidæ from the head to nearly the foot of the series did not originate with him, but had formerly been advocated by prominent European authors, such as Heinemann, Bruant, and Bates; and there now seems to be a marked tendency towards its acceptance in this country. But Mr. Scudder's ideas regard-

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ing the limits of genera appear to be gaining ground much more slowly. This is well illustrated in the case of the genus Papilio. It is now seventeen years since he first suggested a distinct generic name for each of the species of this genus found in New England. This suggestion has met with so little favor that in this last work he not only discusses it in the systematic part, but makes it the subject of an excursus. The proposed splitting up of this genus is based chiefly on differences presented by the larvæ and chrysalids; and Mr. Scudder states his position in the following words: "We invite attention to the tables and the descriptions which follow, and ask any student to compare, for instance, the caterpillars and chrysalids, on the one hand, of Vanessa with those of Argynnis (using these terms with the very widest latitude), and, on the other hand, of Laertias with those of Iphiclides, and either of these with Heraclides (using these in the narrow sense in which they are employed in this work); and if he can find as good grounds for separating the first two from each other as he can the last three, I should be glad to have them stated. If he cannot, and refuses to recognize these facts by the use of terms having as high a taxonomic meaning in the latter case as in the former, then he is yielding to prejudice, or to tradition, or to indolence, and is helping to perpetuate a false view of nature." The grounds taken in this matter by any student will depend largely upon his criteria for genera; and the admirable figures and descriptions given by Mr. Scudder furnish all the data that can be desired for settling this question.

The descriptive portions of Mr. Scudder's book have been executed with an unparalleled minuteness of detail. It is generally known to entomologists that he has been engaged upon this work for twenty years, and that for the last eight years it has received his undivided attention. Now that the book is before us we can understand why its preparation has cost so much labor.

We take for example the description of Euphœades troilus, which will serve as a fair illustration of this part of the work. The technical description is preceded by a heading consisting of the scientific name just given and a popular name, "the green-cloud swallow-tail;" a list of the popular names which have been suggested for this species by various writers; a bibliography of the species, containing references to more than thirty different works; and a poetical quotation. The description itself consists of a detailed account of the characters presented by the imago, by several specimens exhibiting variations, by the egg, by the caterpillar in each of its five stages, by the chrysalis, and by certain malformed specimens; the whole comprising nearly seven quarto pages of fine type.

While we are filled with admiration for the skill and conscientious care displayed in these descriptions, and for the large amount of information they contain, we cannot help feeling that they are too detailed for the ordinary purposes of determination. We would not have them cut down at all; but we wish that the description of the imago, which in this case occupies three quarto pages of fine type, might be preceded by a short paragraph in which merely the more striking of the specific characters should be enumerated. This, however, is not a serious omission, as the characters presented in the analytical tables and a reference to the figures will enable the student in most cases to avoid wading through long descriptions which do not apply to the specimen in hand.

Returning to the account of "the green-cloud swallow-tail," we find that the descriptive portions are followed by paragraphs on geographical distribution, haunts, oviposition, food plants, habits and habitation of the caterpillar, pupation, life-history, flight posture and hab-

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its, enemies, and desiderata. In a word, all that is known about the insect is recorded, and attention is called to the particular phases of its history regarding which it is desirable that more information be obtained.

A striking feature of this work is the interpolation, throughout the systematic part, of a large number of essays on the various interesting problems which arise in the study of butterflies. These excursuses cannot fail to do much toward stimulating the study of entomology in a thoughtful and scholarly way. The student who has read them will cease to look upon butterflies as merely beautiful specimens, to be pinned and admired for their markings. Instead, he will find in these insects illustrations of many of the more interesting phenomena with which the naturalist has to deal.

Certain species, as the cosmopolitan Vanessa cardui, or the fragile Œneis semidea, which is found only on the summits of a few mountains, will suggest to him studies of the laws governing geographical distribution. The sight of a cabbage butterfly will remind him of the spread of Pieris rapæ over our continent, the details of which are so carefully worked out by Mr. Scudder. The remarkable facts of mimicry or protective resemblance will be brought to mind whenever a specimen of Basilarchia archippus is seen. His eyes will be open to other phenomena of this kind by the excursus on Protective Coloring in Caterpillars and that on Deceptive Devices among Caterpillars. An historical account and an analysis of the theory of mimicry are also given under the head of Butterflies in Disguise. The perplexing phenomena of dimorphism and polymorphism, of antigeny, or sexual diversity in butterflies, of melanism and albinism, and of the law of suffusion in butterflies are carefully discussed. We wish we had space to give a list of the titles of the more than seventy excursuses; but the instances we have cited will serve to show the nature of the subjects treated in them.

Besides these excursuses there are several chapters by eminent specialists. The physical geography and the climate of New England are discussed by Professor William M. Davis; Studies on the Embryological Development of Euvanessa antiopa is the title of a chapter by Mr. C. W. Woodworth; the hymenopterous parasites of our butterflies are described by Mr. L. O. Howard, and the dipterous parasites by Professor S. W. Williston.

The generic and specific names used by Mr. Scudder in his Synonymic List, the publication of which was begun seventeen years ago, have been retained, with very few exceptions. In doing this Mr. Scudder shows that he has the courage of his convictions. As no new light is thrown upon the subject by the publication of this work, it is not worth while to re-open the controversy regarding the propriety of recognizing the Hubnerian names. Those who share Mr. Scudder's views in this matter will believe that he has done much to insure the permanency of these names by introducing them in his work, which is doubtless destined to be one of the classics of entomology, and they will read with satisfaction the vigorous defense of his position which the author makes in his preface. On the other hand, the great majority of entomologists will feel that he has seriously impaired the usefulness of his book by taking this course.

We are glad to see that Mr. Scudder has given up the idea that the law of priority should be applied to the names of groups higher than genera, and adopts the commonly accepted practice in the formation of family, sub-family, and tribal names. This removes from his nomenclature a great mass of unfamiliar names, and renders the Systematic List accompanying this work one easily comprehended.

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In concluding this notice, we wish again to express our admiration not merely for the scholarly attainments brought to bear upon Mr. Scudder's work and the magnificent results achieved, but for the example of patient, conscientious labor. This sumptuous book, so delightful to the eye through the extraordinary beauty of its illustrations, so rich in learning, and so agreeable in its excursions into the philosophic study of entomology, is a noble witness to a scientific purpose early conceived, developed amid many difficulties, and brought to a conclusion only after years of resolute toil and steadfast endurance. The simple history of the work in the author's preface, given with a fine reserve, yet with an air of just triumph at the successful termination of his labors, will be read with great interest by his fellow-students. In this land of unlimited ambitions, there is much in our atmosphere that stimulates an unseemly haste to obtain priority of publication; the wholesome effect, therefore, upon our younger naturalists of a work like that before us cannot be overestimated.

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Mr. Fiske's contribution to the interpretation of American history is of a very interesting character. He brings to his task a mind trained in another field of science, but the methods used by him in his scientific studies are precisely those which are most effective in historical pursuits, and, we may add, most needed in the writing of American history. We do not understand that Mr. Fiske's work in science was that of a special investigator of phenomena, but of a systematizer. His synthetical genius enabled him to avail himself of a wide range of investigation by other men, and to show the interrelation of physical laws. Moreover, his philosophy was always occupied with the development which proceeds from lower forms to higher, and he displayed none of that lofty disregard of man which seems sometimes to have characterized the apostles of the protozoic gospel. On the contrary, those who have watched Mr. Fiske's career have been pleased to see that he showed a decided disposition to let his thought associate with men, and to treat beginnings with reference to ends.

The recent volumes which this author has put forth intimate that history is the laboratory in which he is now at work, and that the special table before which he stands is the United States. As the first duty of a scientific generalizer is to be sure of his facts, so Mr. Fiske sends to the museum for all the well-attested facts of American history, and is engaged busily in studying their order and significance. Surely, in the higher regions of scientific research there is no field so inviting or so productive as history, and the inductive method is entirely possible in connection with certain sections of social activity. In the latest of his historical works,[1] Mr. Fiske says, what every student will admit: "The beginnings of New England were made in the full daylight of modern history. It was an age of town records, of registered deeds, of contemporary pamphlets, funeral sermons, political diatribes, specific instructions, official reports, and private letters. It was not a time in which

[1] *The Beginnings of New England; or, The Puritan Theocracy in its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty.* By John Fiske. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

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mythical personages or incredible legends could flourish, and such things we do not find in the history of New England." Add to this that, from the time when Prince began his industrious collection of historical material to the present day, the besom has been sweeping out every dusty corner of every house in the New England States, and a host of patient scholars has sifted the dust-heap for every scrap of value. It is questionable if any community in Christendom was ever the subject of such research, or ever laid itself so completely open to view. Whoever has flung a stone at New England has been indebted for the stone to New England scholars.

This vast historical collection is thus at the service of the philosophic student of human activity, and it is possible, as we have intimated, to apply the inductive method to it, and to discover the laws of growth which it reveals. No one, however, can do this to much purpose who does not bring to the task such a general familiarity with historical periods and such a special acquaintance with the operations of the human mind as shall save him on the one hand from treating this period as exceptional, and on the other from undervaluing the light which it throws on human progress. It is the merit of Mr. Fiske's book that he makes some attempt to correlate the Puritan experiment with other historical passages, and that, because the external features were lacking in splendor and pomp of circumstance, he does not miss the real contribution which this experiment made to the interpretation of the social organism.

The reader, however, will be disappointed if he looks to this book for a substantial history of New England, with a disclosure, *en passant*, of the spirit and meaning of that history. It is rather a philosophical essay based on certain well-accepted facts of the history, and with special emphasis on the leading ideas involved in the Puritan theory of the state. Mr. Fiske can write narrative, as the readers of this number of The Atlantic, to go no further, have very good evidence; but except in the chapter on King Philip's War, which gave more scope for narrative and less for generalization, his interest in this volume has been distinctly philosophic. The reader is expected to bring to the book a like interest; and it is not unreasonable to ask this, and to expect of him a good deal of general information, when one considers how persistently the history of New England has been served out in one form and another.

The most original and effective chapter in the book is the first, on The Roman Idea and The English Idea. Indeed, the chapter is so striking and so genetic that one is somewhat disappointed by the comparative thinness of the rest of the volume. This is to be accounted for by the greater sweep which the introductory subject permits. A survey of colonizing and state-making up to the date of the Puritan exodus offers a great richness of illustration, and Mr. Fiske's power of coördinating human forces has not been seen to better advantage than in this splendid comparison of world-movements. His sense of proportion is admirable, and he does not permit himself to be led away from the great line of his argument, yet he constantly throws out hints of historic interpretation which one is eager to have him expand; as when, for example, before proceeding to show how in England "the dominant religious sentiment came to be enlisted on the side of political freedom," he remarks incidentally, almost, the contrasted condition of affairs in Spain, and points out that one explanation of the early and complete establishment of absolute despotism in that country lay in the fact that the Spanish monarchy grew up during centuries of deadly struggle with the Mussulman, whereby the religious sentiment was enlisted on the side of despotic methods in church and state.

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The habit of the comparative method which Mr. Fiske's scientific studies have stimulated keeps him on the alert to discover, if not coincidences, yet illustrative passages, and the reader is repeatedly given a very keen insight into the meaning of events by this light. Thus, a whole chapter in the related history of England and New England is written in the paragraph: "As the work of planting New England took place chiefly in the eleven years 1629–1640, during which Charles I. contrived to reign without a Parliament, so the prosperous period of the New England Confederacy, 1643–1664, covers the time of the Civil War and the Commonwealth, and just laps on to the reign of Charles II." So again there is almost a text in the brief sentence: "It was in one and the same week that Charles I. thus began his experiment of governing without a Parliament, and that he granted a charter to the Company of Massachusetts Bay." The first chapter is especially full of these instructive comparisons.

Next to such passages, those which disclose a shrewd perception of underlying causes are most likely to arrest the reader's attention. Such is his reading of the Indian's mind in connection with the English and Indian wars. "It is difficult," he says, "for the civilized man and the savage to understand each other. As a rule, the one does not know what the other is thinking about." And then he contrasts the work of the Apostle Eliot with the interpretation put upon it by the savage: "His design in founding his villages of Christian Indians was in the highest degree benevolent and noble; but the heathen Indians could hardly be expected to see anything in it but a cunning scheme for destroying them. Eliot's converts were for the most part from the Massachusetts tribe, the smallest and weakest of all. The Plymouth converts came chiefly from the tribe next in weakness, the Pokanokets, or Wampanoags. The more powerful tribes — Narragansetts, Nipmucks, and Mohegans — furnished very few converts. When they saw the white intruders gathering members of the weakest tribes into villages of English type, and teaching them strange gods while clothing them in strange garments, they probably supposed that the pale-faces were simply adopting these Indians into their white tribe as a means of increasing their military strength. At any rate, such a proceeding would be perfectly intelligible to the savage mind, whereas the nature of Eliot's design lay quite beyond its ken. As the Indians recovered from their supernatural dread of the English, and began to regard them as using human means to accomplish their ends, they must of course interpret their conduct in such light as savage experience could afford. It is one of the commonest things in the world for a savage tribe to absorb weak neighbors by adoption, and thus increase its force preparatory to a deadly assault upon other neighbors." The entire account of the relations of the whites with the Indians, closing with a brief contrast of the conditions with those of the present frontier life, is interesting, but we think Mr. Fiske missed an excellent opportunity in not setting forth the view which the Englishman took of the Indian as colored by his own apprehension of the supernatural world. Not only did the Englishman in Massachusetts play at being a Jew in Canaan, but he was still under the shadow of the unknown, and these dusky figures emerging from the dark forests, with their silent ways and their uncanny behavior, were to him half beast and half demon. His world was still peopled with goblins, and the native spirits which embarked with him in English ports quickly were reinforced by these bodily shapes of a new species of devil and witch.

We are not sure that Mr. Fiske has

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taken note of all the important elements which met in the Puritan migration. It is so essential a part of his scheme to elucidate the religious influence, that he has touched too lightly on motives which are inseparably bound up with the religious and political. The seventeenth century in England saw, indeed, the growth of the Puritan idea, but it saw also a marked development of the trading spirit, and no study of early New England should leave out of sight the commercial instinct which was strong at the outset, and played a very important part in the making of the state. The very structure of the Company of Massachusetts Bay was laid on foundations of trade, and it was in the interaction of commerce, politics, and religion that the state grew in solidarity. We should have been glad also had Mr. Fiske paid more attention to that large contingent of New England life which was excluded at first from government, but was a factor in the internal development of the state. His object, however, was chiefly to set forth the relations of Puritan New England, in its origin, to universal history, and this thesis he has exploited with singular acumen and in a most generous spirit. It is not too much to say that to many readers this book will supply an introduction to an entirely new conception of New England history; for heretofore the prevailing treatment has fostered the notion that New England was a corner of the world which was a law unto itself.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

By the Sea.

THE variety of weather to be had in twenty-four hours by the sea is truly amazing to one inland bred. I have prided myself on a little weather-wisdom in my own country, but here on the sea-coast it goes for nothing. On days when the wind is shifting, it hurries from one point of the compass to the opposite point with a suddenness that disconcerts an inland mind, and throws one out of one's calculations for the day's occupations; for by the sea more than anywhere else, one's amusements depend upon the weather. If the breeze be from land and the air warm, the bathers find the water too cold for comfort, and *vice versa*. A yacht may sail with a wind from almost any quarter, but there must be enough of it and it must hold steadily. Even if one has no special plans to be affected, the weather still counts. To-day perhaps begins with a west wind and a clouded but clearing sky. On the sandy beach the sun is hot and the air soft, and in the shade of the wooden pavilion I am comfortable; but in a moment the breeze shifts, as swiftly as lightning flashes, and blows as from off an iceberg. Two moments later a sea-fog has come up, blotting out more distant objects and blurring those at hand; the raw air penetrates to my very bones; and I, prepared for a *dolce far niente* morning, disgustedly fold my beach chair and collect my "traps" for retreat. Yet a very short distance away from the beach the atmosphere is clear and the air warm.

One must have a genuine passion for the sea to enjoy a prolonged stay by it. Nowhere else is bad weather more dreary and unendurable, except on shipboard. On fine days, with a stiff sea-breeze, when under a clear sky the horizon widens, to sit on the sand is almost the same as being on the steamship's deck. There is the same tonic in the

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air, the same exhilaration in the broad bright ocean view, and a deal more steadiness. In places where fashion does not resort, life is almost as monotonous as on board a steamer, and the smallest events become interesting; and in a little place, where are no big hotels or crowds, one gets to know by sight the companions of one's monotony, and to expect their daily appearance, as the ocean-voyager does that of his fellow-passengers.

In both situations I find myself equally disinclined to get rid of time with a book. It seems to be an occupation merely to feel the cool wind blowing over me, to lie with shut eyes and hear, without listening to it, the breaker's rush and fall. Yet it is a pity if, in that soothed and dozing condition, one misses the sight of the fish-hawk overhead, sweeping along with his wonderful eyes keen set for his prey. Of all the fish, flesh, and fowl that inhabit the earth, I believe I should choose to be this bird, if I wished to live a life, not of usefulness to my superior, man, but of self-regarding ease and pleasure. At home, one may say, in two elements, who would not be a fish-hawk, so free, so strong, fearless of all other creatures save his one foe the eagle? The eagle alone is his match in strength and also in craft. The hawk flying home with his food plucked from the sea is watched by the eagle, who proposes to save himself the trouble of hunting up a meal. Thereupon he puts on the aspect of war, and sallies forth, with fierce claws outstretched, to intercept the hawk; and he, beholding his redoubtable enemy, prepares for flight and drops the fish from his hold. This is all the wily eagle wants, and with a sudden downward throw he casts himself upon his back beneath the falling fish, and catching it in his upturned claws rights himself and sails off in triumph. The ways of the lower animals are truly curious! Think of the sea-gull knowing enough, when he has secured his dinner of clams, to break their hard shells by going up in the air and letting them fall on a rock, or even on hard sand! Farmer folk living near the coast believe that the fish-hawk is useful in keeping off the chicken-hawk and other troublesome birds. Though fish is their chief diet, the hawks of the sea will feed on what stuff may be found thrown out about the farm-house, and they build their huge nests in trees near to men's dwellings. The hawk's flight is fascinating to follow, — such superb strength is in his wide wings, such ease in their use! Going against the wind, he must beat with them and sometimes tack, as a yacht does with the wind ahead; but before the wind, he simply spreads his canvas, and sails, slow or swift, circling with one wing raised and one depressed, or on a straight course with wings evenly outstretched.

Thoroughly to enjoy life by the sea, I have said, one must have that genuine passion for it which I do not myself share, though to some extent I understand and sympathize with it. In certain moods the sea fascinates; it relieves an overburdened heart by seeming to voice the "calm despair" or the "wild unrest" which the poet deems may be "tenants of a single breast;" or again, it lifts the weight by imparting to the thought of life something of its own breadth and bounding buoyancy and the vigor of its blithe breezes.

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live;"

and so the sea is melancholy or cheerful as we choose to find it. My own passion is rather for the hills, with their changeful beauty and tranquil influence. I love the green country, and do not mourn to turn to it away from the flat outlines and treeless blankness of coast scenery.

Roman Pin Money. — During the winter months vespers seem verily to be sung in St. Peter's for the benefit of pretty

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American girls and sandy-haired Englishmen, but the most picturesque of the church ceremonies is, after all, reserved for the Romans themselves. Eight days after Corpus Christi comes the Thursday known as the *festa delle ammantate*, or "festival of the veiled ones." All the afternoon the omnibuses for St. Peter's are besieged by a crowd of eager, self-asserting, but ever-courteous people. Priests, nuns, Trasteverine women resplendent in massive gold chains and earrings, and Romans of the lower middle class are packed into them, and after fighting and jostling each other to get seats, converse sociably all the way, making merry over the poor unfortunates who are not sufficiently strong of elbow and determination to be of their number. The piazza of St. Peter's is quite alive with people and carriages, and crowds are ascending the sloping staircase. Lifting the heavy leathern curtain over the doorway, one hears a low hum of voices which proclaims St. Peter's the *passeggiata*, or promenade, rather than the church of the people. All about this richest, brightest, of marble sanctuaries are little family groups waiting for the ceremony; acolytes and members of the different confraternities hurry to and fro, in the excitement of ecclesiastical housekeeping, and here and there a Monsignore in his lace cotta and purple robes lights the scene with a vivid dash of color.

This day the Daughters of St. Peter's take their dowries; and every one should see this old-world feature of Roman life. It is the custom, every year, for the parish of St. Peter's to give about seventy or eighty dowries of a hundred and a hundred and fifty francs each (twenty or thirty dollars), to be doubled in the case of girls who decide to take the veil. Girls must have a certificate of poverty and good conduct from their parish priest, be of Roman parentage on both sides, and have attained the age of sixteen, in order to compete for this bounty. The question is decided by the drawing of lots. Of course Dame Rumor says a little timely influence in high places is apt to have its effect.

Soon the confraternities begin to conglomerate into small bodies. We wonder why so many of the men carry belted around their waists small leather pouches half filled with green leaves; but it is soon explained, for when the procession is formed, and they lift up the colossal rustic crosses wreathed in ivy, we see that without these rests, in which they are poised, it would be impossible to bear them erect and motionless. As it is, the men have to relieve each other now and then. First come the Brethren of St. John in their scarlet gowns, bearing gay pictured banners and crucifixes; a confraternity attired in blue follow, with waxen candles; and after them come the lugubrious Company of the Dead, robed from head to foot in black, with weird slits for the eyes. The procession winds along the box and laurel strewn aisle to a small doorway on the left hand of the choir, where a dense crowd almost conceals it from view. Here every one awaits the great spectacle of the afternoon, until even proverbial Italian patience is worn threadbare. At last several *maggior domi* appear, and clear a wide track; a subdued cry is heard, — "Eccoli, eccoli!" — and behold it comes, led by a white-haired old man in dark blue small-clothes with silver buttons, scarlet waistcoat, white silk stockings, and buckled shoes, carrying a truncheon. He is followed by the confraternities, and then appears what seems at first a great flock of doves, but upon a nearer view reveals itself as a gliding procession of young girls clothed in white, holding tall lighted tapers, and looking downward as if in "maiden meditation fancy free." They glisten as though they had bathed in some magical silver light, yet when you have recovered from the first effect of this pure picture in its

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gorgeous setting, you perceive by what simple means the dazzling result is wrought out. Their dresses are of some soft light material, and the veils, which fall to their feet, are of fine lawn. These do not cover their faces, but are edged with lace or ruching, making a dainty frame for the many pretty Southern faces. A sort of lawn muffler covers the mouth and chin, — dimly suggesting Eastern customs. Veils and mufflers are made rich and rare by an elaborate embroidery of common pins! These are thrust into the goods in the most elaborate patterns, suns, stars, flowers, etc., forming a brocade of cloth of silver. Each maid carries by long silken cords a white reticule, supposed to hold the dowry, but really containing only a paper with her number on it. They file by in couples, and after them walk the chanting monks and dignitaries in full canonicals, with "bell, book, and candle," carrying the Host under a colossal silk umbrella, which flaps in everybody's face and forces backwards the over-eager bystanders. The train of over three hundred monks, priests, and girls proceeds out into the portico (in papal times it was customary for them to make a tour of the square); then the great main portals are thrown open, and against a background of evening sky, all amethyst, opal, and rose, the flickering lights of the varied procession advance slowly up the nave to the high altar. Back of that, in the choir, the "veiled ones" kneel while Ave Maria is sung. A man comes around to collect the candles and silk bags, which are only lent for the occasion. The money itself is given when the girl actually marries or enters a convent; and if, after all, she does neither, the money is a dead letter.

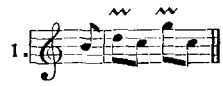
The ceremony is now over, each *ammantata* is taken possession of by proud, happy relatives, and the vast throng pours out into the piazza, where the evening air blows refreshingly on the hot cheeks of future brides, who find veils and mufflers more becoming than comfortable, late in the month of June.

The Lark and the Gamut. — While I lived in town I knew, through occasional walks, the lark just enough to distinguish its song from that of other birds in a general and indefinite way. But since I have spent a few weeks in the country, where I hear these birds all day and every day, I have been not a little struck by the observation that their melodies, though very short, are not only numerous, but can in most cases be correctly reduced to our present human system of notes.

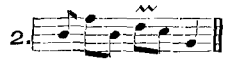
There is greater wealth and more poetry and nobility in the tones of a nightingale, but this nobleman does not seem to visit Colorado; and the timbre of the lark's voice is so sonorous and its modulation so great that it is, from an æsthetic standpoint, decidedly king among the birds of this region.

The bird of which I am speaking here is not the same known as the lark at the East. It seems to have its home in the Mississippi Valley as far as the Rocky Mountains. Here it is known as the "meadow lark," and is probably what ornithologists call *Alauda magna*, for it is decidedly larger than other larks. It has a grayish-brown plumage, the breast being of a dull yellow.

Early in the morning the lark begins with a loud call, —



as if to say, "Why do you sleep yet?" And after repeating this several times he follows it up with



meaning, perhaps, "The sun has risen now!" But I have not yet mastered Volapük, much less the language of the birds, and will only try to render, so far as I can, their notes intelligible,

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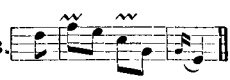
without attempting further to suggest possible words to them.

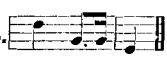
Next to the forms given comes a song which begins with two high notes, the second a minor third above the first; but these are followed by an indefinite gay warble or twitter, which defies all attempts at musical notation.

When, during a walk, I approach a lark sitting on a fence or tree, he generally gives a sharp "jip" at intervals of a few seconds, which may possibly be a warning to his family hidden in their nest near by. Another single tone is a sweet, coaxing "tioo," which sounds as if he were inviting his mate to join him.

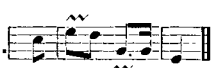
In most of their tunes the larks give a shake to the accented notes, or precede them by a grace-note; for instance: —

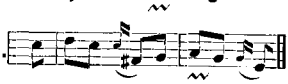
3. 

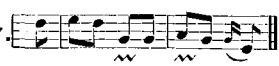
The following few notes, which form a short but complete musical thought, and which I have heard only a few times,

4. 

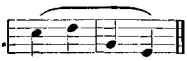
seem to be a theme which they develop to several variations, some of which are heard much oftener than the plain theme. I will give only a few of them: —

5. 

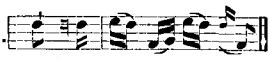
6. 

7. 

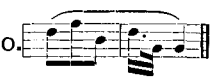
(My notation of these tunes must not mislead the reader to think the lark sings always in the key of C. I use this key throughout merely for the sake of simplicity.) The same thought as in No. 4 appears, though rarely, in even, well-drawn notes, without any shake or other ornament; changing that which in the other variations had been a gay allegro to a sedate andante, and suggesting the tastefully handled bow of a 'cello: —

8. 

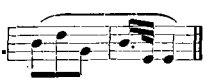
While these variations, like the theme, close with the tonic chord, one lark transfers it to the dominant: —

9. 

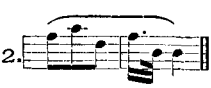
The dominant chord seems, on the whole, to be their favorite; and it was a several-times-repeated dominant seventh chord that first attracted my attention to the melodious character of the lark's song, and that I hear just now as I am writing this down. In the form

10. 

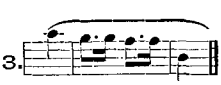
it is one of the most common songs among them; and equally common is the following, which, beginning a third lower, and proceeding by the same rhythm and the same general intervals, but on the same scale, becomes a minor seventh chord: —

11. 

On the other hand, sometimes, though quite rarely, the bird begins a third higher than in No. 10, and thus reaches the dominant ninth chord: —

12. 

Every musician knows the peculiar character of this chord, which seems born of an exuberant joy or of an irresistible longing to rise from this mundane dust to freedom in a higher sphere. Some such feeling is, more than by No. 12, suggested by another division of this chord: —

13. 

Frequently, of an evening, I pass a little grove, and there abides the only

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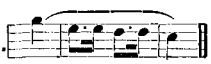
bird from which I have heard this last melody. Though I have never seen it, I know by the timbre of the voice and the vigor of the tone that it is a lark. His song sounds like a hymn of praise, thanking Nature for the joy, peace, and liberty of life.

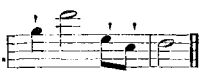
There is no doubt that individual larks have different tunes, as some which I always hear around my house I do not hear elsewhere, and *vice versa;* but most, if not all, larks sing several tunes. One day, after having, on the preceding evening, heard that last melody in the dominant ninth chord, I heard, though at another point, what may be called the answer to it: —

14. 

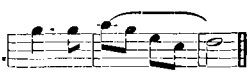
A similar difference in taste between individual birds I observed in another tune, which I have heard at various times and in various places: —

15.

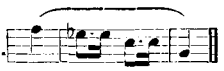
But about half a mile from my house there stands a solitary tree, an inhabitant of which varies this tune in a peculiar manner: —

16. 

This bird has evidently a copyright on this variation, for I have never heard it except from that tree or its close vicinity. The following tune, also, I have heard only in the neighborhood of one particular spot: —

17. 

And this is the case with the last instance I shall record. About two miles from my house lives a friend of mine, with whom I pass many a pleasant hour. One day, while sitting and chatting in his cozy study, I heard a melody which was new to me. Though I had no doubt, from the character of the voice, that it came from a lark, still, to make the matter sure, I asked him what bird this was; for he is a great sportsman, and quite familiar with the birds. He said without hesitation that it was a lark. What caused my surprise was that this short melody was in a minor key: —

18. 

Although a minor key does not always and necessarily give an impression of sadness, and is, for instance, often used with great effect in humorous songs (perhaps with a shade of irony), in this song of a little bird it sounded decidedly like a mournful plaint, as if the sad singer had lost his mate.

The list of melodies here given does by no means exhaust the larks' repertory, for when I go several miles from home I sometimes hear a new tune, or a variation different from those with which I am familiar. Frequently a lark sounds two or three tones which can readily be repeated in their proper intervals, but then follows them up with a merry, playful effusion from throat and tongue which derides all systematic music and is utterly inimitable. This is the case when the bird is on the wing, and then his noisy, jubilant warble closely resembles the song of the German lark when rising. It seems as if in these cases the bird dropped from the plane of æsthetic development to that of pure nature, — a result, no doubt, of heredity from ancestors that sang thousands of years ago.

That the deep and long-drawn notes of the nightingale are the expression of melancholy is merely a poetic fancy; and so with other birds, the lark among them. What sounds sad or joyous to us may not be so at all to the bird. Attempted interpretations of this kind will always remain fancies. But of what the lark here has convinced me, and what I have tried to demonstrate

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with the examples given, is, that man is not the only creature that has, in his musical evolution, attained to the superior level of the diatonic scale. Yet he is in advance of the lark in this point, — that he has recognized the æsthetic necessity of closing a cadence with the tonic chord.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science. The Ice Age in North America, and its Bearings upon the Antiquity of Man, by G. Frederick Wright, with an Appendix on the Probable Cause of Glaciation, by Warren Upham. (Appleton.) An exceedingly interesting work of original research presented in a form which need not appall the ordinary student. Dr. Wright covers a wide range of topics in his discussion, and is especially interested in those facts which bear upon animal and vegetable life. His own personal investigation of the Muir Glacier in Alaska is not the least interesting feature of the work. The illustrations are from photographs, and though marked by the defects of process work where tone is an important element, are helpful to the student. The maps are excellent, and the entire book indicates painstaking. — Dr. Wright's frequent references to James Croll make us ready to glance at that author's little work, Stellar Revolution and its Relation to Geological Time. (Appleton.) It considers the probable origin of meteorites, comets, and nebulæ, and the real source from which our sun derived its energy, namely, from the colliding of dark stellar masses. The theory is supported further by the evidence derived from the testimony of geology and biology as to the age of the sun's heat. — Darwinism, an Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with some of its applications, by Alfred Russel Wallace. (Macmillan.) Very few incidents in the history of science are so striking as the deliberate subordination which Mr. Wallace adopts in his attitude toward Darwin. His own share in the theory of evolution is scarcely less than Darwin's, yet there is an entire absence of any appearance of jealousy or envy. The closing pages of his work are of a high order. They present the firm faith of a scientist who regards scientific explanation of evolution as witnessing to and confirming an independent spiritual life, having its source in spirit. Mr. Wallace does not obtrude his special views as regards modern spiritualism, and his work will fortify the faith of some who might, if they knew his belief, be a little shy of his science. — Sewerage and Land Drainage, by George E. Waring, Jr. (Van Nostrand.) The general reader will remember Colonel Waring's charming work on Holland, and how he was allured into reading of pumps and drains and model farms, never suspecting that he was not engaged in making the acquaintance of a very good piece of literature. The obverse is true of this comprehensive and well-illustrated book. The sanitary engineer and the anxious householder will read it for its abundance of satisfying information, never suspecting that they are enjoying the work of a man whose literary faculty would itself ventilate a cesspool. One follows Colonel Waring as he leads one serenely through sewers and drains, and becomes so interested in the problems presented and cleared as to be quite oblivious of his actual surroundings.

Philosophy and Theosophy. Fundamental Problems, the Method of Philosophy as a Systematic Arrangement of Knowledge, by Dr. Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) The papers which make up this volume were originally published as editorial articles, but have been set in order so as to make a progressive philosophic statement. Nevertheless, there is a fragmentary character to the work which seems inseparable not only from its origin, but from the scintillating character of the author's mind. Thus the book is suggestive rather than comprehensive. — An interesting little pamphlet reaches us in The Problem of Personality, by Eliza Ritchie, a thesis presented at Cornell for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The logical method employed does not exclude the notion of a warm sense of life, and the author is plainly satisfied with thought undetached from experience. — Light on the Path, with Notes and Comments by the Author. (Theosophical Book Company, Boston.) This, we believe, is a famous little book, — famous among the neophytes of theosophy. It is a sort of propylæa to the temple, being a "treatise for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence." As the author remarks in the course of her work (whatever the sex of

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the writer may be, the mind is feminine, and we feel at liberty to say She), "an intolerable sadness is the very first experience of the neophyte in occultism. A sense of blankness falls upon him, which makes the world a waste and life a vain exertion." If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? Before we reach the stage of neophytism, even while we read these pages without the fear of Karma before our eyes, we feel profoundly the vanity of exerting ourselves to fathom this little volume. — The Light of Egypt, or the Science of the Soul and the Stars. (Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.) Dear, dear! here is a schism already in the new Buddhistic church. Progressive Buddhism, this appears to be. Reader, would you know what man is? Spell him with capitals, and we can tell you what he does. "MAN stands upon the central rung of the cyclic ladder, as the meeting point of the equilibrium between the upper and the lower manifestations of the great ONE LIFE." Rather a ticklish position. — Christianity and Agnosticism. (Appleton.) In this composite volume, a paper on Agnosticism, read by Dr. Henry Wace at the Manchester Church Congress, 1888, is followed by a series of blows and counter-blows delivered by Huxley, Bishop Magee, Mallock, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. The air is thick with the missiles, and each comes out a little battered, but unconvinced.

Poetry and the Drama. The fifteenth volume of the Poetical Works of Robert Browning (Smith, Elder & Co., London) contains both series of Dramatic Idyls and Jocoseria. It is to be noticed that as Browning draws near the end of his series of writings he makes fewer changes. — In the series of Canterbury Poets (Walter Scott, London) is a little selection from the poems of Landor, made by Ernest Radford. The preface lacks the moderation which its author praises in Landor. — Of the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, a metrical version, by Henry Carrington. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.) Entirely correct in form, but somehow the sweet gravity of the original has turned into mere seriousness. — The Siege of Syracuse, a poetical drama in five acts, by William A. Leahy. (D. Lothrop Company.) This seems to be the shell of a dramatic creature from which the living animal has somehow disappeared. — Spiritual Evolution, by Warren Holden. (J. B. Lippincott Company, printers, Philadelphia.) Mr. Holden opines that the sacred scriptures have suffered from a too liberal interpretation, and in this little volume he undertakes to give some examples of symbolism. Still, it was not necessary, to prove his case, to give them in halting verse. — Madeline and Other Poems, by James McCarroll. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) A readiness marks these verses, which sometimes rise into poetic light, as in the pretty poem The Humming Bird. — The Merry Muse, Society Verse by American Writers, edited by E. De L. Pierson. (Belford, Clarke & Co.) It is a pleasure to come upon a collection of verse all in the major key, and there is this to be said for these trifles, that the writers who never go further at least do no mischief; those who try deeper deeps are apt to do their work better for this light practice. — Late Lyrics and Other Poems, by William Wilfred Campbell. (J. & A. McMillan, St. John, N. B.) There is genuine fire here as well as flames which answer to the bellows. How pretty is the Canadian Folksong! and there are poems which are more than pretty.

Biography. Father Damien, a Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii, by Edward Clifford. (Macmillan.) Possibly Mr. Clifford's sketch will serve a better purpose than a formal biography would, for he has given with a certain artistic felicity such a view of this nineteenth-century martyr and saint as will surely fix his character and bearing in the reader's mind. Father Damien, as the world knows, — and the world is as quick now to recognize an uncanonized saint as it ever was, — deliberately shut himself out from the world to minister to the lepers at Molokai, one of the Hawaiian group, and after years of cheerful service fell a victim to the loathsome disease. Mr. Clifford is an artist who heard of his sacrifice, and was also confident that he had found in the East a cure for the disease. Accordingly he visited Father Damien, and this book is the result. It is a little pity that he should have thought it necessary to give other, rather feeble sketches from his note-book. His description of the Hawaiian volcano, indeed, is excellent, but his thumb-nail sketches of traveling bores are cheap and needless. Nor does it much matter that Mr. Clifford should explain why he, a Protestant, should signalize Roman Catholic heroism. — Eli and Sibyl Jones, their Life and Work, by Rufus M. Jones. (Porter & Coates.) Eli Jones was one of the Society of Friends, and his wife also was of the same society. They lived man and wife for forty years, Sibyl dying in 1873; the husband yet lives, we infer from this book, which is an interesting record of the harmonious life of two kind-hearted persons who went in the utmost simplicity to Africa and the East, sowing the seeds of a spiritual Christianity. They helped to plant schools; they labored unostentatiously and ceaselessly in every kind of philanthropic work. There is something delightfully ingenuous in these simple-hearted missionaries, without any board of missions behind them.

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